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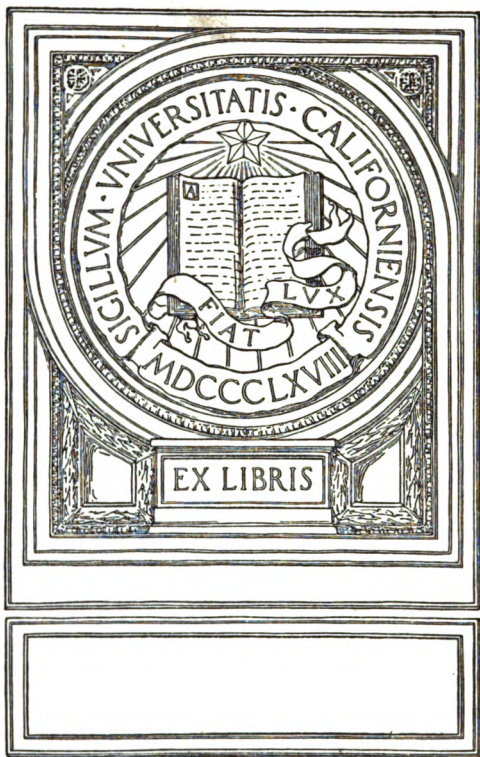
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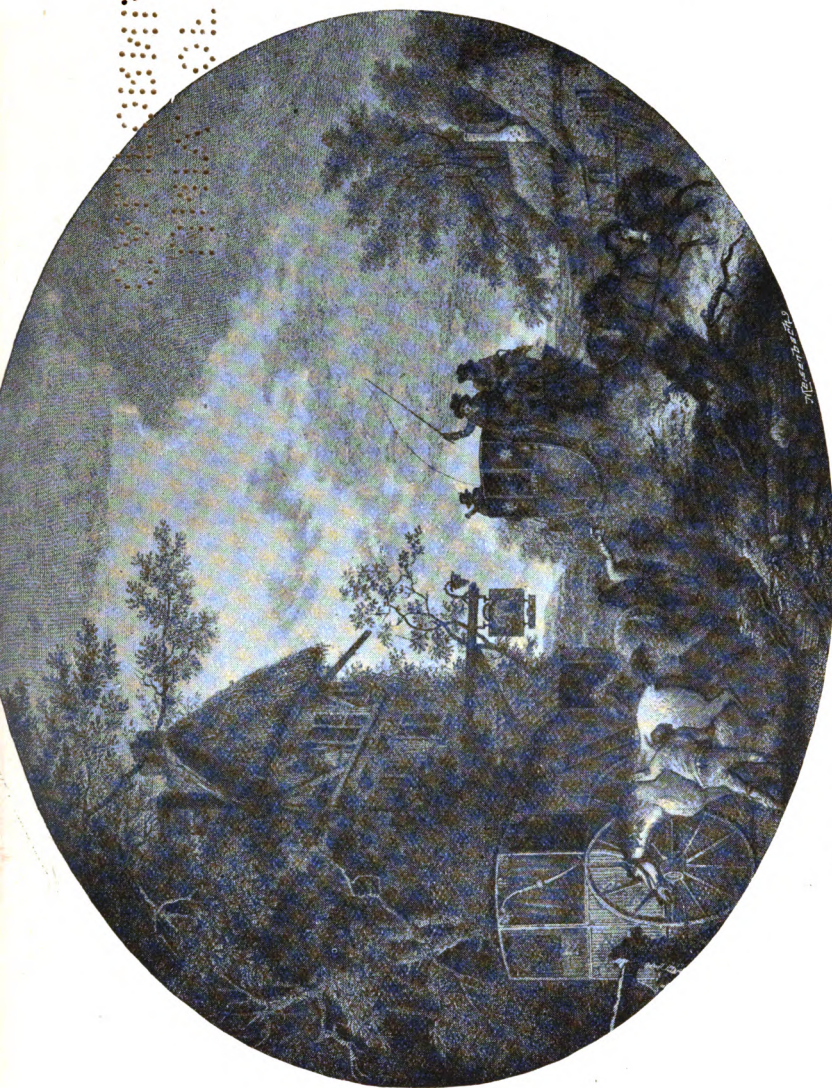
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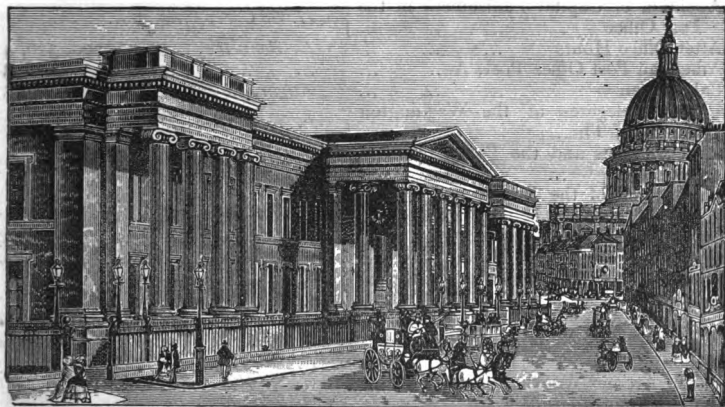
To John Palmer, Esq^r., Surveyor and Comptroller General of the Post Office,
This Plate of the MAIL COACH is respectfully Incribed

By his obedient humble Servant, James Fittler.

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ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

JANUARY, 1897.

Abolition of Capital Punishment in the Post Office.

“Et dicitis: si fuisset in diebus patrum nostrorum, non essemus socii eorum in sanguine Itaque testimonio estis vobismet ipsis, quia filii estis eorum qui occiderunt.”



ON July 1st, 1896, died Charles John Whiting — pensioned Postmaster of Brighton—who in one way formed, probably, a unique link with the past; for he remembered—let us hope, with shame—that, when he was a young clerk in the Inland Office, he ran round on one occasion to Newgate Street, to see a colleague hanged at the Old Bailey for letter-stealing.

The colleague was John Barrett, the last man hanged in the United Kingdom for any Post Office crime.* The execution took place on February 13th, 1832, and Whiting had joined the Inland Office on January 21st, 1832.

Barrett was a postman, appointed in July 1829, whose walk was Dorset Square and the neighbourhood, but in the evening he sorted franked and paid letters at the Inland Office, by way of extra duty. On the night of Thursday, December 8th, 1831, about half an hour before midnight, he with his brother-in-law, William Kay, a boy of about sixteen, and some friends, went to drink at “The Crown” in Heddon Court, Regent Street.

While they were there, Kay entrusted the landlady with two bank post bills which he was afraid of losing; but she felt suspicious and

* This is established by a Parliamentary Paper, No. 354, issued in 1846, which shows that only one man suffered death for letter-stealing during the last five years in which the crime was capital.

sent for a police inspector. The inspector overheard the festive party talking about money; questioned Kay, and found that Barrett was a postman. Then he searched Kay and found bank bills, and afterwards searched Barrett and found a letter, a promissory note, two silver watches, and some money. The two were then arrested, and the letter and some of the bills were traced as clearly having been stolen in the Inland Office by Barrett. Afterwards his official coat was found, containing twenty-five opened letters, with bills, &c., worth £3,000. The upshot was a trial at the Old Bailey January Sessions, 1832. Barrett pleaded guilty on two charges, and was convicted on a third. Kay was acquitted.

Barrett was hanged in front of "Debtors' door," on the morning of February 13th, having heard the "condemned sermon" on the previous Sunday. Only a small crowd witnessed the execution. He is said to have been respectably connected, and originally intended for the medical profession. He left a widow and one child; whatever his connexions may have been, his widow was certainly not a woman of education, if one may judge from an extant letter which she wrote to Sir Francis Freeling, then Secretary to the Post Office, asking that a petition for subscriptions from postmen for the support of herself and her child might lie at the Post Office. This could not be allowed, but it is pleasant to record that Freeling gave her a small donation, and the Postmaster-General—the Duke of Richmond—gave her £5.

In the next year—1833—Mr. Ewart, member for Liverpool, brought in a bill "for better defining the crime of burglary and for abolishing capital punishment in cases of letter-stealing and of returning from transportation." The Post Office was horrified, and the opinions recorded are most noteworthy. The Solicitor observed that "in a great commercial country like this the necessity of preventing offences of this description cannot be questioned. The very existence of commerce depends on the security of letters transmitted by post. The loss of a single remittance may bring the utmost misery and ruin on entire families—such a loss may reduce the most respectable firm to insolvency and the *Gazette*."

"Unfortunately," he added, "there is scarcely a day on which remittances are not stolen from the Post Office," and then he went on to say that "If the capital punishment be repealed, there can be no question that the losses will increase to a most frightful extent." As a matter of fact, the property stolen from letters was then about £3,000 a year, and Freeling, pondering over these things, delivered

himself thus :—" I cannot conceive anything more mischievous than this theoretical humanity. Mr. Ewart forgets the misery and possible ruin of those whose property he is about to deprive of that slender protection which even the capital nature of the offence is found to afford. If he cannot frame a clause compelling persons employed in the Post Office to be honest, the Post Office ought in justice to the public to caution them against sending anything valuable by the post ; the plunder will be wholesale, and the consequences ruinous." The Duke of Richmond agreed, and decided to oppose Mr. Ewart's clause relating to letter-stealing. For that year, accordingly, his reform failed.

In 1834, however, he succeeded in getting his Bill through the House of Commons. During its passage Lord Howick, forgetting Barrett's case apparently, said, " He believed the Hon. Member could not name one instance of late years in which the punishment of death had been inflicted for any of these offences." Mr. Philip Howard used the arguments against the Bill which had been used in the Post Office in 1833, and played to the gallery by saying that the depredators plundered the letters of the poor, and the hard-earned savings of widow and orphan, because the " wily villains " knew that the needy and unprotected could not prosecute. Moreover, humanity was not all on one side, because Charitable Institutions mainly owed their support to remittances sent by Post. In the House of Lords the Bill seems to have been in the charge of Lord Suffield, who at once dropped the clause relating to Letter Stealing, thinking, probably, that it was hopeless to attempt to carry it. The Duke of Richmond—speaking on the 18th July, 1834—thirteen days after he had ceased to be Postmaster-General—gave some interesting statistics. He said that no fewer than 100,000 letters a week passed through the General Post Office, and 40,000 a day through the two-penny post ; that many millions of money were transmitted by post, and should not be put in jeopardy ; and that in one year no less a sum than £25,000 was returned to senders through the Dead Letter Office. He thought that things should wait until Parliament had established a system of secondary punishment. The attitude of the Government was characteristically Whig. Lord Suffield had said that in view of the expressed opinion of the House of Commons, he believed that no Secretary of State would execute the law, but both Lord Chancellor Brougham and—subsequently—Lord Althorp in the Commons, emphatically dissented, and said they would be bound to advise the Crown according to the merits of each case. Freeling

danced upon the Bill—with the Letter Stealing Clause omitted—as follows: “It is delightful to see that the House of Lords is not to be cajoled by this new-fangled doctrine, which would be to exercise humanity, as it is called, towards a very great scoundrel at the expense probably of the poor and deserving. Mr. Ewart and the Commons think little and care little for the misery this repeal would be the means of inflicting upon persons remitting money by Post, who might be ruined just because these gentlemen wish to gain credit for the affectation of humanity towards worthies who richly deserve hanging. It will be awkward, however, for the Council to execute with such a Bill having passed the Commons.” *

And so it proved, in spite of the statements of Brougham and Althorp. Among other cases, I find a capital conviction, in September 1834, of a Letter Carrier named Thomas Goodwin, for stealing a letter containing Bills and Notes worth £6000, and of two men named McSweeny and Ward for receiving part of the plunder. But Goodwin got off with two years’ hard labour, followed by transportation for life, and was audacious enough to plead for a mitigation even of so light a sentence!

In 1835, Mr. Ewart returned to the charge again with a “Bill for abolishing capital punishment in cases of letter stealing and sacrilege,” and Lord Lichfield, who had become Postmaster-General, wrote thus: “I question very much the policy of passing this Bill, but so strong a feeling has been expressed on the subject of capital punishment throughout the Kingdom that it would be utterly useless to interfere in it.” Even in the House of Lords it was thought that no reasonable objection could be made, and—further—by an amendment made in that House the reform was extended to Ireland by the insertion of a clause to repeal an Act of the Irish Parliament passed in the 36th year of George III.

Thus was enacted the Act 5 and 6 William IV., cap. 81, and Post Office Servants might thereafter steal letters without risking their necks. A curious clerical error was made in copying the Act: a letter “S” was left out,† with the result that it was doubted whether

* Questions of reprieves came at that time before the King in Council, and were not settled by the Secretary of State.

† The Act imposed modified penalties instead of death upon persons committing crimes “in the said *Act* so specified.” This was, apparently, taken to mean the repealing Act, but the right phrase was crimes “in the said *Acts* so specified,” meaning the old Acts imposing the penalty of death, which were cited for partial repeal.

the letter-thieves and sacrilegious persons were liable to any punishment at all. The doubt was removed in 1836 by the Act 6 William IV., cap. 4.

Even this did not exhaust the question, for it turned out apparently that there was still outstanding an Act which punished with death persons guilty of robbing mail coaches in Ireland. This was not effectually repealed until the first year of Victoria.

Letter-stealing, however it may have been punished in early days, was expressly made a capital felony without benefit of Clergy in the fifth year of George III., so that the Post Office certainly bore the shame of the gallows by the space of 70 years. Our archives contain most elaborate descriptions of many of the criminals and of their crimes, and some of these may, perhaps, on some future occasion, prove worthy of disinterment for the benefit of the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

H. S. CAREY.



A POSTAL GUIDE.

Three Months' Sick Leave.

IT is one of the greatest advantages enjoyed by civil servants that the State is rarely hard on those who fall sick and are unable to do their accustomed work.

In professional or commercial life the trouble of illness is not infrequently aggravated by the knowledge that absence from work means diminution of income; and many a man is tempted to go on when he ought to be resting, because he knows that his family would suffer if he were to leave his work. It is otherwise with civil servants. Nearly all departments treat their clerks generously; and a man who is obliged, on medical grounds, to give up work for a few weeks or months, need be under no anxiety, for his post will be kept open, and his full salary paid him during his illness. One need not be a doctor to see that the absence of worry on this score is likely to lead to a speedier recovery from illness than would otherwise be the case.

It happened to the present writer to be called on to appear before a board of medical officers in March last, who, after examination and a few encouraging words, recommended him for three months' leave of absence, and advised him to take a sea-voyage. The leave was granted, and, in due course, a passage for Port Elizabeth booked in the Royal Mail Steamer "Norman," of the Union Line. The "Norman" is a magnificent vessel of over 7,000 tons burden, and until quite recently was the largest of all the mail steamers running between England and South Africa. It is well known that the mails between England and South Africa are conveyed by two lines—the Union Line and the Castle Line, a mail steamer of each one leaving fortnightly, so that there is a weekly mail service. But in addition to the mail steamers, each company runs intermediate steamers, usually slower and smaller than the mail boats, although this is by no means always the case. There is a weekly service of intermediate steamers: and the two companies have arranged that on the days when a mail boat of the Union Line leaves England, an intermediate boat of the Castle Line sails, and when a mail boat of the Castle Line leaves, an intermediate boat of the Union Line sails. Thus, leaving other lines of steamers out of consideration, there is a weekly service of each of these two chief lines. Between the two

companies it would be invidious to make comparisons; both have deservedly high reputations, and the disaster in June last to the "Drummond Castle," an intermediate steamer of the Castle Line, brought prominently before the public the marvellous safety of a Line, which up till then had never lost the life of a single passenger.

Nor is the Union Line behind the Castle Line. The steamship "Norman" has a first-rate skipper, a man who combines long experience and the highest seamanship with that geniality towards passengers of all classes which so materially contributes towards making a voyage pleasant and enjoyable. The officers, too, are all first-rate men; several of them belong to the Royal Naval Reserve, and for smartness and social qualities compare very favourably with the officers of the Royal Navy. Of their seamanship it is not for a passenger to speak; but if a voyage passed without a single hitch is a testimony of good seamanship, then assuredly they deserve that praise.

The Mail boats start from Southampton. There is a special weekly express train for passengers, leaving Waterloo at 11.40 every Saturday, and arriving at Southampton about half-past one. The mails follow by a later train. The platform at Waterloo Station is a sight worth seeing when the passenger express is about to start; the waving of handkerchiefs and the loud cheers as the train steams out, are mingled with sadder sights as the beginning is made of a long separation between friends—scenes which are repeated with greater intensity at Southampton. The steamship companies generously allow friends of passengers to accompany them to Southampton at half-fares, and provide all such with lunch on board the boats. After lunch there is plenty of time to go over the ship, to examine the cabins, etc., and to glance at the passengers who are to share each other's society for the next two or three weeks. Then the train with the mails arrives, and the huge bags are dropped rapidly into the hold. Englishmen note with pride that not only are the mails from Great Britain taken in these ships, but also from Germany and France and other parts of the Continent; and even from America—for there are no direct lines running from America to the Cape Colony, and all their mails have to be despatched via England.

But the last bag of mails is on board, and the bell sounds "for the shore." All crowd on deck, and the real parting begins—varied according to the characteristics of the different nationalities represented on board—for passengers to South Africa are a "mixed

multitude," and there are usually a fair number of French, Germans, and Hollanders on board, besides persons from all parts of the British Isles, not to mention English-speaking Colonials, who are returning back to their home. And now the partings are well-nigh over; the stentorian voice of the quartermaster, "Any more for the shore?" meets with no answer; the gangway is withdrawn; the huge engines are slowly put in motion; the band on the ship strikes up "Auld lang syne," and the crowd on the quay joins its voice to that of the passengers in the old familiar words. The band stops: but loud and prolonged cheers reach the passengers from the quay; and the passengers respond to the best of their power; feeling all the while, it may be, that the grim, iron-hearted vessel is taking them away from what they love best, and that their cheers are but a mask for sadness. *Scheiden, ach Scheiden, Scheiden thut weh!*

Quickly the boat steams down Southampton Water, passing the Abbey and Hospital of Netley, and the old Castle of Calshot. Then we are in the Solent, and steam along the smooth waters between the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. The familiar landmarks are passed: Hempstead Hills, Yarmouth, Hurst Castle; the sun is setting now, lighting up the coloured cliffs of Alum Bay; the bell rings for dinner, and a last look is taken at the well-known Needle Rocks.

The first evening of a long voyage usually passes pleasantly enough, and ours was no exception. The dinner tables were full, and the passengers were all in the best of spirits. The saloon of the "Norman" is a splendid room; most beautifully furnished, and with an unusually lavish amount of carving on the oak panels of the doors, and between the port holes. It need hardly be stated that the menu is of corresponding excellence. Our first-class mail steamers were long ago christened "Floating Hotels," and, assuredly, the S.S. "Norman" deserves the title; at any rate, so far as the table is concerned. As regards the cabins, the accommodation is equal to that of any other of our first-class ocean liners, but it must be admitted that the limited space is often the cause of great inconveniences. This is especially the case with vessels that pass through the tropics, and for a few days have to endure intense heat. Although much is done in the way of ventilation, yet the best of cabins on a tropical night is not a desirable place. Indeed, the larger ships are, in this respect, less satisfactory than smaller ones; for many of the larger vessels have two rows of cabins, an

outer row, with portholes opening to the air, and an inner row, whose only ventilation is by openings into the body of the ship. In the hot weather these inner cabins are anything but pleasant.

Morning dawns as the ship is passing Ushant, and it then enters the Bay of Biscay. Several of the travellers are already *hors de combat*, but the "Norman" is such a steady ship that only very bad sailors suffer much from sea-sickness, and as it steams south at the rate of fifteen or sixteen knots the cold cutting winds of an English March give place to softer and warmer airs. The Bay is passed safely, and three days after leaving Southampton the ship anchors in the roadstead of Madeira, where the passengers are glad to go ashore and spend a few hours. Boatmen crowd round the ship with various wares, and a brisk trade in deck wicker chairs goes on. But the mail steamers only stay a few hours, and there is barely time for a short excursion before the bell sounds for departure.

On leaving Madeira the voyage to the Cape begins in earnest. The sick passengers have recovered, the temporary ones have left, the weather has changed to bright summer, and the steamer steers for Cape Town without again touching land. And now, to those who are for the first time going south, there is the never-fading interest of sea and sky; the everlasting blue of the Atlantic; the brilliant sunrises and the hardly less glorious sunsets, as the sun fires the horizon of the tropic sea; then at night the rich phosphorescence of the water may be observed, while overhead the northern stars gradually sink and new groups arise in the south, the Great Bear falsifying the words of old Homer, that it is "ever unbathed in the waters of Oceanus," and the Southern Cross arising to greet those who are travelling farther than ever the much-wandering chief of Ithaca roamed.

But these are not sufficiently absorbing subjects to take up the whole time of the ordinary traveller. "What does the average Englishman read?" asked a bookworm of a West-end bookseller. "He doesn't read novels—he leaves them to his wife; he doesn't read poetry—he leaves that to his daughters; he doesn't read classical literature—that is for schoolboys. What, then, does he read?" "My dear sir," replied the bookseller, "look at those books in the right hand case—that is what the Englishman reads, or at least, what he buys." The enquirer lifted up his spectacles and peered at a number of volumes devoted to all kinds of sport. Yes, wherever he is, at home or in the Colonies, on the burning plains of India or

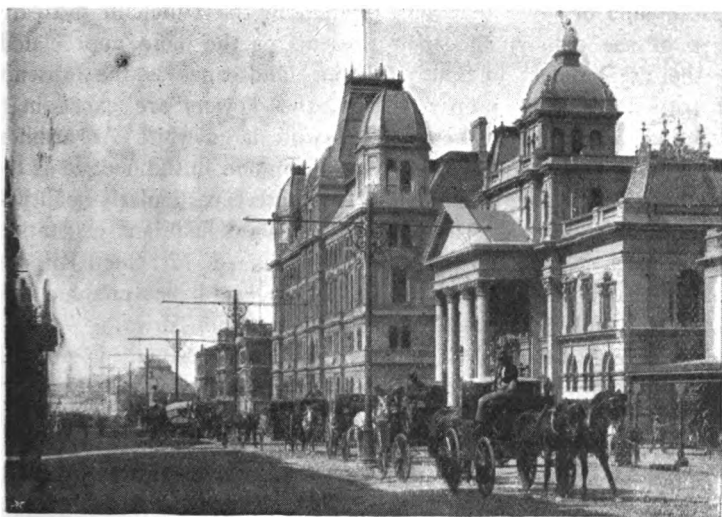
in North American snowfields, the Englishman cannot do without sport. And the same instinct is with him on the sea. Hardly has the ship left Madeira before a sports committee is formed, and from that day until the vessel sights Cape Town there is no lack of amusement.

Besides sports and entertainments, is there not also the amusement of criticising one's fellow passengers? People are thrown so closely together on shipboard that escape is impossible. Everyone talks to everyone else, except the very cliquy ones, who stand isolated as the monument—unless they happen to be sea-sick. And, of course, we are critical; but so long as the criticism is good humoured no great harm is done, especially as the voyage is not long enough to develop much ill-will. Some cynical observer has remarked that a sea voyage should never exceed three weeks' duration; the first week is for sea-sickness and settling down, the second is for striking up friendships, these in the third week change to indifference, and if the voyage is unhappily prolonged the fourth week is one of open enmity. But from Madeira to the Cape is only a fortnight, and it is usually a very pleasant time. No land is seen during this time, except perchance the lighthouse on Cape Verde, though in reality the steamers keep very near the coast until they have passed Sierra Leone. Then they turn S.E. in the teeth of the trade-wind and steer direct for Cape Town. The heat in the daytime is tempered by the head-wind, but the nights are very trying, and it is by no means uncommon for voyagers to have a touch of fever, especially if the weather be wet.

Twelve days after leaving Madeira the captain announces that he expects to enter Cape Town Docks early next morning. The last meeting is held in the saloon, the prizes awarded in the various sports are distributed, and the usual complimentary speeches are made. Many of the passengers take the opportunity for a last jollification; and it can hardly be denied that the last day of a voyage of this kind is often somewhat too lively. Most of the Cape Mail steamers carry a large number of passengers for the gold-fields of the South African Republic; and the conduct on board ship of the emigrants that crowd to Johannesburg does not give one a favourable impression of the inhabitants of the Golden City. Probably in no place in the world is there so much material wealth, with so little real culture or refinement.

One of the finest views to be seen anywhere bursts on the sight as the ship enters Table Bay. The city stands out clear and distinct in the bright morning light, backed by that grand mountain

which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Nor is it only the physical features of the place that are interesting; one is still more struck by the extraordinary variety of the races of mankind who have settled in Cape Town—white men of various countries, black Kaffirs and Fingoes, yellow Hottentots and brown Malays. The mails are unloaded at Cape Town, and the steamers usually stay here two or three days before proceeding further east, so that a convenient opportunity is afforded for seeing Cape Town and its neighbourhood. In the town itself are some good streets—Adderley Street, with the Standard Bank, the Railway Station and



From a photograph by [E. E. Harrky, G.P.O., Cape Town.]

ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN, SHOWING THE NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE.

the Post Office, being the finest. At the upper end is St. George's Cathedral, an unpretentious building in classical style. Not far off is the Parliament House, where the Legislature of the Colony meets. It is a red-brick building, with white stone facings, and a rather fine statue of the Queen in the foreground. It is substantially built, well suited to its purpose, and strangers have no difficulty in obtaining admission to the debates when the Assembly is sitting. More interesting to the majority of visitors from Europe are the adjacent Botanical Gardens, which are beautifully laid out, and contain a fine variety of tropical and sub-tropical trees and shrubs.

The beauty of the Gardens is much increased by the background of Table Mountain and its outlying spurs.

The suburbs of Cape Town should not be overlooked. About four or five miles from the town is Sea Point, a picturesque spot at the foot of the "Lion's haunch." One can drive along the cliff road to Camps Bay, just beyond Sea Point, and return to the town by way of the new Kloof road—a road running between two mountains, and affording in its highest part a magnificent view of Cape Town. Still more picturesque are the suburbs on the way to Simons Bay, notably Rosebank, Rondebosch, Newlands, and Wynberg. Here there are a large number of fine oaks, and other European trees, descendants of those that were planted by the Dutch in the early days of the colony, and their presence is the more appreciated, as the great defect in South African landscapes is the absence of trees. At the proper season, the flowers are exceedingly beautiful, whole fields being filled with large white Arum-lilies, while the delicate blue Plumbago is as common in the hedges as the hawthorn or bramble in England. Newlands is particularly beautiful, resting at the back of Table Mountain, amid luxuriant vegetation. Rondebosch is well-known for the residence of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who opens it freely for visitors, and whose wealth has enabled him to adorn it with curiosities from all parts of South Africa.

The voyage between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth is not unfrequently the most trying part of the journey from England. When a south-easter is blowing the waves are as violent as in any part of the world. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we remember that from the Cape of Good Hope down to the Antarctic ice stretches an unbroken expanse of sea; that westward there is the Atlantic, bounded only by the shores of Patagonia; and eastward the vast Indian Ocean, with scarcely an island between Africa and Australia. It is not uncommon for visitors who have escaped sea-sickness in the voyage from England to Cape Town, to fall a prey to it as soon as they have rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

By the larger vessels the voyage from Cape Town to Algoa Bay is done in about 36 hours, and as morning dawns in the Bay we see, stretching a long way up the hills, the monotonous houses of Port Elizabeth. From the sea the town is far from attractive, though it is by no means an uninteresting place. The great disadvantage of Port Elizabeth is that it has no harbour; vessels are compelled to anchor in the bay, and all the loading and unloading is done by lighters. There are usually a considerable number

of vessels so anchored, and, as the bay is but indifferently sheltered from the southern winds, it is not uncommon for accidents to take place. The difficulties of loading are also greatly increased when the weather is stormy, which causes frequent delays in the arrival and departure of ships, and it is by no means a pleasant task to disembark into a lighter which is being tossed up and down like a toy-boat.

Apart from these difficulties, Port Elizabeth is, in many respects, a convenient place from which to visit the Eastern part of the



From a photograph by W. H. Swain.]

VIEW IN UITENHAGE, CAPE COLONY.

colony. Grahamstown, the educational centre of the colony, is easily accessible. Those places on the Karroo, or inland plateau, such as Cradock, Middleburg, or Barkly, which are much favoured by persons who come out for the sake of their health, can be reached without a very long railway journey; though we must not measure distances from an English standpoint. We consider an eight hours' journey from London to Edinburgh a very long affair; but in South Africa the towns are so far apart that an eight hours' ride by railway is a mere trifle. Of course, the railways are nothing like as fast as in the old country, though their rolling stock is good,

and the arrangements are generally comfortable. The carriages are mostly built at Uitenhage, a small town about twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, picturesquely situated among the mountains, and well supplied with two of the great desiderata of South Africa—plenty of trees, and a permanent supply of water. Port Elizabeth suffers much from want of water; the rainfall is irregular and often scanty; and until large storage works have been built, the condition of the town, in this respect, must always be one of anxiety.

From Port Elizabeth can also be visited, as readily as from



From a photograph by W. H. Swain.

IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, UITENHAGE.

Cape Town, the centres of the two great industries which have revolutionised the economical condition of South Africa, and which have opened up complicated political questions which are yet far from being settled. Kimberley, the centre of the diamond mines, is about 480 miles from Port Elizabeth, while Johannesburg, the chief place on the gold-bearing Witwatersrand, is 700 miles distant.

This is not the place to discuss the political conditions of South Africa. The casual visitor learns at least one lesson—not to draw hasty conclusions. The views of “Globe-trotters,” or of men who have made a short tour through the country, are of little or no value.

Nor do we think that a man who visits the Dutch without knowing anything of their language, and without taking any trouble to understand their habits of thought is worth listening to. The existence of the Dutch element side by side with the English element in South Africa is a fact that every politician has to reckon with ; and no policy can be called successful which seeks only the aggrandisement of the one element at the expense of the other. That Dutch and English are too often a source of mutual irritation to each other is too painfully evident ; it is also, to a candid observer, equally evident that there are faults on both sides. Englishmen are splendid colonists ; but the very qualities of resourcefulness and self-reliance which make them such prevent that harmonious association with people of different stock, which in South Africa is so pre-eminently desirable. As regards the present troubles between English and Dutch, it may be confidently asserted that time is on the side of the English ; and if only our countrymen exercise patience there can be little doubt that before very long the whole of South Africa will be practically a British colony. But actions like the recent raid of Dr. Jameson can only serve to delay this desired consummation.

A traveller arriving at the Cape about the middle of April finds that the autumn is already well advanced. The oaks and other deciduous trees are beginning to lose their leaves. The days are warm, as warm as July in England ; but the evenings are pleasant, and the nights are quite cool. The Colony is famous for the brilliancy of its skies and the extreme clearness of the air. Day after day, for weeks together there will be a cloudless sky ; and at night the moon and stars shine with a brightness that is quite unknown in our cloudy latitudes. To the English visitor this brilliant weather is very charming ; but the colonist would prefer more clouds and more rain. Drought indeed is the great enemy of agriculture in the colony ; and until irrigation works have been much extended, the farming operations will remain in a backward and unsatisfactory state. Another enemy of the farmers is found in the locusts, which are sometimes terribly destructive, eating up in the course of a few days a whole season's crop. Not infrequently they appear in clouds of sufficient magnitude to impede the advance of railway trains ; and even in the autumn, when they are not in the winged stage, their strident noise can be heard all over the "veldt."

There are other difficulties which hinder the rapid development of the Cape Colony. In Canada and Australia there is practically no

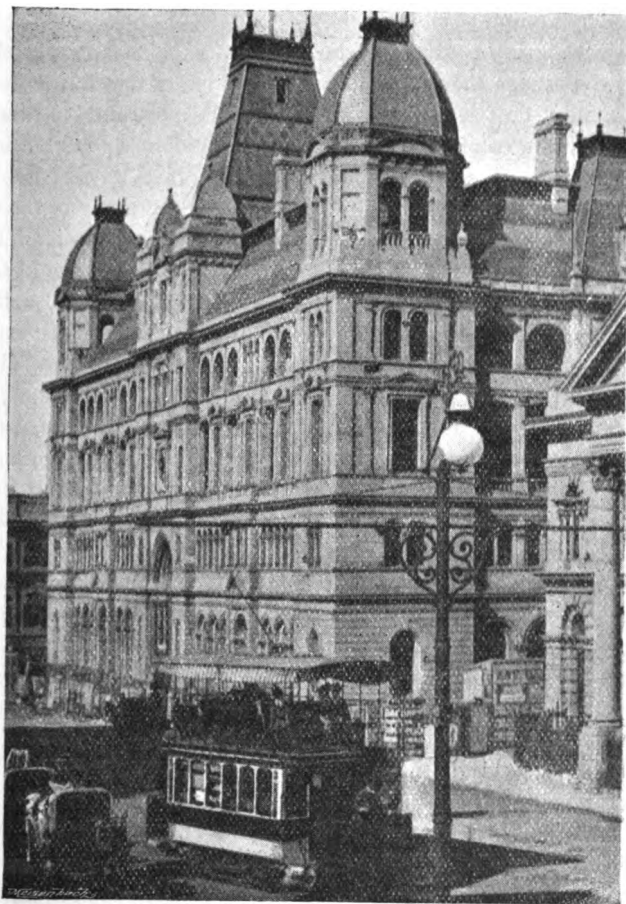
"native question." In the Cape Colony, on the other hand, the native difficulty is always present. Work which would be done willingly at home is disdained at the Cape, as fit only for a "nigger"; and there is a fatal tendency in farming operations to hand over all the actual labour to natives, the colonists merely superintending. So long as this is the case it is useless to expect that the natural agricultural wealth of the Colony can be properly developed, and it is an unsatisfactory feature of the trade of the Cape that a large amount of wheat, maize, and other cereals has to be imported.

In spite of the dryness the climate is healthy, and a visitor who goes out for his health, soon feels the benefit. There is, however, a movement against the indiscriminate admission of persons suffering from disease of the lungs. It is well-known that large numbers of persons with incipient phthisis are sent to South Africa. Most of these find their way to the Free State, especially in and near Bloemfontein; and although a large number recover, and indeed become strong and healthy, the percentage of consumptive persons among the population naturally tends to increase. Hence in the Orange Free State and in the Cape Colony, there is already some outcry against the indiscriminate admission of "lungy" patients.

Life in the Cape Colony has thus its own drawbacks, and those who have been accustomed to the ease and luxury of English homes must be prepared for some lack of comfort and refinement on visiting the colony. Not but what in the more settled districts and among families who have been there for some generations and have acquired wealth and education, there will be as much refinement as in the mother-country; but, as in all our colonies, the tendency of the new emigrants is towards a certain rough plenty. The superior freedom from the bonds of conventionality is accompanied by a greater roughness in manners which too often degenerates into coarseness. But to those who are not fastidious, and whose spirits chafe against the conventional barriers of our modern civilization, Africa offers many attractions. The diamond-fields of Kimberley, and the gold-mines of the Transvaal absorb the majority of emigrants; but there is still abundant room for those who wish to settle on farms and to develop the agricultural resources of the country.

The greater part of South Africa has little to boast of in the way of fine scenery. The mountains which skirt the inland plateau are, however, very fine in places, and the passes and valleys are frequently most beautiful. But the great part of the country is still open monotonous "veldt," or "bush," somewhat resembling what we call

“commons” in England, but for the most part with coarser vegetation. In some places the bushes are low and scrubby; in other parts large and coarse thorn-shrubs make an impenetrable barrier, covering the lairs of many wild animals. The prickly pear,—that



THE NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE, CAPE TOWN.

great enemy of Cape farmers,—is one of the commonest of these bush shrubs. Others are the Mimosa, a close ally of the “sensitive plant,” with thorns several inches in length, various kinds of thorny cactus, and several different species of aloe, many of them with most formidable sword-like leaves, so that altogether the vegetation of

the veldt has an extremely forbidding aspect—the fittest having survived after many generations of hard conflict with their natural enemies. The hard skins and sharp thorns protect them against wild animals, and at the same time render transpiration very slow, the plants thereby being enabled to endure long periods of drought without drying-up.

A word must be said for the hospitality of the people of the Colony. Perhaps there is not now very much of that indiscriminate entertainment that generally forms one of the pleasantest features in the life of a new colony ; but there is still a freedom, a generousness in making friends, which is refreshing after the formal ways of England. To this, indeed, one exception must be made. In many of the older towns there is no doubt a small section of colonists who seem to be afflicted with a nervous desire not to do anything which would stamp them as colonials. They desire to be as English as the English—only more so. Naturally they select those features of English society life for imitation which separate it most from colonial life. They are stiff and formal, emphatic of class distinctions, and suspicious of new-comers. Happily this is but a small class, and for the most part, whether in hotels or in private houses, host and hostess show genuine hospitality and soon make the visitor feel at home. In this way, passing from one place to another, a few weeks or months can be very pleasantly spent.

But time goes on, and even three months' sick leave will come to an end, and we must leave the fresh air of the veldt and the pleasant society of newly-made friends for another period of life on the sea. To those who enjoy the sea and who are not anxious to make the quickest possible passage, the "Intermediate" steamers can be recommended. These boats take about a week longer than the mail steamers, though the fare is slightly less. They are equally comfortable, are generally less crowded, and are for the most part without that noisy element which is often found on the mail steamers. And if you decide on an Intermediate steamer you will hardly find one more comfortable than Messrs. Currie and Co.'s "Arundel Castle." This is one of the largest of all the Intermediate steamships to the Cape, measuring over 4,500 tons. It was only built about two years ago, and is up-to-date in all its arrangements. Its speed, however, rarely exceeds twelve knots, as against the fifteen knots done by the fast mail steamers, but to those who go for their health the longer sea voyage is rather an advantage than otherwise.

So on May 13th the "Arundel Castle" weighed anchor in Algoa

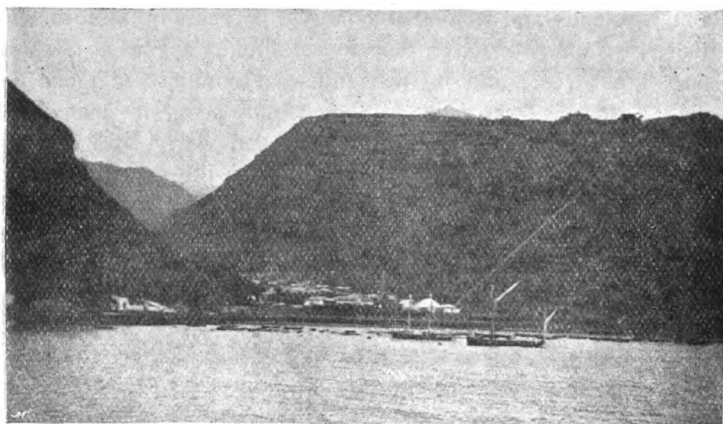
Bay and we saw the last of the Port Elizabeth lights. The vessel passed near the coast and stayed for a few hours at Mossel Bay, by a small town called Aliwal South. The cliffs here are high and precipitous, and they increase in wildness as we go westward until they culminate in Cape Agulhas—the extreme south point of Africa. Still further west is the old “Cape of Storms,” the Cape of Good Hope, and soon afterwards the promontory is rounded and once more Table Mountain and Cape Town comes into view.

On both the outward and homeward voyages the steamers usually stay for two or three days at Cape Town, where they receive the bulk of their cargo and the greater number of passengers, so that for those who have come from places farther east there is ample time to visit again the suburbs of Cape Town, to see once more Sea Point, Newlands, and Rondebosch, and to purchase in the town such articles of Cape produce as they may desire. Cape wine is slowly rising into favour, and in the hands of thoroughly energetic and scientific growers, there might be a great future before it; many kinds of Cape preserve, especially the Cape gooseberry jam, are also much esteemed in England, though hitherto the expense of shipment hardly enables them to compete with the home-made article.

The boats mostly leave Cape Town in the evening, and it is an impressive sight, as the gorgeous sunset is lighting up the whole town, and flashing back from the Lion's Haunch and the Table Mountain, to watch the great ship slowly steam out of dock amid the waving of farewells of friends on the jetty. There is hardly the hilarity which is seen at Southampton when the vessels leave England, for the bulk of the passengers on the return steamers are of a different class; there are no more crowds of high-spirited young fellows going out to seek their fortunes on the Rand or in the diamond fields; but there are colonists bronzed and sobered by years of hard work coming home for a short holiday; there are others, older still, who have made their fortune and are coming back to spend their declining years in the Mother Country; and, saddest of all, there are the invalids whom South Africa has failed to benefit, and who eagerly hope to see the green hills of England before they die. Truly the population on board-ship is varied enough, and the observer whose motto is “*humani nihil a me alienum puto*” finds much to move both his laughter and his compassion.

The interest of the voyage is much increased when the ship stops at various ports of call. The mail steamers run from Cape Town to Madeira without stopping, but some of the intermediate boats stop

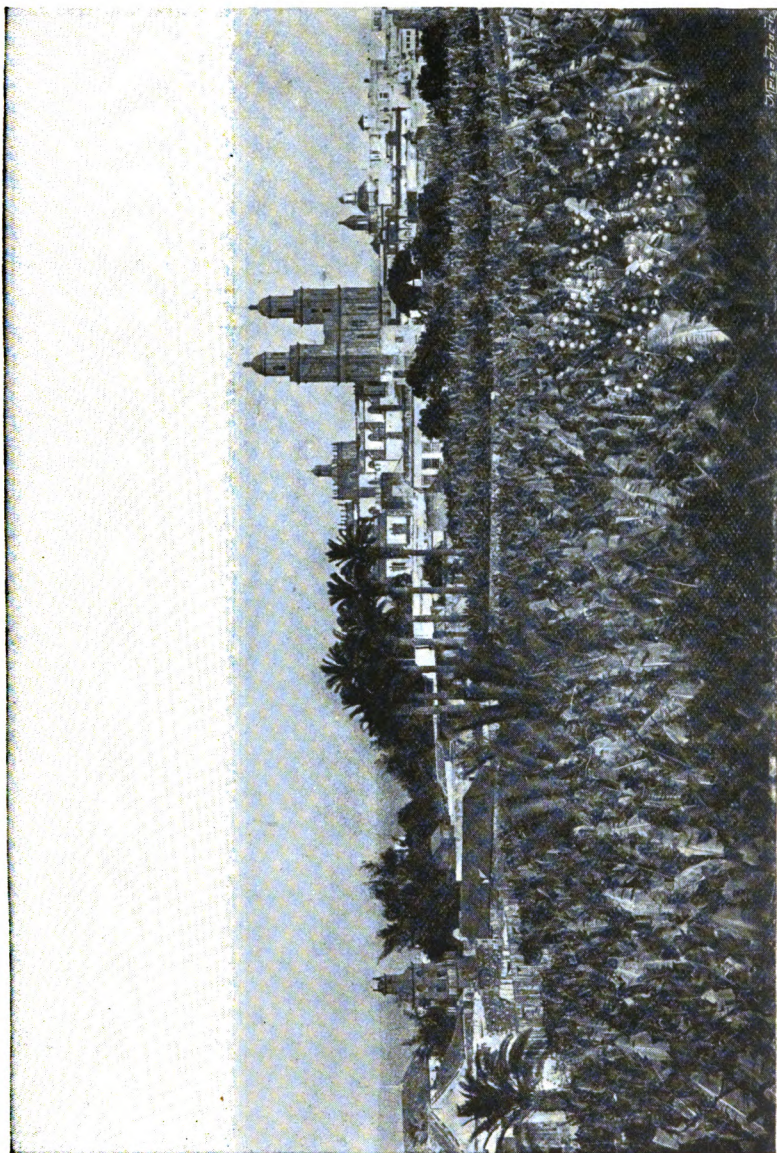
at St. Helena, Ascension, and Grand Canary. After a week on the sea it is a pleasant change to see on the horizon the lofty, inaccessible cliffs of St. Helena. Jamestown, the capital of the island, lies partly in a valley near the only landing place, and partly higher up on the slopes of the mountains. Most of the passengers walk or drive to Longwood—about four miles from the landing-stage—not far from which is the former tomb of Napoleon, a plain railed-in slab of stone, without a single word of inscription. To those who want real rest, an absence of the worry of civilised life, and a delightful climate, St. Helena can be recommended. But even St. Helena boasts one newspaper—the *St. Helenian*—consisting of four quarto



JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA.

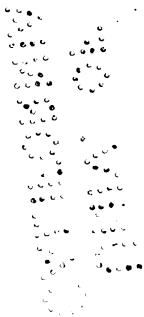
pages, and has a post office. The island, however, until recently, declined to enter the Postal Union, and the smallest letter could not be sent to the nearest land for a less sum than sixpence; while, if one might judge from the appearance of the Post Office, more stamps are purchased for collectors than for use in legitimate postal correspondence.

But if St. Helena is quiet, Ascension is still more so. There are not many places in the world where the overworked man of business can ensure absolute rest, but modern competition has not yet reached Ascension. If St. Helena has primitive Postal arrangements, Ascension is still better, for it has none. It belongs to the Admiralty, and is said to figure as a ship—H.M.S. "Ascension," in sundry official

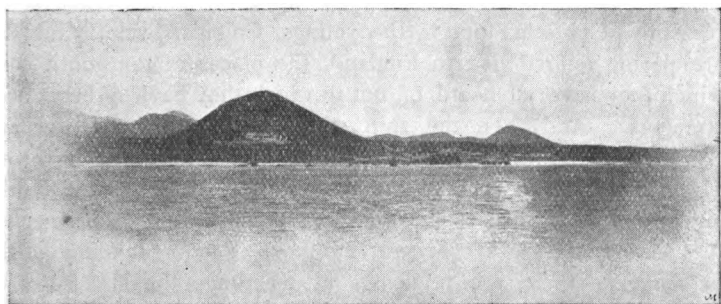


LAS PALMAS, GRAND CANARY.

[To face page 20.]



lists—and a few naval officials and their families form its entire population. Strangers are not ordinarily allowed to land, but no doubt this rule will be relaxed when the doctors have discovered that it is a valuable sanatorium for those suffering from brain fatigue. Only homeward ships call at Ascension, and these only once a month. On its barren mountains—extinct volcanic peaks—human feet rarely tread, and though a misguided lady once wrote a book called “Six Months in Ascension,” its mystery is to all intents still unsolved. Two men came on the “Arundel Castle” who were said to have been three years on the island without once leaving it. Was it a matter of surprise that they showed themselves somewhat too eager to partake of those bounties of civilisation which a ship affords, and that they endeavoured to prove that the climate of Ascension engendered a prolonged and insatiable thirst?



ASCENSION.

From St. Helena to Ascension is three days' sail ; from Ascension to the Canary Islands another week, a week of hot, steaming weather. Slowly the stars of the south vanish, and the old stars of the northern hemisphere show themselves, till we reach a point where both the Southern Cross and the Great Bear are visible. The days are terribly hot ; the sports on ship-board are hardly endurable, and the evening we cross the line a concert is held in the saloon which has to be brought to an abrupt termination as the heat makes it intolerably oppressive. We can only lie lazily about the deck in the very minimum of costume, and find excitement in a passing ship, or the spouting of a distant whale. It is not till Grand Canary is reached that the weather begins to get appreciably cooler. Las Palmas, the chief town of this island, has many of the features

of a Spanish port. It has not the beauty of Madeira, nor the grandeur of Teneriffe, but its gardens and squares, and above all its market place, are well worth visiting, if only for the sake of enjoying the pleasure of a bargain in an unknown tongue. But the steamers do not stay very long, and after a few hours the vessel starts, and steers its course for "home."

Now begins what is in many respects the most interesting part of the voyage. The great heat of the Tropics has moderated, and games and sports can be indulged in on deck without inconvenience; concerts and recitals can be given in the saloon without a feeling of suffocation; while the near approach of home gives a slight fillip of excitement, and makes the passengers in the best of spirits. The days pass quickly and pleasantly. As we go further north the fresh breeze of the Bay invigorates us after the enervating heat, and at last, far away on the horizon, we see the English coast. To those who are favoured with fine weather up the Channel there is the pleasure of pointing out to the younger Colonials, who, it may be, are paying a first visit to England, the places of the south coast which they have all heard of, but to which they have hitherto been strangers. And then the ship steers northward by Dover and Sandwich; rounds the Foreland and turns westward up what Englishmen fondly believe is the noblest river in the world. Gravesend is passed; then Woolwich; then the ship slowly enters the East India Dock. Friends are present to meet many of the passengers; there are rejoicings at meeting; the last luncheon is served on board; votes of thanks to captain and crew are passed; the farewells among those who have enjoyed each other's company for the last four weeks are said; farewells indeed, but which, if we may judge from the demeanour of that young fellow towards the pretty lady from Port Elizabeth, will not in every case be final.

And even as a life all holiday would be exceedingly irksome, it is not without pleasure that Her Majesty's humble servant attends in due course before a Medical Board, and learns that "Mr. — has recovered his health, and we recommend that he be permitted to return to his duty."

W. H. SWAIN.

The Larceny Act, 1896.



SHORT Act, passed in the recent Session, entitled "The Larceny Act, 1896," has remedied a defect in the jurisdiction of our Courts which is of long standing and which high authorities have not hesitated to describe as "scandalous." As this new piece of legislation is of some value to the Post Office, a short statement of its history, or rather, of some of the events which have led up to it, may not be without interest to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

On September 12th a prisoner, charged at Bow Street with larceny within the jurisdiction of the French Government, was discharged by Mr. Lushington on the ground that under the terms of the Extradition Treaty between France and England he was exempt from extradition as being a naturalised British subject, the learned magistrate remarking on the unwisdom of conventions which involve such a stultification of the law. This remark was but an echo of still more severe strictures passed by the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in giving judgment in a similar case which was argued before him in 1877, when not only the treaty with France, but almost all extradition treaties between England and Continental States, included a proviso—not merely facultative but obligatory—that neither of the contracting parties should surrender their own subjects, whether native born or naturalised. The proviso did not, indeed, represent the views of Great Britain, which, like the United States, had itself never desired to make, and had always been reluctant to admit, such a reservation, but it was insisted upon by the majority of European States. In their case, however, the principle underlying the proviso, viz., that every State ought to deal with the offences of its own subjects, had a logical basis, inasmuch as their domestic legislation provides for the trial and punishment at home of their citizens for committing crimes within the territory of a friendly state. In England, on the contrary, it has always been a fundamental principle of jurisprudence that "crime" must be tried by the law of the place at which it is committed, and with one exception, viz., in so far as under a section of the Merchant Shipping Act a British subject could be tried by a British Court for a crime committed by him on a foreign ship to which

he does not belong, the Courts of this country do not take cognisance of crimes committed outside the dominions of the Queen.

But the anomalies of English criminal procedure did not end here. In a case where a man named Carr was prosecuted for feloniously "receiving" some £70,000 worth of foreign bonds which had been stolen on the French railway between Calais and Amiens and while negotiating some of which afterwards in London, Carr had been arrested, *i.e.*, in an act undoubtedly committed on British territory, it was expressly ruled by the Court—a ruling which was in accordance with the precedent decision of the Court for Crown cases reserved in *Regina v. Debruiel* (11 Cox Criminal cases, 207)—that it had no jurisdiction to try the prisoner for "receiving" property which had been stolen abroad. This decision would, of course, cover a case where property stolen on foreign territory was "received" on a vessel at sea, sailing under the British flag.

Consequently, as the law then stood, English thieves could plan and commit crime abroad with the certainty that, provided they could escape to their own country, they would be absolutely safe from punishment and could dispose of any booty which they might have brought back. For though it is probable that a conspiracy, entered into by two or more persons in this country, to commit a crime on the territory of a friendly state, is an offence against English law—and this view, upheld as it has been by no less an authority than Sir Edward Clarke, seems consistent with the comparatively recent decision in *Reg. v. Nillins*, 53 L.J. (M.C.) 157—the difficulties of proof, always great in charges of conspiracy, were materially enhanced in the cases now referred to.

Of such a state of things it is not astonishing that full advantage was taken, and among the many cases which drew attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the law, were two successive attacks made in 1886 upon the International mails despatched to Berlin and St. Petersburg from England, *via* Belgium and Germany. The chief incidents of the first of these cases were as follows:—

On the night of April 8th the mails left Cannon Street, as usual, in a van supposed to be securely locked, and were transferred at Dover to the custody of the captain of a steamer flying the Belgian flag. On the vessel's arrival at Ostend the mails were transmitted by train to the German frontier at Verviers, and there transferred to the German Post Office, all due formalities being carefully observed, as, indeed, was subsequently alleged to have been the case at Dover and Ostend. On reaching Cologne the mails were removed

from the closed van in which they had hitherto been conveyed to a travelling Post Office carriage, where the bags containing the letters for Berlin were ordinarily opened. One of these bags contained the bag of registered letters, and of these two bags the fastenings were to all appearance intact when examined by the German sorters.

On opening the Registered Letter Bag, however, unmistakeable signs appeared that a robbery had been effected; the contents were all in disorder, and the enclosures of a large number of registered letters had been abstracted, among those rifled being one which the remaining enclosures showed had originally contained a number of Russian rouble notes. A further examination of the outer bag disclosed the fact that it had been cut open and very neatly sewn up again.

Information was at once telegraphed to London, where, shortly afterwards, a telegram was received from St. Petersburg, reporting that the mail addressed there had also been rifled. The booty carried off, principally in foreign notes and bonds, amounted to many thousands of pounds, and enquiry speedily disclosed sufficient to satisfy the Police that the robbery had been the work of a gang of what may be called high class thieves, of English birth but of international reputation, and that these men had returned to London. Legal evidence, however, of their participation in the theft was wanting; and even had it been forthcoming, the Police and Post Office alike, owing to the then state of the law, were practically powerless.

Two days later, however, an unexpected incident occurred. A man made his appearance at a money changer's in the City, asking him to change some Russian 100 rouble notes. By a curious coincidence this money changer was the sender of the letter containing rouble notes, the envelope of which, as already stated, had been found in the rifled Registered Letter Bag, and the notes tendered were the very notes he had enclosed. The man being asked how he came in possession of them gave an account which the police, who were called in, found to be false in more than one material particular. He was accordingly given into custody and charged with "unlawful possession" of the notes. On this charge there was probably sufficient evidence to convict him, but the highest punishment involved was six months' imprisonment, and as there was no doubt that the prisoner was one of the gang the Postmaster-General decided to take up the prosecution and, great as the difficulties were, to charge him with the more serious offence of

“receiving the notes well knowing them to be stolen.” With this object a member of the Confidential Enquiry Branch was despatched to go over the whole route of the mails and see what could be done, and with the aid of a mass of polyglot evidence—the witnesses were thirty or forty in number—which he brought back to London, the prisoner, after a severe and prolonged fight in which the able defence made on his behalf was met by marked skill and patience on the part of Mr. Breton Osborn, Assistant Solicitor to the Post Office, was committed to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court.

At the trial the pick of the legal profession was engaged. Mr. Justice Hawkins presided, and among the Counsel for the Post Office were the present Lord Chief Justice, then as Sir Charles Russell Attorney General, and the present Mr. Justice Wright; whilst the leading Counsel for the prisoner was Sir John Gorst, Q.C., M.P. The theory set up by the prosecution was that the theft had been effected within the jurisdiction of the British Courts of Law, that is to say, either on the route between Cannon Street and Dover or, failing that, while the mails were on board the Belgian steamer. In the latter case it was contended that the prisoner had brought himself within the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act. This contention was disputed by the Counsel for the defence, and an interesting point of Criminal Law—almost as abstruse as that which, a short time before, had exercised some dozen of the judges in the “Franconia” case—might have been left for the consideration of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

The Post Office, however, with commendable self-sacrifice, spared no pains to convince the jury that so perfect were the arrangements of Foreign Administrations, and so defective its own, as to give nowhere but in England an opportunity for theft, and, on the explicit ground that the robbery had been effected before the bags were put on board the Belgian steamer, the jury, after prolonged and evidently anxious deliberation, found the prisoner guilty. Of course, his previous career had till then been kept from their knowledge, and an expression of relief was noticeable on some of their faces when Inspector Lawley, of the City Police, stepped into the witness box and detailed some of the prisoner's past history. The prisoner was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

On almost the eve of the trial a somewhat startling incident had occurred. An anonymous letter was received bearing the postmark of Toulon—the seat of a French convict prison—in which the writer represented that the prosecution was on the wrong tack, the theft

having really been committed on the railway between Ostend and Ghent by four men, who had left a large number of the stolen letters in a small hand-bag at the cloak room of the Ghent Railway Station and had thrown another portion of the plunder into the Scheldt. The bag was found as described and was full of letters which had, beyond all doubt, formed part of the rifled Mails, but a sworn investigation held by the local *Juge d'Instruction* at Ghent, in which the courtesy of the Belgian authorities allowed a Post Office representative to take part, elicited nothing further material. But no doubt was entertained that the bag had been expressly left at the station and the anonymous letter written as part of the attempts to support the contemplated defence.

Some time after his conviction the prisoner himself made a statement that, whilst absolutely innocent himself, he knew for certain that the robbery had been committed on board the Belgian Mail Packet. Subsequent information, however, was received of the prisoner's direct complicity in the matter, and whether or no the robbery was actually committed on board the packet there is no doubt substantial justice was done.

The lesson of this trial, however, was read in a different way from what the prosecution had hoped. In the following November the Mails sent by the same route were again successfully attacked. This time, however, the confederates took every care to make it plain that the theft had been committed in Belgium, one of their methods being to strew a large number of stolen letters ostentatiously about hotels and streets in Brussels. The details of the attack, interesting as they are, are too long to recount here, but one of the Post Office constables succeeded in tracing the purchase of a dark lantern which had been left by the thieves in the Belgian railway train to a notorious continental thief, then residing in London, and the Procureur du Roi at Brussels, who came to London specially on the subject, though disappointed in finding that the antecedents of the suspected persons could not here be made use of to support any charge against them as would have been the case in Belgium, believed that he had obtained sufficient evidence against this man and others who were also British subjects, to put them on their trial in Belgium, and an application was made for their surrender. According to the Extradition Treaty, however, their refuge in this country was inviolable.

The attention attracted by these and other cases led to several suggestions being made for amending the scandalous state of the law, one of which was for new legislation giving English courts

jurisdiction in respect of crimes committed by Englishmen abroad, and more especially as regards attacks upon International Mails, attention being called to the principle affirmed by the Postal Union Conventions, viz., that all the countries of the Union are for the reciprocal exchange of correspondence "one and the same territory." An alternative suggestion was to modify existing Extradition Treaties and to frame new treaties as made, so as to give the contracting countries power to surrender their own subjects or, to use diplomatic phraseology, admit "the facultative surrender of Nationals." Both these suggestions, partially at least, bore fruit.

The proviso prohibiting the surrender of subjects of the contracting countries was modified in several existing Treaties, while in most of the more recent Treaties this surrender has been made optional.

In 1889 the Government actually introduced a Bill entitled "The Offences Committed Abroad Bill," enabling British subjects committing offences out of British territory to be tried in England as if the offence had been committed there, and admitting written depositions as evidence in cases where the witnesses' personal attendance in Court was impossible or inconvenient. The Bill, however, after reaching a certain stage was dropped, and the same thing occurred in the following Session on its re-introduction in a revised form, since when no attempt has been made, apparently, to revive it.

In 1894 a "Larceny Act Amendment Bill" was introduced by the Lord Chancellor with the object of enabling our Courts to try persons "receiving" stolen goods in this country, notwithstanding that the actual theft of the goods had taken place in some Foreign country, but it was not till the present Session that the Bill, in a revised shape, became law under the title of the "Larceny Act, 1896." Under this Act any person, who, without lawful excuse, receives, or has in his possession, any property stolen outside the United Kingdom, knowing such property to have been stolen, can be indicted in any county or place in which he has or has had the property.

The Act, it may be said, while partially, at least, removing what more than one Judge has described as a scandal, in no way impugns the principle here before referred to and on which so much stress is laid by Sir Edward Clarke in his Treatise on the Law of Extradition, viz., that "crime" must be tried by the law of the place at which it was committed. For the actual offence made punishable will, *ex hypothesi*, be committed on British territory, or what is, of course, the same thing, under the British flag on the high seas.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Duncan Gray's Pay Day.

FIRST o' the month I get my screw,
 Ha, ha, the countin' o't !
 Wi' gowd and banknote guid and true,
 Ha, ha, the cracklin' o't !
 Maggie my wife's then full o' glee,
 Loup and flichter our bairnies three ;
 I gie to ilk a braw bawbee,
 Ha, ha, the spendin' o't !

But whan the flesher has been paid,
 Ah me, the pity o't !
 An' money due for cleeds and bread,
 Deuce tak' the graspin' lot !
 Whan the cesses and rent need settlin',
 Then cease the leughter and the prettlin',
 And Maggie sighs baith oot and in,
 Waes me, the misery o't !

Oh poortith cauld is sair to bide,
 Ah me, the pinchin' o't !
 And carkin' care is hard to hide,
 Wae sucks ! the sadness o't !
 " Shall I, in the dusk," quoth she
 (That's Maggie), " roun' the corner hie
 " And pop my rings and jewelrie ? "
 Ho, ho, the jinkin' o't !

She gaes, and after mickle spell,
 Leeze me, the gladness o't !
 Meg returns and all is well,
 Hae, wow, the wonner o't !
 Gowd and siller in loof she brings,
 Each weanie like a birdie sings,
 Sausage and haggis and ither things,
 Ha, ha, the munchin' o't !

And so we live in better case,
 Ha, ha, the mercy o't !
 Until appears next day of grace,
 Ha, ha, the glory o't !
 Increment and promotion, baith,
 I lo'e ye weel, and wi' sic graith
 I hope to prosper, by my aith !
 Ha, ha, the happy thought !

Some Recollections.

IT was back in the early forties, when penny postage was on its trial, that I first became acquainted with the Post Office. My uncle, a schoolmaster, was Postmaster of Penryn. I was a pupil of his, and in the interval between lessons and floggings—for my relative was a veritable Dr. Busby, and did not spare the rod—I was put to do odd jobs about the office. I cleared the box of the few letters then circulating, and took out the bag to the coach, which passed the door twice a day on its way to Truro. At that time the Mail coach was the badge of royalty—the outward and visible sign of the majesty of the Post Office in the West of England. Other conveyances there were, including a lumbering machine called Russell's Wagon, which, working by easy stages, took three weeks to accomplish the journey to London. But the Royal Mail, with its flaring panels, and four spanking horses, was cock of the walk—the embodiment of speed, dignity, and smartness. I have in former articles spoken of the guards, Brice and Crowhurst, almost the last representatives of their line. The drivers were Charlie Ward and Alfred Tedder, two of the best whips on the road. Ward, who I believe is still alive and hearty, could flick a fly off the leader's ear, without startling the animal. On one occasion I occupied the box-seat beside Ward, on a journey between Truro and Plymouth. Going up a stiff hill leading into Liskeard, we overtook Kellow's Coach, a rival vehicle bound the same way. The drivers indulged in some good-natured chaff, Ward inviting the other man to "Pull in there, and get those camels of yours out of the road," and so on. Presently, getting within range, Ward gathered up his whip, and, calculating the distance to a hair, cut the pipe clean out of the driver's mouth and dashed by, leaving the astonished Jehu blinking like an owl, and wondering whatever had struck him. Tedder was a dude. Always faultlessly dressed, with a big horse-shoe pin in his cravat, a flower in his button-hole, and a spotless white hat, he and Crowhurst the guard, locally known as "Coffee Royal," were great favourites with the ladies, and, in matters of gallantry, carried everything before them. Mr. Wedderburn was Inspector-General of Mails, and it was said

that the only time Brice was ever known to turn pale—habitually he had a face like a lobster—was when Mr. Wedderburn was about, and had to be propitiated with copious draughts of brandy and water.

The ancient Borough of Penryn was one of those sleepy towns to be met with back in the forties throughout rural England. It had very little connection with the outer world, and, save when in the throes of a Parliamentary Election, was as dull and stagnant as ditchwater. At election times things were pretty lively. The place was as corrupt as Totnes or Old Sarum. Every man had his price. The chief wire-puller was a man called Sowell, known as “snuffy Sowell.” There was a class of voter—long ago extinct—called “Scott and Lotters,” a qualification which had out-lived the Reform Bill. Sowell was at the head of a gang of these, known as “potwolloppers,” who held out till the last moment, and then sold their votes to the highest bidder. Whoever secured the potwolloppers carried the election. I remember, on one occasion, that a curious thing happened. The “potwolloppers” had pursued their usual tactics, trafficking with the two opposite parties for the price of their vote. Finally the Whigs outbid the Tories, and the agent of the former, knowing the slippery character of his men, had locked them up in a room at the “Saracens’ Head,” in readiness to turn the scale at the critical moment. Now, as fate would have it, here was a cellar underneath this room, with a trap-door in direct communication with the Market House, where the poll was being taken. The wily Tories were aware of this, and, penetrating into the stronghold of their opponents, drew off every voter by a counter-bribe, and thus dished the Whigs, who, on unlocking the door, found that the precious birds had flown. Penryn was one of the Boroughs spared in ’32, not because it was purer than its neighbours, but because it was possible to infuse new blood by including Falmouth and Flushing, a form of representation which has remained undisturbed ever since.

Falmouth has shared the fate of many another town in the world’s history. It has seen its own particular trade drift away into other channels, and is now left to carve out its future on entirely different lines. The exigencies of commerce, coupled with those levellers of time and space, steam and electricity, have robbed it of its supremacy as a packet station and port of call. Its waters no longer teem with the fleets of all nations, and the signal-gun, denoting the arrival or departure of a packet, is no longer heard. Adapting itself to circumstances and wisely accepting the inevitable,

Falmouth now relies on the blueness of its skies and the salubrity of its climate, to win back the prosperity which, under different auspices, it enjoyed for so many years. The town of Falmouth lies, crescent-shaped, along the shore of the inner harbour, one end resting on the peninsula of Pendennis, the other stretching away to Penwerris and Berkeley Vale. Like many other ancient and fish-like towns, the streets are narrow, and have no claim to architectural design or symmetry. The neighbourhood is charming. From the heights behind the town, views are obtained equal to anything in the Mediterranean. The walks and drives, extending from Swanpool to the Black Head, cannot be excelled; and unless the craze for everything foreign sets in even with greater severity than it has at present, Falmouth should have a prosperous future before it.

The position of Falmouth at the entrance of the English Channel, just inside so prominent a landfall as the Lizard, must always invest it with considerable maritime importance. Moreover, it possesses one of the finest harbours in the world. The estuary of the Fal, broadening out into Carrick Roads; the inner harbour, formed by Trefuses Point and the Bar; and the navigable creeks of Penryn and Mylor, afford anchorage and shelter for the biggest navy afloat. Approached by a narrow channel between the twin-castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes; landlocked from almost every point of the compass; and having a holding ground of stiff tenacious clay, vessels of any size, from a line of battle-ship to a yacht, may ride out the heaviest gale in perfect safety. No doubt it was these superlative advantages which, from the very earliest times, directed attention to Falmouth as a port for the landing and embarkation of mails. Before the days of steam, the dangers and delays of channel navigation were such that no one cared to face them. Hence, though the journey to Falmouth was a formidable one, involving many hours exposure on a slow and rickety coach, it was gladly undertaken rather than run the risk of buffeting about in the Channel, it might be for weeks, before getting clear of the land. It was nothing unusual for sailing vessels leaving the Thames to be anchored in the Downs weeks on a stretch, waiting for a favourable wind; and having caught a slant, which took them as far as the Eddystone, to be driven back again by westerly gales, whilst a ship starting from Falmouth, and making one long reach out into the Channel, was at the Western Islands before the Thames craft had weathered the Lizard. Shipowners, and the consignees of cargo, were not slow to recognize this, and thus Falmouth became the

principal port of call, as well as the chief Packet station in the Kingdom. This proud position Falmouth held against all comers up to the time when the introduction of steam, and the extension of railway communication, rendered her natural advantages no longer of any avail. I remember when the Great Western and the South Western Railways, gradually creeping westward, cast their shadow over Falmouth. Instead of the mailcoach running right through to London, it stopped short, first at Basingstoke, then at Salisbury, and finally at Exeter and Plymouth. It began to be whispered that a then almost unknown port would supersede Falmouth. The old order was passing away; the western port fell into decay; and Southampton, simply because it was first in the field as the possessor of direct railway communication, and not by any means by virtue of its position—which, geographically, is altogether inferior to Falmouth—carried off the prize.

The history of Falmouth is the history of the maritime growth of England. The navy, fostered in early days by the employment of men-of-war as mail packets, and the deeds of daring performed in many a well-fought fight by these little craft, gave the impetus to our national character, and has made us practically the ruler of the sea. They were the forerunners of our present floating batteries—they can scarcely be called ships—and, ton for ton, and man for man, it may be doubted, when the pinch comes, whether the modern leviathan—a mass of iron instinct with strange appliances—will outvie its pigmy progenitor. True, the old square-sterned, wall-sided brig had to give place to the paddle-wheeler, which in its turn has been superseded by the screw, till now-a-day, our “Teutonics” and “Majestics” do their twenty miles an hour, and cross the Atlantic in a little over five days. How vast the strides made in the last thirty or forty years, may be gauged by those past middle life, who remember the Confederate War, and how eagerly news was anticipated. The crack steamer of that time was the old Cunarder “Persia,” commanded by Captain Judkins, the Commodore of the fleet. It was thought a smart passage if she sighted Roches Point within ten days of leaving Sandy Hook; and so recently as 1860 the contract time to the Cape was thirty-five days. I remember when the voyage from Halifax occupied from a month to six weeks, and when Lisbon, relatively, was farther away than New York is now. As for the Golden Gate of the Pacific, and Vancouver, forming a link between the Old and the New World, they were little known. The Rockies had not been pierced by

competing lines of Railway, and the whole of the Pacific slope was untrodden ground.

In the east, as in the west, the means of communication were curtailed and primitive. Lieut. Waghorn had yet to discover the overland route to India, and the Suez Canal was a dream. The old teak-built East Indiamen, under the rule of John Company, threshed their way down to the Cape, and buffeted up the Indian Ocean, being well thought of if they reached Calcutta in 160 days. Had a prophet arisen who foretold that, before the close of the 19th century, Bombay would have been brought within a fortnight of London, he would have been locked up as a visionary and a dreamer. The correspondence was as sparse as communication was tardy. Letters for all places beyond sea were mostly conveyed by private ship; and even when sent by packet there was no guarantee that the postage was properly brought to account. Large numbers of letters were smuggled home by the crew, or in the passengers' luggage, together with sundry items of tobacco, cigars, lace, and other contraband goods. Every man on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, had what was termed "a venture,"—that is, a consignment of dutiable articles he hoped to get through without paying toll to the customs and excise. The old preventive men—of course there were no coast-guards—"winked the other eye" at this sort of thing, and not unfrequently shared in the spoil. Falmouth was honeycombed with smuggled goods, and some of the best families in the place did not object to doing a little on their own account. The mode of disposal was in keeping with these good old times. Pedlars tramped the county, and under cover of selling combs, bootlaces, and such small deer, always had a stock of French brandy, gold and silver trinkets, lace, etc., to tempt their customers; such articles never having contributed to the Queen's revenue. A favourite device was to sink the kegs of liquor in the harbour, taking the bearings of some leading points, and dredge them up as opportunity offered. There were generally confederates on the watch to outwit the not too zealous preventive men, and public sympathy was always with the smuggler. Indeed, it is not so very long ago that, in the remote parts of Cornwall, it was thought no offence to kill an exciseman.

All letters, whether by packet or private ship, were sent unpaid, and had to be taxed the rates proper to the country in which they originated. Soldiers' and sailors' letters each had a penny stitched to them, and the coin being removed, were marked in front

with a stroke in red ink, and entered on the letter bill as postage prepaid in money. The very able articles which have appeared in *St. Martin's-le-Grand* on the evils of the old quarterly accounts are by no means overdrawn. My recollection of the system is somewhat hazy, as I was in a position of more freedom and less responsibility; but I well remember the abject helplessness of the Deputy-Postmistress, when, perhaps, three months after the account had been rendered, it came back from the Accountant-General's Office scored and queried all over in red ink; the net result being a surcharge of several pounds, which the Postmistress had no means of verifying, or recouping herself for the loss. The man who was instrumental in introducing the present system of daily accounts was a benefactor to his species.

Maidstone.

J. G. UREN.

(To be continued.)



ISSUING A MONEY ORDER.

*A Comparison of the British and Indian Postal Guides.**

LET us commence with a comparison of the rates. It should be understood that the fixing of rates is more a financial question affecting the exchequer than a postal one, as it is for a Government to decide what policy is to be adopted; whether the Post should be a source of revenue, as in England; whether it should be just self-supporting, as in India; or whether it should be a charge on the State, like the majority of postal administrations. But the classification of mail matter, and the rules regulating the same, are purely postal subjects.

The following table of inland rates will be found instructive for purposes of comparison.

INLAND RATES.

	Post-cards	Letters	Newspapers	Book Post	Pattern Post
BRITISH	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.	1 oz.....1d. 2 ,, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. 4 ,, 2d. 8 ,, 3d. and at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for every additional 2 oz.	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.	Every 2 oz. or part of 2 oz. $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	4 oz.....1d. 6 ,, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. 8 ,, 2d.
INDIAN	$\frac{1}{2}$ anna ($\frac{1}{4}$ d.)	$\frac{1}{2}$ anna ... $\frac{1}{2}$ tola ($\frac{1}{2}$ d. ... 205 oz.) 1 anna ... 1 tola (1d. ... 411 oz.) and 1 anna for every additional tola.	<h3 style="text-align: center;">PACKETS.</h3> $\frac{1}{2}$ anna 10 tolas ($\frac{1}{2}$ d. 4'114 oz.) and $\frac{1}{2}$ anna for every additional 10 tolas.		

* British dated 1st October, 1896; Indian dated July, 1896.

PARCELS.

BRITISH... ..	1 lb..... 3d.	7 lbs. 1s. od.
	2 „ 4½d.	8 „ 1s. 1½d.
	3 „ 6d.	9 „ 1s. 3d.
	4 „ 7½d.	10 „ 1s. 4½d.
	5 „ 9d.	11 „ 1s. 6d.
	6 „ 10½d.	
INDIAN	Unregistered.	
	2 annas 20 tolas	4 annas 20 tolas
	(2d. 8·224 oz.)	(4d. 8·224 oz.)
	4 annas 40 tolas	8 annas 40 tolas
	(4d. 1 lb. 0·457 oz.)	(8d. 1 lb. 0·457 oz.)
	4 annas for every additional 40 tolas.	4 annas for every additional 40 tolas.

REGULATIONS.

	BRITISH.	INDIAN.
Letters	Weight no limit Size.....limited to 18 × 9 × 6 ins.	Weight no limit Size no limit
Newspapers ...	Weight limited to 14 lbs. Size.....limited to 24 × 12 × 12 ins.	PACKETS. Weight...for patterns 40 tolas (1 lb. 0·457 oz.) For other articles no limit. Size...limited to 24 × 12 × 12 ins., except when in the form of a roll, the length admissible is then 30 ins., and the diameter should not ex- ceed 4 ins.
Book Post ...	Weight limited to 5 lbs. Size.....limited to 18 × 9 × 6 ins.	
Pattern Post ...	Weight.....limited to 8 oz. Size.....limited to 12 × 8 × 4 ins.	
Parcels	Weight limited to 11 lbs.	
	Size ... greatest length 42 ins., greatest length and girth combined 72 ins.	
		Weight (unregistered)...limited to 440 tolas (i.e., 11 lbs. 5·027 oz.) „ (registered)...limited to 2,000 tolas (i.e., 51 lbs. 6·80 oz.) Size...limited to the possibility of being carried with- out serious incon- venience or risk.

It will be observed that although a letter may be sent for a half-penny in India the weight allowed for this charge is only 205 oz.; and for a penny 411, or less than half an ounce, can be sent. The low charge suits a country where the population is very poor. The low limit of weight has the effect of reducing the weight of mail matter to a minimum, the tendency being chiefly to foster economy

in the use of light writing papers, and this is a great advantage where so many of the mails are carried by runners. On an average 100 ordinary Indian inland letters would weigh 30 tolas, and the postage would be 50 annas (4s. 2d.), whereas 100 ordinary English letters would probably weigh 88 tolas, or nearly three times as much as the Indian inland ones, and the postage would only be double (8s. 4d.) and not three times the amount of the Indian.

In India the letter mail is classified into three divisions : (1) post-cards ; (2) letters, for which the highest rate of postage is fixed ; and (3) packets, which include almost every form of article sent in an open cover, and for which reduced rates of postage are charged.

A letter, that is an article closed to inspection which chiefly concerns only the sender and the addressee, or in other words a personal communication of a private and confidential character, is logically charged at the highest rate. All printed matter, samples, etc., which are of general more than private or personal interest, and which cannot bear a high charge, are conveyed at the cheaper rates. In order that the Post Office may exercise the necessary control over the classification of matter, and protect itself against fraud by personal communications being included in packets, it imposes upon the cheaper class the condition of unclosed cover or contents open to inspection. This simple and satisfactory classification contrasts favourably with the British, which bristles with complexities and perplexities. The simplification of the latter would not touch the source from which the handsome revenue of three millions is derived, as it is generally contended that the only branch which really pays in England is the letter post. Instead of six classes of postal matter, (1) post-cards, (2) letters, (3) newspapers, (4) books, (5) patterns, and (6) parcels, the more convenient Indian classification is (1) post-cards, (2) letters, (3) packets, and (4) parcels. Many inconvenient, and to the public senseless and irritating, rules could be swept away, and the working of the department would gain by the simplicity. I do not wish to imply that the Indian classification is not susceptible of improvement, as I consider it would be a benefit to reduce the list to (1) post-cards, (2) letters, and (3) parcels, so that the packets could be included and brought under the head of parcels, and the rate for the latter reduced to the present packet charges. Of course, the ideal would be to have only one uniform rate for all kinds of matter, but this is a problem not of the present but of future possibility. Printed matter cannot bear the present high letter rate, so the latter could not be adopted. Moreover when a postal concession

has once been granted to the public, its withdrawal generally creates a great deal of legitimate dissatisfaction, as it is supposed to have established a kind of right-of-way or usage. The only three allowable exceptions to the withdrawal of a concession are: that the concession has been abused; that it was granted through an error or oversight and cannot be defended on principle; or that a *quid pro quo* is given by the substitution of some other concession. Also more economical means of working will have to be devised before the lower rates become sufficiently remunerative for uniform application, as it is stated in England that all half-penny matter is carried at a loss. Methods of economical working will need greater attention in the future, as practically there has been little progress in this direction since the introduction of Rowland Hill's famous scheme.

Parcels.—It was only on the 1st August, 1895, that the cheaper form of unregistered parcel was introduced into India. Although the Indian Post Office has conveyed parcels since 1854, the progress has been comparatively little in consequence of the high rates charged. The present high rate for registered parcels (8d. a lb.) might be abolished. If anyone wished to register a parcel, a fee similar to the registration fee for letters would simplify the present complicated arrangements. It has already been shown (page 437, vol. v., *St. Martin's-le-Grand*) that the parcel work in India has made comparatively little progress, and similar suggestions were then made for its simplification. The great parcel growth of the German Post Office between the years 1872—1882 is attributed to the remarkably cheap and simple rates of postage that were introduced. Increase the number of parcels and you incidentally increase the revenue in other branches. When the parcel post was introduced into Italy, the administration estimated that each parcel had given rise to two letters, or at least to two post-cards, and it was also found that the money orders had increased, as the contents of many of the parcels were paid by money orders. Except where the original and revised addresses are both within the delivery of the same office, the British department charges postage at pre-paid rates for re-directed parcels. In India the rules are more liberal, as all parcels are re-directed free; but there are two different ways of paying the postage, which is confusing to the public: for an unregistered parcel it must be prepaid in *stamps* affixed to the article, and for registered parcels it is required to be paid in *cash*.

Registration.—The modern system of registration is founded on the principle of a receipt being taken in the hand-to-hand exchange

of registered articles, thus affording almost absolute security of transmission. The Universal Postal Union has established the principle that compensation should be given for the loss of registered articles exchanged by foreign administrations. The Indian Post Office is much behind the times in some things, although in others it is in advance of most administrations. As to compensation for registered articles, the principle of the Universal Postal Union has been conceded for *foreign* registered letters, but in its inland or domestic service, it shelters itself under an old P.O. Act and repudiates all liability. During 1680 Dockwra introduced the principle in the English Post Office of giving compensation for the loss of a letter or a parcel, and this continued till about 1760, when the practice was then rescinded, and was not revived until adopted by the Universal Postal Union and made applicable to the registered correspondence exchanged between all the countries forming the Union. Although adopted more than two centuries ago in England, it has not yet been introduced into the inland or domestic service of India. The Indian Post Office still gives free receipts to the senders of all registered articles, both letters and parcels, a voluntary procedure which is not accepted by any other administration, and which causes much unnecessary expense both in books and in establishment. If a person requires a receipt for a registered letter or parcel, it is not understood why he should not pay for a certificate of posting as in England. And if the Indian Post Office granted compensation in its inland or domestic service for registered letters and parcels, the same as is done in England, the whole of the cumbrous machinery of the Indian insurance system could be swept away at one stroke. When withdrawing the privilege of giving free receipts for registered letters and parcels, it would be an ample *quid pro quo* to grant compensation in lieu of free receipts, and any person wishing for a receipt could obtain a certificate of posting, as is done at present for ordinary letters. As the work in India increases some more simple forms of procedure will be necessary.

Hours of Business.—In most head offices in India, money order and savings bank work are performed from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at smaller offices from noon to 4 p.m. This restriction seems arbitrary, and it would be a public convenience if the banking business could be transacted during the whole time at which an office is open to the public. The departmental danger to be guarded against is having a large cash balance in the evening. As most treasuries and sub-treasuries close at 4 p.m., there could be no danger in transacting

this work as soon as an office opens in the morning and continuing till 4 p.m. Both the money order and savings bank business were introduced ostensibly for the benefit of the poorer classes, and it is a curious fact that the very hours fixed upon for the work in India are those during which this class is generally employed and has the least leisure. Whenever in my division the establishment has permitted, the hours have been extended, and this has been much appreciated by the public. In all large towns the banking business should be performed from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., the same as at all provincial offices in England.

Sixty pages of the British Guide are taken up with excellent tables showing the mails between provincial Post Offices and London. There is no corresponding information in the Indian Guide. It would be useful if such tables were added. They would show the mails between each post office in a Province (postal circle) and the chief office; also between the chief offices in India. There are also very useful tables at pages 401 and 426, giving the approximate time occupied by letters and parcels from London to places abroad. I have often heard people inquire from an Indian postmaster when a parcel posted abroad may be expected, and the postmaster unable to give any definite reply, because there is no such similar information in the Indian Guide.

Money Orders.—As far as regards convenience to the public, the Indian system is far in advance of the British. One has simply to present the form and hand over the money with the commission, and the Post Office not only undertakes to deliver the amount to the payee, but to forward his receipt to the sender. Telegraphic Money Orders are also cheaper in India. They are charged with the ordinary Money Order commission, and one rupee, the cost of the telegram. Two useful tables of conversion in both directions of the amounts of Money Orders exchanged with foreign countries are given in the British Guide. As there is no similar information in the Indian, a remitter cannot tell what amount will be paid in the country of payment, and needless to mention this is often a serious inconvenience.

A system of Postal Orders, called Postal Notes, was introduced into India in 1883, and it is a matter for congratulation that the Notes were not popular, and the scheme abandoned in 1886. There are already sufficient temptations in the way of our badly-paid and badly-educated postal staff, without adding to the danger the temptation to steal letters for the sake of Postal Orders. It is well known that in England the theft of letters has greatly increased since Postal

Orders were introduced, and for this reason in the United States it was found expedient to stop the issue of Postal Orders altogether. "Lead us not into temptation" is one of the precepts of the Christian religion, and the French have acted quite in the spirit of Christianity by making it a penal offence to send valuables in an unregistered letter.

Savings Bank.—Facilities for allowing the Savings Bank to be used by children, by means of penny contributions affixed to a form, have not been introduced in India. Depositors in both countries have to sign a declaration that they have no other account in the Savings Bank. In England, if the declaration is found to be false all sums illegally deposited are liable to forfeiture, and this deters many from having more than one account. In India, if a depositor is found to have given a false certificate, the Post Office has no such handy rule for application. The manner of withdrawing money is more simple in India than at home. One has only to present an application for withdrawal with the pass-book, and the amount is paid at once. There is no waiting for a warrant to be received by post, and of course no necessity for a "withdrawal by telegraph." The British savings bank has some excellent rules as to nominations to receive money at depositor's death. These nominations have all the force of a will; and if the rules were introduced into India, besides being a public benefit, they would relieve heads of circles of some work in adjudicating on the claims to the accounts of deceased depositors. When government stock is purchased for a depositor a fee is charged both in England and in India. As the purchase is practically a paper transfer from one government account to another it is not understood why commission is charged. No commission is charged either in Belgium or Sweden for such a transaction. The Indian Government does not yet grant annuities and life insurances to the public. A scheme was introduced for the benefit of Post Office servants in 1884. This was extended to the officials of the Government Telegraph Department, and has now been made applicable to all government servants. We may hope that in time the public will be allowed to share in its advantages.

The Indian Guide has some very sensible rules, under which articles once posted can be recalled by the senders, and cases can easily be conceived where such a privilege is of the utmost importance to the author of a letter. In principle the Post Office is merely the agent of the sender, and its obligations are not completed until his article is made over to the addressee.

According to the common sense view the sender retains his property in the article, until the latter is made over to the addressee. The British Post Office, however, maintains an old fiction, that as soon as an article is posted it becomes the property of the Postmaster General, so that a letter once posted cannot be recalled. If the sender's property in the article ceases as soon as it is made over to the Post Office, and the latter then becomes responsible only to the addressee, why should it be said with regard to Foreign Parcels (page 405, para. 30, British Guide) that "the Postmaster General will endeavour to obtain compensation for the *senders*" in case of loss or damage? The French Post Office at one time used to contend that a letter once posted became the property of the addressee. As this was contrary to the law in all similar cases of agents or carriers, the French Administration had the courage to alter their rules, and made them in conformity not only with common sense but with common law, and a letter can now be recalled in France by the sender, provided it has not been made over to the addressee.

There are excellent points both in the British and the Indian services. But postal methods as well as everything else come under the influence of that invariable law so ably expounded by Herbert Spencer—the survival of the fittest. The suggestions made in this paper are merely that some of the best points which have been found to answer in one service should be adopted by the other. In time the whole of the various postal methods of the world will be unified, and correspond to certain general lines, but of course there will be slight divergencies to meet local requirements. Cumbersome, expensive, and troublesome methods will go to the wall. The Postal Union has done a great deal in the direction of unification, but there still remains much to be done. It behoves both the British and Indian Departments, which are in the van of vigorous administrations, to do all they can to perfect their machinery.

Quetta.

ANGAREION.

Moville and the Canadian Mail Service.

THE establishment of an improved Mail Service between England and Canada having been decided upon by the Home and the Canadian Governments, the latter has invited tenders for the same, stipulating, however, that the speed of the steam ships employed shall be at least twenty knots an hour. The vessels, which are to be of not less than 8,500 tons burthen, are to sail between a port in England and Rimouski (River St. Lawrence) and Quebec in summer, and Halifax in winter. They are to call on both outward and homeward voyages at an Irish port; and, as Moville, the present port of call, may be the one fixed upon



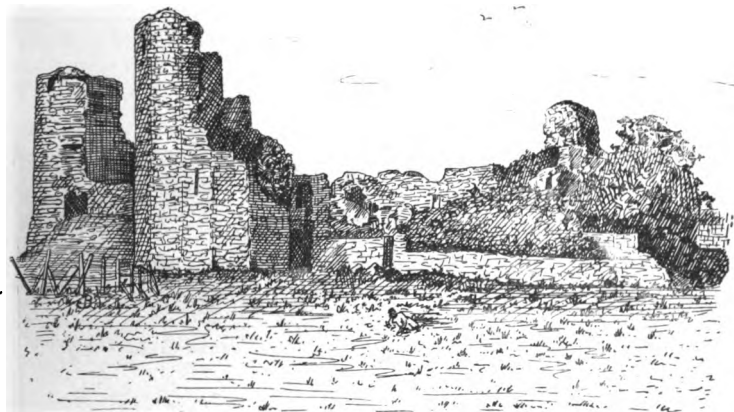
MOVILLE.

for the new service, some information regarding that place will, perhaps, be of interest.

Moville, a pretty little watering place of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated on the western shore of Lough Foyle, is nineteen miles from Londonderry, and five or six from the entrance to the Lough. The bay is easily approached and entered at all times, there being an almost total absence of fog, and an ample depth of water at the lowest tides. It is practically land-locked, yet spacious enough to accommodate the entire Channel Fleet, having in fact done so on more than one occasion. Although for over thirty years the Mail and other steamers of the Allan line have called there twice weekly, and those of the Anchor and Dominion lines have also called regularly for many years, no mishap or accident of any kind has ever occurred. There is always smooth water for the transfer of Mails and passengers from steamer or tender, and the run to or from

Londonderry is an exceedingly pleasant one, the scenery on both sides of the historic Foyle being very beautiful.

In 1857, on the commencement of the service, which at first was fortnightly, but since 1859 has been a weekly one, Moville was chosen as the port of call. The contract has been held from the first by the well-known firm of Allan Brothers & Co., of Liverpool, Glasgow, and Montreal, and their steamers sail every Thursday from Liverpool, calling at Moville on the following day. The English mails for Canada which come viâ Holyhead, the Scotch received viâ Belfast, and that portion of the Irish mails made up in Dublin, reach Londonderry at 11.10 a.m. on Fridays. On the arrival of the train the special van containing the mails is at once detached, shunted

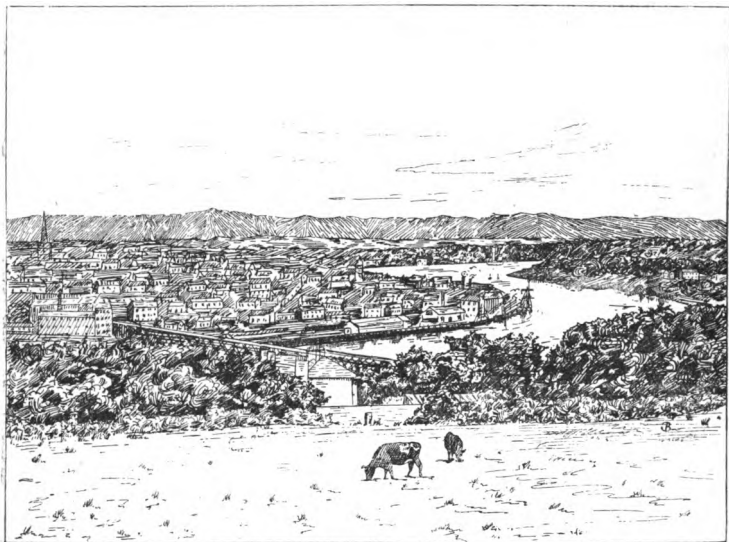


RUINS OF GREENCASTLE.

to rails leading to the Quay, and quickly hauled to a position opposite the waiting tender, which it reaches in a few minutes. The mails, including those made up in Londonderry, are promptly put on board and the tender starts immediately afterwards for Moville Bay, the run usually occupying about an hour-and-a-half. Half-an-hour later the mails have been transferred to the ocean steamer, which, having been "cleared" by the Board of Trade Surveyor, who has come from Londonderry for that purpose, proceeds on her long and, it is to be hoped, safe and pleasant western voyage. It may be mentioned that the number of sacks despatched from Londonderry on Fridays not infrequently approaches 250.

When there is an early sailing from Liverpool, owing to the state of the tide in the Mersey, the mail steamer arrives off Moville several hours before the tender is due there. This gives those passengers

(and they are many) who may wish to set foot on the Emerald Isle an opportunity of landing. The distance from the vessel to the pier is only about half-a-mile. Driving is indulged in to a considerable extent by such of our Saxon friends as come ashore ; many of them are evidently desirous of testing for themselves whether the far-famed Irish jaunting car deserves all that has been said and sung in its praise. The village of Greencastle, three miles distant from Moville, where are to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, is the place most generally patronized. The castle was built, it is stated, in the year 1305, by the Red Earl of Ulster, as a means of holding in check two



LONDONDERRY.

powerful and doubtless somewhat troublesome north of Ireland clans—the Oveills and the O'Donnells. It was demolished by the O'Donnells in 1555.

The inward steamer usually arrives on Sundays in summer, and on Mondays in winter, rather before the contract time. On reaching Inishowen Head at the entrance to the Foyle, if the arrival is during the night time, rockets are thrown up, and a gun is fired. The tender, which is in waiting, at once steams out into the bay, and gets alongside the mail steamer without delay, as soon as the latter arrives far enough up the Lough. The transfer of the mails, or of such portions as are to be landed, is speedily effected ; the Mersey pilot who came with the outgoing vessel and remained at Moville, is put

on board and the homeward bound proceeds on her voyage to Liverpool. On the arrival of the mails in Londonderry, those for Dublin and England are despatched by the Great Northern Railway, and those for Scotland by the Belfast and Northern Counties line for the Larne and Stranraer route. Should the mail steamer arrive off Moville between 11.45 a.m. and 4.0 p.m., or between 7.0 p.m. and 4.0 a.m., the London mails are not landed, but are carried on to Liverpool.

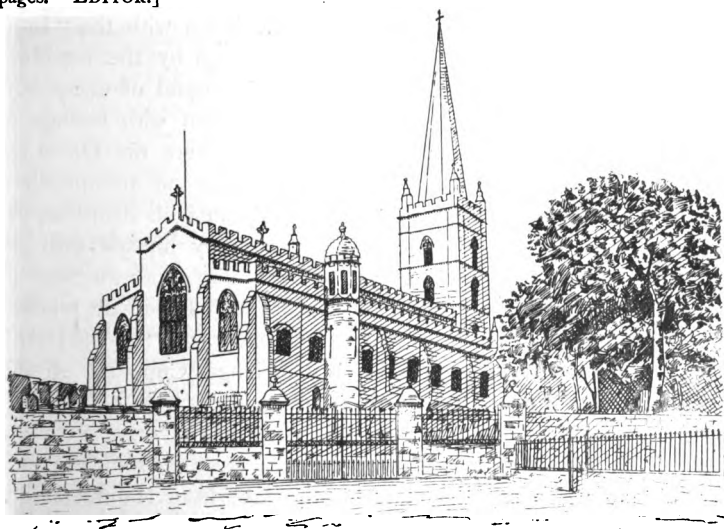
As intimately connected with the subject of an improved Canadian mail service, it may be mentioned that the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway Company applied to Parliament last year for powers to make a branch from their main line at about seven or eight miles north of Coleraine to Magilligan Point, on the eastern side of the entrance to Lough Foyle, and to build a pier there. Owing to some unexpected local opposition the Bill was withdrawn, but it may of course be introduced again.

A view of Londonderry as seen across the Foyle, may have some interest in connection with this article. A view is also given of the venerable Cathedral, from the roof of which cannon were used against King James' forces during the famous siege.

Londonderry.

R. S. SMYTH.

[We have omitted a comparison Mr. Smyth drew in his article between the Moville route and others because such a comparison affects a question of the present policy of the Department and is precluded from being dealt with in these pages.—EDITOR.]



ST. COLUMBA'S CATHEDRAL.

D

Mr. Scudamore and the Ino Rowing Club.

THOSE of my readers who were members of the Ino Rowing Club from 1866 to 1872 will remember that at that time the "Ino" was at its best, much of the social success of the Club being due to the fact that Mr. Scudamore was the President. Mr. Scudamore succeeded Mr. Boucher, Controller of the Circulation Department, in the President's chair, and although Mr. Boucher was popular amongst the members, and did much for the Club, he could not compare in popularity with his successor, because (except as regards stature) Mr. Scudamore was a head and shoulders above everyone, and carried everybody and everything (official and social) absolutely before him. At the time referred to, my dear old friend, Tom Grisdale (whom many of my readers will recollect as the late able Chief Clerk of the Receiver and Accountant-General's Office) was the highly-popular Honorary Secretary of the Club. So, with Mr. Scudamore as President, and Tom Grisdale to assist him as Hon. Sec., things with the "Ino" went swimmingly. The President was regarded by the members with feelings beyond mere esteem; he was the friend of everybody, and everybody's friend, and we looked upon him with feelings of the greatest pride and affection. When away from the Office (as many of my readers can testify) he could throw off all officialism and, as Edmund Yates once said, when proposing his health at the annual dinner of the Club, "he could identify himself with the happiness of all, and become one of the best and merriest of companions." The popularity of the "Ino" President reached fever heat on the occasion of our annual excursion "up the river" to view the race for the President's Challenge Cup and on the special occasion of the annual "Ino" dinner.

The race for the President's cup was usually held on a Saturday afternoon in August, and we used to charter a steamer from St. Paul's pier to take us to see the start for the race from Hammersmith. Mr. and Mrs. Scudamore were duly received on their arrival at the pier by the Committee and the Hon. Sec., and presently away we

went with a goodly show of our lady friends aboard. The President took a keen delight in the trip, and when we arrived at Hammersmith there were the three eight-oared boats all ready for the fray. Then was the Hon. Sec. much in evidence, for mounting the paddlebox of the steamer, his stentorian, "Are you ready?" followed by "Go!" rang out loud and clear, and off went the boats and away we all went to the inspiring strains of the best band that the funds of the club would permit. The President was hoisted up "on the bridge," where he speedily made himself at home, and became quite nautical in his conversation and jokes. After Mortlake was reached, and the excitement of the race was over, we "slowed down," and an impromptu "dais" being provided for the President by means of an inverted coal box, he would give his annual speech and end by handing over the cup for the year to the winning crew. Then the Hon. Sec. proposed a vote of thanks to the President, and the President returned thanks, and proposed a vote of thanks to the Hon. Sec., and with cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Scudamore and "our noble selves," we once more returned to Hammersmith, where tea was served, and, "in the gloaming," we all came back by boat to our starting place. There was always plenty of fun on the way back, melody being the order of the evening, and as we were all young and gay in those days, we had a fine time of it. There was one of our friends who was supposed to be very great in the singing way, and he invariably "obliged with a song," having a chorus about every other line, and lasting from Chelsea to Westminster Bridge, this song invariably caused great amusement to the President and all of us, and the president always proposed a vote of thanks to "our kind friend" for his efforts. I rather think on one occasion whilst we were singing the chorus the soloist was discovered by the President making his way very quietly to the little cabin of the steamer, in search of some light refreshment, and the amusingly stern way in which the delinquent was haled back and ordered to assist in his own chorus, was very funny. A hearty handshake to his old friends and cheers from all of us to the President, on his leaving the boat at Charing Cross pier, ended a happy day, and all looked forward—I think I may say President included—to "our next merry meeting."

But it was at the dinner that "dear old Scudy," as we loved to call him, was in his glory, he seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself, and he entered into the happiness of the evening with the gaiety and ardour of a boy. I well recollect how highly I appreciated the introduction to Mr. Scudamore which Grisdale gave me at one of the annual dinners,

not only on account of his high position and well-known ability, but he was so sympathetic and kind, he seemed to take a real interest in one, and he had a warm pressure of the hand and a kind word for all. Grisdale always gave me a good place at the "high table" on the occasion of the "Ino" dinner, as I used to do a little in the scribe line, reporting the speeches, and generally giving an account of the proceedings, so I had excellent opportunities to hear and see everything. Many of the principal members of the Department were Honorary members of the club and attended the dinner as supporters of the President. Edmund Yates invariably turned up. I don't think he was ever an active member of the "Ino," although he was "all there" at the dinner, and I rather think he sometimes "qualified" as an Hon. member just before dinner was served. However, there he was, and we were always glad to see him, he generally sat on the immediate left of the President, and it was a sight for gods and men to see those two telling each other stories, and laughing at each others jokes, all through the evening. To one of these dinners, Mr. Scudamore brought Dr. Von Stephan, Postmaster-General and Minister of State of the Imperial German Empire (to give him his present full title) who happened to be in London on official business at the time. The worthy Doctor did not appear at that time to know much English, but he seemed thoroughly astounded and delighted at the playful ways of Mr. Scudamore, and the general hilarity of the 150 members of the club then present. On this occasion Yates's time was completely occupied in translating jokes passing from Mr. Scudamore to the Doctor, and adding a little to the general amusement on his own account. Yates proposed the Doctor's health in German and the Doctor replied in the same language, we gave him a special song and lots of cheering, and he seemed highly gratified at his reception. I met Dr. Von Stephan some years afterwards and reminded him of that evening, and he said that the recollection of it would never fade from his memory.

On the special occasion referred to Yates was put up (as usual) to propose "the health of our worthy president, Mr. Scudamore" (roars and shouts of delight from everyone for about five minutes). Yates, then to our astonishment, put on a doleful and melancholy air (which became him very ill, as will be readily imagined) and spoke in a measured and apologetic manner, saying that, as "no doubt some of his hearers were aware, he had just returned from an official journey on telegraph business and he must preface his remarks with a personal explanation, which he trusted would be received in the spirit in which

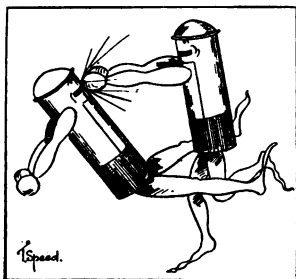
it was offered" (everyone naturally wondered what on earth was coming, and even the President looked grave); continuing, Yates said "he feared his hearers would notice a change in his manner and general behaviour, arising from a certain uncouthness, which he feared had come over him, and he deeply regretted to add that the cause in some degree rested with the President (groans). The fact was that he (Yates) had lately been a good deal amongst the Poles, and when he was at school he learned that '40 poles make one rood' (shouts of delight) and as, thanks to Mr. Scudamore, he had been amongst about forty thousand, there was no longer room for doubt as to the cause of his strange behaviour." How the President's well known spectacles seemed positively to twinkle with joy, and how he turned to Yates clapping his hands, fairly delighted, there is no need to tell. Yates then went on to say "that he had good reason to believe that the President (this was not official, so he didn't mind mentioning it) was in strict training with the view of becoming an active member of the club, as he was now the most popular honorary member (great cheering). From a most reliable source he (Yates) had discovered that Mr. Scudamore was in the habit, after office hours, of retiring stealthily to one of the ponds near his house at Blackheath, and there practised rowing in one of the new Cunard Mail Boats, kindly lent to him for the purpose, attended by Mr. X—— (a well-known official factotum of Mr. Scudamore) with a candle!" Again did the President clap his hands with joy and cheer Yates as we all did, for there was a sly official hit in this case which, to those in the know, made the allusion very funny.

Another old friend who always turned up at the "Ino" dinner, was T. W. Angell (late postmaster of the S.W.D.O.) and he invariably "obliged with a song," in the course of the evening. It was always the same song, and it was the one referred to by Mr. Johnston in his interesting article on "Early Post Office Days," in the July number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. Annually as Angell arrived at the middle of the second verse of his song, did he stop dead. "Really, Mr. Chairman, I don't know any more." "Go on, Angell, go on," said the Chairman, who knew what was coming. Then would Angell leave verse two and take up the chorus, "For all my fancy dwells on Nancy," &c. When half way through verse three, the same conversation would be repeated, and again we had the chorus, with a good wind up, "So I sing Tally-y-y ho-o-o," amid cheers and shouts of delight from everyone, Chairman included. But the best of it was, that Angell was not to be done,

and later in the evening, when he and his song were temporarily forgotten, all of a sudden when there was a slight lull in the entertainment, Angell would burst out again, "*For all* my fancy dwells on Nancy, so I sing Tally-y-y ho-o-o." The effect was of course ludicrous in the extreme, and always caused immense laughter. Those evenings are now gone for ever; they were full of happiness and innocent enjoyment for one and all, and we were always sorry when the time came for "God save the Queen," and "good night" to the President. "Dear old Scudy" is no longer with us, but the memory of him, and of his great ability and his merry ways, will last as long as life itself in the affectionate remembrance of every member of the Post Office whose privilege it was to know him and call him "friend."

R. & A. G. O.

A. J. ADAMS.



A PILLAR BOX.



A SPECIAL DELIVERY.

Holiday Notes.

LIKE the Editor, I spent my holiday on the top of Hindhead. Unlike him, I did not wish myself at home again with the first shower of rain. That is your Londoner all over—never happy unless he is within a penny ride of Charing Cross or “The Elephant”—just as though London were a paradise in wet weather, too! If there is a more dreary place on a thoroughly wet day, I want to see it, or rather I don’t want. The Editor says that “Angelina” comes from “Pairthshire.” But who can imagine a “Pairthshire” lass sitting on a doorstep in Surrey, on a wet evening, and whining for the delights of Battersea? No! “Pairthshire” folk are made of sterner stuff than that, and when it pours with rain, as it mostly does in that quarter, they only describe it as being “a wee bit saft.”

There are some places where a little rain goes a long way, and London is one of them. There are others where a lot of rain goes a very little way, and Hindhead is one of them, if not the chief. The reason is, that what does not run straight into the “Punch Bowl,” is speedily absorbed by the sandy soil, which may be damp in the morning and blowing dust in the afternoon. But, truth to tell, I saw very little rain on Hindhead last August. It is a grand spot, redolent of the heather and the pine, which grow almost as luxuriantly here as in “Bonnie Scotland,” an admission which is worth something, coming from the pen of a Scotsman! The Editor has well described the view from “The Gibbet,” which I should say is unsurpassed by anything in England, or in “South Britain,” to be perfectly accurate. It is said to embrace *thirteen* counties, which may or may not be the fact, as I did not attempt to “tick them off.” Suffice it to say that it is as much as one can conveniently take in, and that for extent, beauty, and variety, it leaves nothing to be desired. I know of nothing quite like it, unless it be the view from the top of the Worcestershire Beacon at Malvern, where the waters of the Bristol Channel may be seen glistening in the sunshine in certain states of the atmosphere, and where you are shown what is said to be the peak of Snowdon by means of the *camera obscura*. Hindhead has this advantage—that you may *live* on the top of it, and have the view

always before you, so that sunrise, sunset, and moonlight may be equally enjoyed. But Malvern has compensations, and one of them is the donkey or pony ride to the top of the Beacon, a ceremony in which I have taken part at least half-a-score of times, generally forming one of a picturesque cavalcade winding round the hill-side—ladies, gentlemen, children, and nursemaids, all in a row, and the donkey-boys vociferating behind. To my mind this is a much more picturesque and comfortable way of ascending a mountain than by means of that modern horror, the steep-grade railway. But, as I have said, you may live on the top of Hindhead and enjoy its beauties at all times, and under all circumstances, including an occasional wet day!

As the Editor has told us, Professor Tyndall discovered Hindhead, which he considered only comparable with the Bel Alp in point of air and healthfulness. But his house is not *quite* so near "The Gibbet" as the picture in last quarter's Magazine makes out, being close to the road leading down Haslemere way from the "Royal Huts." It is a comfortable but unpretending house, much too near the roadway for a man of Tyndall's exclusive character. Alongside is the thatched hut in which the Professor and his wife lived for several months during the erection of their permanent abode, the construction of which they sedulously superintended. In the grounds are what are called "Tyndall's Trees," a hideous erection of fir props and plaited heather, in imitation of trees, and designed to shut out the view of one or two houses built on the edge of the grounds. Anyone but a Scientist would probably have considered that the view of the houses, even if they include a stable, was less objectionable than the view of this structure, and would have trusted to the growth of natural trees to bring about the desired object. Or he would have acquired sufficient ground to keep undesirable neighbours at a decent distance. But Tyndall was too impatient a man to wait for the growth of trees, and too "contrary" to adopt the methods of ordinary mortals in a matter of the kind. But one forgives much to a man who loved Nature so truly as Professor Tyndall did, and who realized to the full the truth of what Mr. Gladstone said at Hawarden the other day about the joy of living in the country, far away from "the foul rivers, the smoke, and the darkness that overhangs many of our great towns," of living, in short, "in the eye of Nature and the clear light of day."

Hindhead not only smells of the heather and the pine, but has, so to speak, a distinct "literary flavour," and is, in fact, a beacon

towards which many eyes are directed of those who are interested in literature. The first man I met on my arrival at the place was the once great H. M. Stanley, who I soon found out was an opposite neighbour in the road leading down Grayshott way. He was in search of rest and health, and he seemed to find both abundantly, driving about the country with his accomplished wife and adopted child, who seemed quite to the manner born, as she sat on the knee of the great traveller. Grant Allen is a resident at Hindhead, his house standing back from the road at some little distance to the left of "The Royal Huts." Hence emanate those "Hilltop Novels," of which, I suppose, *The Woman Who Did* and *A Splendid Sin* are examples. But the surroundings are calculated to draw out better work than that, and one is wholly at a loss to understand why Mr. Allen should have deserted the natural history field of literature, in which he excelled, for a field in which he does not excel. Is it because there's money in the latter? Money and dirt are often found together. Richard le Gallienne has recently taken up his residence on Hindhead, which he is said to enjoy "on the whole," although he feels the lack of society. He says that he never knew a week could be as long until he went there. But who would care for the weeks being short amidst such delightful surroundings, where mere living is a joy in itself! For the winter is said to be equally enjoyable with the summer for those in perfect, or even in moderate health, and Grant Allen no longer needs to winter abroad. Leslie Stephen and Bret Harte belong to different schools of literature, which were represented on our "Surrey Alp" last summer; and I believe John Morley was in residence at Shottermill, hard by, in the autumn. Here, *i.e.*, at Shottermill, is the little house where George Eliot wrote *Middlemarch*, and other houses of more or less note in a literary sense. Over the way from the "Royal Huts" is the house which Conan Doyle is building for himself—rather in a hole, one would say, but commanding a magnificent view of the valley at the head of which it stands. He is close by the far-famed Portsmouth Road, whose mighty stretch, away past the "Seven Thorns," and on to Liphook, might well suggest to his fertile imagination a story of the old highwayman and footpad days.

Descending from Hindhead to the picturesque village of Haslemere, and thence ascending breezy Blackdown, one is soon within the confines of Tennyson-land. The poet knew better than the philosopher of the neighbouring hilltop how to choose a local habitation, for Aldworth is just as secluded as Tyndall's house is

open and exposed. You scarcely see it until you are close upon it, and you will never get near it unless you wholly disregard the warnings of privacy with which you are confronted at the very outset of your journey. When I see the word "Private" over a path or gateway, I always read it as applying to the vulgar herd, and not to the "pious pilgrim," who would fain shed a tear over the grave of departed greatness. I have rarely been repulsed in my wanderings, and I have sometimes had interesting experiences arising out of my temerity. Only a day or two before I visited Aldworth, I strayed into some private grounds abounding in lovely walks, when I was accosted by two children—a boy and a girl—who reminded me that they were private. "How do you know?" I asked. "They belong to my father," said the boy. "Ah!" said I, "he is a fortunate man; and how long have you lived here?" From one thing to another we got into a most interesting conversation, enjoying the beautiful grounds the while, and we parted the best of friends, forgetting all about the "trespass." I make a point of never disputing whether grounds are private or not, and of always extolling their beauty. It works like a charm, and has secured me the *entrée* to many a sacred spot. The worst obstacle I found at Aldworth was a dog running loose, but he, too, was accessible to flattery, and I soon overcame his objections to my entering the grounds by calling him "good" and "kind," and all that sort of thing, although he was an ill-looking customer, and I should have liked him better on the chain. It was not an occasion for much prying, for only a day or two previously the remains of Lady Tennyson had been borne hence to their last resting place in the Isle of Wight. I was satisfied with a glimpse of the house, with its magnificent Gothic porch, and of the lawn, with, practically, the whole of Surrey spread out beneath. As I wandered back to my own hilltop, over breezy Blackdown, I could not help remarking how the poetic temperament was reflected in Tennyson's choice of an abode amongst those pleasant, picturesque Surrey hills!

Many walks and drives may be taken from Hindhead, none prettier, perhaps, than that to the typical Surrey village of Witley, by way of the Guildford road, which sweeps majestically round the base of "Gibbet Hill." I was rather in the humour for making pilgrimages, and a pious duty I had long wished to perform—a visit to the grave of Gilbert White—seemed within easy reach of accomplishment, while resident on the borders of Hampshire. From Hindhead to Selborne is a pleasant drive of a dozen miles or so, past the village-

town of Liphook, through winding lanes, shaded by the cool beech, and across the famed Woolmer Forest. This is not a forest which you "cannot see for the trees," because it has been largely disafforested, and is, in fact, what would be called a moor nowadays, although the original meaning of the word "forest" does not necessarily imply trees. Onward through Greatham, one is borne across Blackmoor, where is the ancestral seat of the Palmers, and past the handsome Selborne memorial church, which stands well, and has a commanding square tower. More winding lanes, where the hedges over-top the traveller, and the golden hops sparkle in the sunlight, and you are in Selborne almost before you know it—Selborne, where Gilbert White was born in 1720; where he lived the greater part of his life, and where he died at the age of 73.

In Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, published in 1823, we find the following passage :

"The village of Selborne is precisely what it is described by Mr. White—a straggling, irregular street, bearing all the marks of great antiquity, and showing from its lanes and its vicinage generally, that it was once a very considerable place. I went to look at the spot where Mr. White supposes the convent formerly stood. It is very beautiful. The churchyard of Selborne is most beautifully situated. The trees are luxuriant, and prone to be lofty and large. I measured the yew tree in the churchyard, and found the trunk to be 23 feet 8 inches in circumference. The trunk is very short, as is generally the case with yew trees, but the head spreads to a very great extent, and the whole tree, though probably several centuries old, appears to be in perfect health."

Although this was written more than seventy years ago, it pretty accurately describes what Selborne is to-day. It is not a place where the modern improver is likely to find scope for his destructive ingenuity, and the railway is too far off, and likely to remain so, for the excursionist to make a haunt of this sacred spot, even if there were anything to attract him.

White was a bit of a poet, and here are the opening lines from his "Invitation to Selborne" :

"See, Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round,
The varied valley, and the mountain ground,
Wildly majestic ! What is all the pride
Of flats, with loads of ornament supplied ;
Unpleasing, tasteless, impotent expense,
Compared with nature's rude magnificence."

Behind the village is the "Hanger"—literally hanging wood, where White pursued his observations on the habits of birds, which form such a delightful part of his natural history writings. The

"Hanger" is thickly clothed with beeches, which, in White's opinion, are the most beautiful of trees. Of the huge and venerable yew tree in the churchyard, Cobbett takes a very modest view when he speaks of it as "probably several centuries old." A more recent writer considers that, according to De Candolle's method of computation, it must be about *twelve hundred years old*. And judging from other specimens of "aged yews" I have seen, I should say this was pretty near the mark. Outside the churchyard, what would be usually called the village green, is called the "Plestor," originally "La Playstow," or Play Place. The word is, no doubt, the same as Plaistow, into which it has been corrupted from the original.

I fancy there is a pretty general impression that White was Rector of Selborne, but this is not so. Although he studied for Holy Orders, was a Fellow of his College (Oriel), and several occasions offered of settling him in a College living, he never persuaded himself to quit Selborne, of which he is modestly described on a tablet in the church as "historian." One naturally looked for his grave amongst the more imposing monuments in the little churchyard; but it is only to be found with difficulty, adjoining a rude slab, on which, almost effaced by the spreading lichen, may be puzzled out the following inscription:—

G. W.

26TH JUNE,

1793.

After all, this simple legend best befits the simple character of the man who rests beneath. Little was known of him by those who should have known him best, and one writer says in a preface to his works: "All that an old dame, who had nursed several of the family, could tell me of the philosophical old bachelor was, that 'he was a still quiet body,' and that 'there wasn't a bit of harm in him, I'll assure ye, Sir: there wasn't indeed.'" His friend Dr. Aiken, of Warrington, thus sums up his character and life: "Being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations, and especially in the study of Nature. This he followed with patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford."

"The Wakes," where White lived for so many years, stands about the middle of the village. It is difficult to believe that more than a

very small part of the original structure remains, although White's study and bedroom are said to be unchanged. An electric bell at the front door does not speak of antiquity, and an angel in carved oak, unfolding a scroll, fixed above the porch, may either be very old, or very new, in these days when "old" properties are so readily manufactured. The old sundial, from which White used to take his observations, still stands on the lawn behind the house; and the brick path into the field, beyond which is the "Hanger," is still there. But the summer house whence he used to look for the arrival of the swallows, is no longer to be seen, having fallen into such hopeless decay that its remains had to be cleared away. "The Wakes" has had at least one distinguished occupant since White's day, viz., Thomas Bell, F.R.S., Professor of Zoology in King's College, Secretary and Vice-President of the Royal Society, and President of the Linnean Society, who died in 1880, at the great age of 87.

White's *Natural History of Selborne* was first published in 1789, and has frequently been re-published since, the most recent edition being, probably, one by Messrs. Routledge in 1890, edited by Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E. The work is a very delightful one—delightful in its very simplicity, and in the absence of any ambitious attempt at scientific arrangement, although White was fully competent to have carried out such had he felt inclined. It soon commanded general attention, and one translation of it at least was printed and published in Berlin so early as 1792. Early editions, of which I am fortunate enough to possess one, are eagerly sought after by book collectors; and the recent centenary of the author's death has served to reawaken interest in the writings of a keen and close observer, who studied Nature because he truly and deeply loved her. One more ambition of my life was fulfilled when I stood by the grave of Gilbert White and looked over the fair country which he loved so well and has described so faithfully.

"Civilization," with its ugliness, and its attendant perils connected with water and drainage, is the only thing that can destroy Hindhead in the eyes of the lover of Nature. So far, except at Grayshott Corner, where a modern village is springing up, the houses are mostly large, picturesquely timbered, and gabled, and surrounded by ample grounds and shrubberies. One, at which I had the privilege of visiting, stood in many acres of beautifully undulating ground, with two entrances quite half a mile apart. Heather and pine trees everywhere, and only one thing needed to

make it an ideally perfect place—a Scotch “burn” running through the picturesque valley, on the slope of which the house is situated. But that can never come, for, truth to tell, water is at a premium on Hindhead, and but for the “Waggoner’s Wells,” whence it is carted in barrels, there would be something like a dearth in summer time.

Postally, Hindhead reminded me of the state of things at Lee, Lewisham, and Blackheath in the early days of the London District. The difficulty was to know where you were. An Irish Postman in the South Eastern District of London used to say that what was “Lay” was Lewisham, and what was Lewisham was “Lay,” and what was nayther was Blackheath. Similarly, one might say that what’s Hindhead is Shottermill, and what’s Shottermill is Grayshott, and what’s neither the one nor the other is Haslemere, or mayhap Petersfield. But what is the Post Office, or letters, when one is on holiday? They are only things to come back to. R. W. J.



W. GRAY.
(*Secretary, G.P.O.*)



T. ROSE.
(*Assistant Secretary and Inspector.*)



W. C. SMYTHE.
(*Electrician.*)



J. K. LOGAN.
(*Superintendent of Electric Lines.*)

THE NEW ZEALAND POST OFFICE.

[To face page 60.]

TO THE
ADVANCEMENT

Ralph Allen's Bye-Posts.

[In our last volume we printed a narrative account of Ralph Allen's work in establishing his system of Bye-posts throughout the country. We now give the appendices attached to the MS. copy of the narrative in the Public Record Office. In Vol. III., page 160, we published some letters and accounts which also illustrate the narrative.]

APPENDIX N^O. I.

IMPROVEMENTS on the Revenue of the Post Office, by the Plan formed and the several Contracts in consequence of it, made with the Government by Ralph Allen from the year 1720 to the year 1761.

Advanced annually on the Bye & Cross Road Letters £2,300 which for forty Years is	} £92,000
Annually saved in Surveyors and other necessary Officers for the General Post Office, £1695 which for forty years is	} 67,800
At the commencement of R. Allen's first contract the Country Letters on an examination were found to amount to £15,433 p. ann, but were then actually sinking £1000 a year, and if they had not by the Contractor's different management been immediately prevented from further sinking, must in a short course of years have been reduced to a trifle, the saving on this article computed at only £5000 per ann is ...	} 200,000
The annual augmentation of the Country Letters for the forty years (viz ^t) from 1720 to 1760 above mentioned at £5000 a year being reduced from £15,433 to £20,433 is	} 200,000
Improvements on the Produce of the General Post Office in consequence of the everyday Posts erected in the Year 1740, and 1747 between London and many of the most considerable trading parts of the Kingdom, the whole expence supported by the Contractor computed at least at £5000 p. ann for 20 years this advantage being erected several years after his first Contract is	} 100,000

The annual increase of the Country Letters in consequence of the erection of the everyday Posts in the years 1740, 1747, and 1755 at £11,871 per ann they being now from £15,433 augmented to £26,207 which at 30 years value is	356,200
The further perpetual annual increase of the General Post Office including the Country Letters in consequence of the further extension of the every day Posts which are to be erected at Midsummer 1761 computed at least at £7000 a year which at 30 years value is	210,000
The further constant annual improvements to the Revenue on the Bye & Cross Road Letters from M ^r . Allens death when his Scheme comes to be managed under the direction of the Postmaster General £8,000 a year which at 30 years value is	240,000
The perpetual annual saving on the Officers above mentioned at £1695 a year at 30 years value is ...	50,850
In all	<u>£1,516,850</u>

APPENDIX No. 2.

Advantages to the National Commerce by the safe and speedy conveyance of Letters, which is the Life of Trade, in consequence of the several Bye & Cross Roads erected by M^r. Allen, and the every day Posts supported at his expence from London to all the great Trading and Manufacturing parts of the Kingdom during his several Contracts with the Government from the Year 1719 to the Year 1762.

In the Year 1720 such regulations were made by him throughout the Kingdom as caused the Bye & Cross Road Letters to be conveyed with great safety & dispatch, which, prior to his concerns with the Government, were constantly sent in the most dilatory, uncertain & hazardous manner.

From the Year 1720 to the Year 1735 several further Improvements were made for the greater benefit of commerce particularly in the W^{en} & N^{em} parts of the Kingdom.

In the Year 1735 such other Regulations were made between M^r.chr & Chester, that the Letters sent from M^r.chr, L^pool, or any other place in Lancashire to Cheshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Gloucester, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, & All Wales, & part of Wilts,

Berks & Oxfordshire may now be answered four days sooner than they could possibly before.

As soon as this benefit to the Trading Part of that Country was established, a new Branch was erected between York & Hull thro' Beverley &c which not only quickened the conveyance between those large Towns, but likewise enables the inhabitants of Hull, Beverley, and the other parts of Yorkshire in that neighbourhood to receive Answers to the Letters which they send to all the Northern parts of Britain four days sooner than they ever received them before.

In 1736 the Inhabitants of Rochdale, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and all the other places in that neighbourhood were enabled to answer their letters from Yorkshire, and the other N^{em} Counties two days sooner than they ever did before.

In the same Year the Branch from Lynn to Norwich & Yarmouth, thro' Houghton, Burnham, Wells, Clay, Holt and Aylsham, was erected as well as improvements made in the conveyance of the London Letters from Ipswich, to Stow-market, Bungay etc. also the Branches from M^{chr} to Chesterfield by Stockport, Chappel in Frith, Chatsworth, Tideswell, Bakewell, & from Nottingham to Derby, likewise another from Maldon to Scarborough.

In 1740 a new Branch was erected from Bristol and Bath to Salisbury thro' Bradford, Trowbridge, Devizes, Lavington, Tinnets, Westbury, Warminster, Heytesbury, & Wilton.

At the same time for the greater benefit of Correspondence Letters were conveyed at M^r Allen's expence six days in every week, instead of three, between London & Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, & other places on the Bristol Road; and also between London & Cambridge, Bury, Thetford, Lynn, Norwich, Yarmouth & Ipswich on the Yarmouth, as well as the several intermediate Post Towns, which not only quickens the conveyance of Letters between London & those Trading Towns, but likewise between such distant places whose correspondence is carried on in this speedy manner thro' London.

In the Years 1746 & 1747 further regulations were made by M^r Allen for the improvement of Correspondence between Leeds, Wakefield, Halifax, Bradford & Places adjacent to those Towns, & from Kendale, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester and the other trading parts of that Country.

At the same time for the further extension of those advantages to Correspondence Letters were conveyed six days in every week,

instead of three days at M^r Allen's expence between London & Wells, Bridgwater, Taunton, Wellington, Tiverton & Exeter, thro' Bristol.

Likewise between London & Chipping Norton, Campden, Evesham, Worcester, Droitwich, Bromsgrove & Birmingham.

Also to remove many inconveniences in the correspondence on the Western Road, M^r Allen at his own charge much quickened the correspondence between London & Blandford, Wareham, Corf Castle, Weymouth, Melcombe Regis, Dorchester, Bridport & Lyme.

And in the year 1754 erected a new stage between Nottingham Loughboro' for quickening the correspondence between London & Nottingham, as well as the conveyance of Letters between Newport Pagnell, Northampton, Harborough, Leicester, Loughboro' and the several post Towns in the N^{em}. Road.

In the Year 1755 for the still further extension of those advantages to correspondence, Letters were conveyed six days in every week instead of three days at M^r Allen's expence between London & Derby & Nottingham, thro' Hertford, Woburn, Newport Pagnel, Northampton, Harborough, Leicester, & Loughboro', and likewise between London, Manchester, & Liverpool through Wolverhampton, Stafford, Stone, Namptwich, Middlewich, Northwich & Warrington, & between London & Shrewsbury thro' Wolverhampton & Shiffnal, & also between London & Chester thro' Namptwich.

Likewise the letters between London and Amesbury were then regularly conveyed three days in every week instead of two days ; and he also then quickened the conveyance of the bye letters between Doncaster and Sheffield as it was before done by him between Nottingham & Leicester, as well as between London & Nottingham.

In the year 1761 for the still greater advantages to commerce, Letters were conveyed at M^r Allen's expence six times in every week instead of three times from London to the several places here under-mentioned, and at the same time he erected the several other Bye & Cross Roads afterwards inserted in this paper to compleat his whole enlarged Plan ; long since formed, and now finished for the greatest benefit of the safe & speedy correspondence thro'out this commercial kingdom which the nature of this extensive concern admits of.

The first conveyance of six days in every week is between London & Caxton, Huntingdon, Stilton, Stamford, Collersworth, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, Worksop, Bawtry, Doncaster, Ferrybridge,

Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Tadcaster, York, Easingwold, Thirsk, Northallerton, Darlington, and Newcastle upon Tyne.

Also between London, Daventry, Coventry, thro' Northampton ; on the three additional Post days.

Also between London and Mansfield, Chesterfield, Sheffield, Rotherham, Barnsley, & Huddersfield.

Also between London and Thorne Rawcliffe, Howden & Hull.

Also between London & Barnard's Castle, Brough, Appleby, Penrith, Carlisle, Keswick, Cockermouth, Workington & Whitehaven through Darlington, on the three additional post days.

Also between London & Wigan, Chorley, Preston, Garstang, Lancaster, Buxton & Kendale.

Also at the same time was erected a new Cross road Branch between Newcastle upon Tyne, Whitehaven & Carlisle, thro' Durham, Darlington, Barnard's Castle, Brough, Appleby, Penrith, Keswick, Cockermouth & Workington, by which the correspondence of that Country with the great North Road, and with Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Thetford, Lynn, and Norwich may be carried on six times a week.

Also a new Crofs Road Branch between York & Rochdale, thro' Tadcaster, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, by which the correspondence of that part of the great North Road laying North of Ferrybridge, and all parts of Lancashire, may likewise be carried on six times a Week ; and their correspondence with Cheshire, Staffordshire and Birmingham and Coventry in Warwickshire considerably quickened and improved.

Also a new Cross Road Branch between Sheffield & Doncaster, thro' Rotherham, by which the correspondence of Sheffield, with Hull, and all parts of the great North Road, as well as with Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Thetford, Lynn & Norwich may be carried on six times a Week.

Also a new Crofs Road Branch from Sheffield to Rochdale, thro' Barnsley, Hathersfield, Elland & Halifax, by which means the correspondence of Sheffield, Chesterfield, Mansfield, and Nottingham, with Manchester, Warrington, Liverpool and all parts of Lancashire may be carried on six times a week : and their correspondence with Cheshire, Staffordshire and Birmingham in Warwickshire considerably quickened & improved.

Also a new cross Road Branch from Derby to Chesterfield, by which the correspondence of Derby with Chesterfield, Sheffield, Rotherham, Doncaster, and all the great North Road, north of

Doncaster, as well as with Barnsby, Hathersfield, Halifax, Rochdale, M'chr, Warrington, L'pool and all parts of Lancashire will be considerably quickened & improved.

Also New Cross Road Stages from Ferrybridge to Wakefield; from Wakefield to Leeds; and from Ferrybridge to Leeds; by which the correspondence between all parts of the great North Road south of Ferrybridge, as well as Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Thetford, Lynn, and Norwich with Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Rochdale, Manchester, Warrington, L'pool, & all parts of Lancashire may be carried on six times a week, and the correspondence of all parts of the North Road north of Newark with Cheshire, Staffordshire, Birmingham & Coventry in Warwickshire considerably quickened and improved.

Also a new Cross Road Stage, between Cambridge and Caxton, by which means the Correspondence of the Great North Road, as well as all parts of Lancashire with Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Thetford, Lynn & Norwich, may also be carried on six times a Week.

Also a new Cross Road Stage between Nottingham and Newark, by which the Correspondence of Nottingham, Mansfield, Chesterfield, Loughborough, Leicester, Harborough and Northampton with the great North Road; and with Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, Thetford, Lynn, & Norwich may be carried on six times a Week.

Also, a new Crofs Road Stage, between Appleby & Kendale by which the Correspondence of Whitehaven, Cockermouth, Carlisle, Penrith, Appleby, and all parts of Cumberland & Westmorland, with all parts of Lancashire, may be carried on six times a Week, and their Correspondence with Cheshire, Staffordshire and Warwickshire considerably quickened & improved.

And also, a new Crofs Road Branch between Salisbury, Portsmouth & Gosport, thro' Stockbridge & Winchester, by which the correspondence of Portsmouth, Gosport, Southampton, the Isle of Wight, with Plymouth, Exeter & all parts of Cornwall, Devonshire & Dorsetshire, as well as with Bristol, Bath, Devizes & Salisbury will be considerably quickened and improved.

And also caused the Mail between Chesterfield and Manchester for the future to pass Tideswell thro' Buxton to Stockport instead of pafsing thro' Chappel in Frith as it does at present.

APPENDIX N^o. 3.

To the Right Hon^{ble}. the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury.

The humble Petition of Ralph Allen sheweth

That in the year 1719 your Petitioner formed a Plan, and in 1720 executed a Contract with the Postmaster General for the improvement of a Branch belonging to His Majesty's Revenue, which is commonly known by the name of Bye Way and Crofs Road Letters.

That upon your Lordship's order bearing date of 26th of Feb., 1755 you were pleased to authorize & impower the Postmaster General to grant your Petitioner a sixth Term for Seven years (which would have ended at Midsummer 1762 if the late King had lived so long) upon condition that your Petitioner amongst other new covenants should oblige himself to support the improvements which he had made on the Country Letters (viz.) such as are sent from one part of the Kingdom to another passing thro' London, being another Branch of the Post Office Revenue that greatly interferes with the Bye & Crofs Road Letters, and before the commencement of your Petitioners first Contract was much lessened, and in danger of being almost totally sunk.

That your Petitioner in the execution of his Contract has not only augmented the Revenue in the instances above mentioned, as well as greatly quickened & improved Correspondence (which is the Life of Trade) but likewise for a further Improvement of both, your petitioner in the Year 1740, proposed a method & supported the expence, for the conveyance of Letters six days a week, instead of three days, between London & some of the principal Cities and trading Towns in several parts of the Nation; and in the Year 1747 considerably extended these great advantages at his own expence, to many other Manufacturing Towns in different parts of the Kingdom, and at the same time made several other beneficial improvements to correspondence; likewise in the year 1755 made still further extensions of the every day Post and many other improvements for the advantages of the Revenue as well as for the benefit of the People in the enlargement & quickening correspondence.

That the officers employed under and paid by your Petitioner, have, in many instances, been very serviceable to the Post^r. General without occasioning any expence to the Government.

That the chief produce of the Bye Way & Crofs R^d. Lrs. doth

arise from corres. which circulates between trading Towns in different parts of the Kingdom, which causes the direction of this concern to be intricate in itself, & distinct from the management of the General Post Office.

Therefore in consideration that this plan was first formed, and for 40 yrs. has been carried on by your Pet^r. to the general satisfaction. That it has been an immediate and considerable improvement to the Rev., as well as a benefit to the subject, that it requires a constant attention & application by an inspector into the conduct of great numbers of officers distant in places, and different in behaviour.

That these and further motives of weight, all which yr. P^r. is ready to communicate to H.M. P.M.G. yr. Pet^r. humbly prays that yr. Ldshps. will be pleased to grant him a further Term of 7 yrs. freed from the danger which may attend any new national calamities with what other encouragement you, in your wisdom shall judge to be reasonable.

All which is humbly submitted to your Lordships by

Your Lordships most humble & Most Obed^t. Serv^t.

(Signed) RALPH ALLEN.

APPENDIX 4.

The Postmaster General's Report to the Lords of the Treasury.

To the Right Honb^{le}. the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury.

May it please your Lordships

In obedience to your Lordship's order of Reference of the 19th of last month directed to us Upon a Petition of Ralph Allen Esq^{re}. craving a renewal of his late lease or contract for the management and farm of those Branches of the Post Office Revenue, which arises from the Bye Way & Crofs Road Lett^s. we have now the honour to acquaint your Lordships, that in order to inform ourselves the more fully of the true state of the matters so referred to us, and the better to enable us to report our humble opinion to your Lordships of what may be fit to be done therein, We have thought it our Duty, in the first place to require the said M^r. Allen, to furnish us, pursuant to the Tenor of his last Contract, with a full and true state of all his annual Receipts, and Disbursements, on account of the above mentioned Farm, and that in return, we have received the strongest assurance from him of his ready & punctual compliance with this our Request, as soon as ever the extensive, and intricate nature of

such an Account (for which at present he finds himself not sufficiently prepared) will allow him to collect, digest & methodise, the several materials requisite to the compiling and perfecting the same, The experience which we, our Predecessors, and the public have long had of M^r. Allen's great candor, and exactness, does not allow us to entertain the least suspicion of any unnecessary delay on his part in the completion of his promise and covenant, and we are therefore humbly of opinion, that for the consideration hereunto subjoined, as well as for the sake of several fresh advantages now offered by your Petitioner, and, in regard to the Proviso hereafter suggested, it may be adviseable in the meantime to proceed to grant your Petitioner a renewal of his last contract accommodated to the present circumstances, and to the purport of this report.

The first consideration we have to offer to your Lordships is, that by the sudden and unforeseen determination of M^r. Allen's last lease, those two very diffusive intricate and important Branches of this Office, namely the Bye Way & Crofs Road Lett^{rs}, are at present, properly speaking, under no direction at all, so that His Majesty's and the Public Service seems absolutely to require, that the great inconvenience which may soon grow from hence be prevented with as little loss of time as possible, by the immediate revival of that authority and management, under which they have hitherto been so long and so well conducted. It may in the next place be considered that the last lease M^r. Allen was possessed of, together with all benefits possibly accruing from it, would naturally have run on to old Midsummer 1762 and is now prematurely determined much against the inclination of both the contracting parties. When we reflect further on Mr. Allen's merit with our Office and with the Public, in having been the first who struck out such a method of Cheques and Regulations, as put a stop to the abuses and embezzlements at that time grown but too general, as well as too difficult to remedy, amongst our Country Deputies with respect to the produce of these Bye Way & Crofs Road Lett^{rs}, and which also put a stop to many of the illegal ways and channels, then used, of conveying such letters to the total loss of the Post Office Revenue, the unwearied industry and application with which your Petitioner has for forty years, supported, extended, and continually improved these Branches of Correspondence, to the great benefit of all His Majesty's Subjects, especially those concerned in trade & manufactures, the additional burthens and expences, which he has, from time to time taken upon himself (several of them to the ease of the Post Office Revenue) in the

execution of these improvements ; all Pleas, which no person except your present Petitioner can ever alledge ; and lastly when we consider your present Petitioners Age and Infirmities (both rather greater than for the good of the Public were to be wish'd) we are almost led to look upon the reinstating him, in his late Contract, as little more than the restoring him to the enjoyment of the natural fruits of his own industry and services—We must further do that Justice to M^r. Allen's Plan, and to his disinterested manner of executing it by confining his own Branch of the Bye Way & Crofs Road Letters within proper boundaries to observe to your Lordships, that the amount of the Country Lett^{rs}. passing thro' our General office has kept augmenting progrefsively every Year from his very first engaging in this undertaking, from about fifteen to twenty thousand pounds a year—We must now proceed to lay before your Lordships the new advantages, some relating to the revenue under our management, and some to the public utility with which M^r. Allen offers to accompany to renewal of this Contract

In the first place M^r. Allen offers to make good, and support the annual produce of the Country Letters (by which is meant all letters from any part to any part of the Kingdom passing thro' London, and which is the only Branch of Postage with which M^r. Allen's Farm can possibly interfere) at the sum of twenty thousand pounds, instead of that of eighteen thousand five hundred pounds, at which the produce of the said Lett^{rs}. was rated, and engaged for, in his last Contract.

2^{ndly} M^r. Allen now offers to erect, at his own charge & expence (though the bulk of the Profits will redound to the Revenue of the General Office) new Bye Night Posts, thrice a week, from London to the several following Towns, namely, Caxton, Huntingdon, Stilton, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, Bawtry, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, Tadcaster, York, Daventry, Coventry, Mansfield, Chesterfield, Sheffield, Howdon & thro' Rawcliffe, and Thorne to Hull, Leeds, Wakefield, Easingwold, Northallerton, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Barnard's Castle, Brough, Penrith, Keswick, Cockermouth, Whitehaven, Carlisle, Wiggan, Preston, Lancaster, Kendale, and Appleby.

3^{rdly} M^r. Allen further offers to erect and establish at his own expence likewise for the further & final improvement of national Correspondence, the following new Crofs Posts, namely one from Newcastle to Whitehaven, thro' Durham, Darlington, Barnard's Castle, Brough, Penrith, Keswick, and Cockermouth—One from Wakefield or Leeds to Tadcaster—one from Wakefield or Leeds to

Halifax to Rochdale to Manchester—One from Salisbury to Winchester and to Portsmouth—one from Cambridge to Caxton—and also one from Nottingham to Newark. All these several new improvements for facilitating and accelerating the Public Correspondence, and which we hope will in a manner compleat and perfect the System of our Inland Post, as well as prepare and pave the way for His Majesty's Postmaster General, upon any accident which may hereafter happen to your Petitioner, to undertake the management of these Branches himself on the account of the Public, all these new improvements will your Petitioner alledges create an additional expence of management to him of near £3,000 per aⁿⁿ and at the same time that the produce of these new Bye Night Posts cannot but prove a considerable clear gain to the Revenue, we hope the above recited motives will justify us, in making it our Report to your Lordships on the subject matter now referred to us, that it appears to us to be highly for the service of the Public in general and for that Branch of the Revenue under our management in particular to grant your Petitioner, for the seventh time, a renewal of his late farm, on the terms, conditions and regulations made, provided and stipulated in his last Contract, and on the new ones which as is above set forth he now proposes should be added thereto, that is to say from the 25th day of October last to the 5th day of July, which shall be in the Year of our Lord 1767, provided always that his present Majesty (whom God long preserve) and the said Ralph Allen shall both so long live, and provided likewise that the said new Contract, be by an express clause, therein made determinable upon the 5th day of July 1762 (the Term when M^r. Allen's last Contract would of itself have expired) or upon the same day in every subsequent year during the term hereby proposed, to be demised in case your Lordships, or His Majesty's Lord Treasurer, or Commissioners of his Treasury for the time being shall upon our receiving and laying before your Lordships board the full and true state, promised and covenanted by M^r. Allen to be yearly given in and exhibited by him to us, or to His Majesty's Postmaster General for the time being, of all and singular his receipts and disbursements anywise relating to the Farm now intended to be demised to him agreeable to the direction and Tenor of his Contract, see cause, and be thereupon pleased to direct us, or His Majesty's Postmaster General for the time being so to determine & make void the same, all which we submit to your Lordships, and are with great respect My Lords Your Lordships most Humble Serv^{ts}.

General Post Office,
Dec^r. 5th 1761.

BESSBOROUGH,
ROB^t. HAMPDEN.

After Office Hours.

On Character Reading.

IT is an old story that history is simply a record of action and reaction, of Liberalism giving place to Conservatism, of an age of decadence following upon an age of renaissance. But only a few exceptionally-endowed individuals, such as Mr. Arthur Symonds or Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, glory in decadence for its own sake. The rest of mankind, however retrogressive their creed or their actions may be, fondly cherish the hope that it is onward not backward, that humanity is tending, and that life and vigour are more beautiful than death or decay. The truth of the matter is, as Mr. Arnold pointed out long ago, that whether the forces of action or of reaction are for the moment in the ascendant is of little importance, because a nation is saved by the remnant of healthy-minded people who fear God and keep the Commandments, and who value thought only as a means to action. And Mr. Birrell also has suggested that what the world wants at the present day is not a Coleridge, "but a steady supply of honest, plain-sailing men, who can be safely trusted with small sums and to do what in them lies to maintain the honour of the various professions, and to restore the credit of English workmanship." For the present time is in many ways, in spite of steam and electricity, an age of decadence, and to large numbers of observers one of the most ominous signs of this state of things is the introspective habit which possesses so many neurotic men and women, the passion of whose being is to know and to realise themselves. Bicycling is to some extent checking this tendency in women, but it remains a nineteenth century plague, a disease which only the stirring of some new life in our society can permanently cure. In Bohemia, which I sometimes visit, in spite of my domestic responsibilities, it prevails to an alarming extent. Among the more seriously disposed it takes the form of Ibsen-worship, the problems contained in the sexual novel, and the art of the decadence; among the more frivolous it manifests itself in the practice of character-reading, which is now one of our most fashionable pastimes. If you happen to be a visitor at one of those gatherings, which some people hold to be in themselves evidences of the decadence, viz., Bohemian "At Homes," you will be lucky if you are not introduced in the course of the afternoon or evening to a witch-like and watery-eyed female who is anxious to examine your hands, your head, your physiognomy, or your handwriting, with the view of telling you what you are and what you may become. It is assumed by her that you are craving for this self-knowledge; she exists, as she will admit to you, to supply a

demand which she finds everywhere, and she only makes a small charge to those who seek her advice at her own consulting-rooms. No secrets are hid from these dreadful creatures' eyes,

"And what heart knows another,
Ah! who knows his own!"

is a thought which seems charged with truth until you have submitted your hands to the personal examination of a lady palmist. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy" is mere foolishness to the physiognomist who tells you glibly and convincingly your loves, past, present, and future, together with the hideous tragedies of your domestic hearth. Take up the weekly or monthly journals and you will find pages devoted to this kind of secular confessional, this craving to know more about ourselves, and whether our faults and our virtues are not as much a part of ourselves as our noses and ears. Send up a specimen of your handwriting to an enterprising editor and in a subsequent issue your habits and vices will be described, sometimes with marvellous accuracy, to an eager circle of character students. I have known unhealthy-minded people who have gone from one palmist to another, from one phrenologist to another, and they are still unsatisfied, and the disease has taken hold of them in the shape of an insane desire to hear their own secrets perpetually being discovered by other people.

A few weeks ago I was present with Angelina at an entertainment, a portion of which was devoted to a short lecture by a phrenologist on his particular science. In order to show off his powers he invited the audience to select two of their number to be experimented upon by him. Angelina was the lady selected for this purpose, and she took a seat in the centre of the room while the man proceeded to explain to a highly interested audience the various virtues, vices, and capabilities which his patient possessed. I am bound to say that so far as I understand her character, after a comparatively short acquaintance, the lecturer's report on Angelina was singularly accurate, and even with regard to particular bumps the explanation of which appeared to me doubtful at the time, I have come to see that he was better informed than I am. For instance, I resented very much the imputation that she was totally lacking in the bump of veneration, though I more readily assented to his verdict that her sensitiveness to, and appreciation of, the beautiful in nature and in art, over-rode all other considerations, so much so that she had no regard for the rights of property, or indeed any sense of the value of money, except as a means to achieve her artistic ends. "If she has a husband," he went on to say, "he should keep the purse, and it will be better for her if he is a man who can keep his temper when the weekly bills come in. For the total want of veneration in her will only accentuate the difficulties he may have to encounter, and if he is a sensitive man the psychological influence she undoubtedly exercises will be such as to leave the final victory in her hands. This latter event may be deferred," added the lecturer, "if the husband on his

side possesses sufficient psychological influence himself to direct her enthusiasm into channels of his own choosing, but it would be better for this lady if her husband is not gifted in this way, because it is highly dangerous for two magnetic personalities to live together even though it increases the gaiety of neighbours and scandal-mongers."

These remarks, thrown off in a light and airy fashion to an audience, many of whom were personally acquainted with the real husband, were anything but pleasant for that gentleman; and his difficulties were not diminished when he was asked, as a special favour, at the close of Angelina's operation, to state for the benefit of the listeners what his opinion was of the character as given by the lecturer. I naturally felt rather aggrieved that an examination of the bumps on Angelina's head should have resulted in an attempted exposure of the contents of my own, and I did not, in what I said, spare the phrenologist, so that I was able to sit down, after I had unburdened myself, with the happy consciousness that I had said some very nasty things. But I think he had the best of it after all. For so soon as I had finished, he harped back to what he had been saying on the presence or absence of psychological influence in the husband, and passing his hands gently over my head and patting me kindly and pityingly as he did so, he genially remarked, "It is perhaps better as it is."

The gentleman whose head was publicly examined in this way bore the ordeal very well, although he was held up to his friends as a man who might in a given state of circumstances develop a taste for drink. Before the phrenologist had done with him there were some of the listeners who thought they perceived traces of the given state of circumstances having arrived. He was also described as a man who ate not wisely but too well, and his wife, who was called upon to corroborate or refute what had been said, gave her poor husband completely away by saying in an awestruck voice that the singular truth of the reading of the character had left her nothing to criticise. It was interesting to note the demeanour of the audience during these proceedings. Nothing was farther evidently from their thoughts than to regard the business as a joke; indeed, most of them seemed profoundly impressed with the miraculous power of the lecturer, and they hung upon every word he uttered with manifest wonder. Perhaps I was prejudiced by his attempt to read my character from the bumps on Angelina's head, but I confess I heard little from him on this particular cranium which was not apparent even to a casual observer. "I am, of course, quite unconscious whether this man is married or not," said the lecturer with simulated indifference to the fact that the man possessed to a remarkable degree that undefinable paterfamilias appearance which no one can mistake, and passing his hand over the back of the head in a confiding manner, he added, "but if he is not he ought to be, for it is the head of a man with sons and daughters." "Fourteen living," I heard one awestruck matron say to another, but the

response from the other, "Wonderful!" left me in doubt as to whether it was the phrenologist or the father to whom her exclamation referred. I do not wish to imply that the man was without skill of a certain sort; he knew something about the contents of the human head, and as an orator he was distinctly charming. What he appeared to me to lack was "psychological influence" himself, and being without it his efforts as a reader of character were as superficial as the efforts would be of a man in the writing of poetry who knows all the laws of rhythm and metre, but is without imagination. As a general rule I would pray to be spared from the clutches of these professors. The only revelations of character I care about are those which arise from the unfolding of a person's nature in his or her dealings with the world and myself; and as for my own character, I am a member of a large and contentious family, and we have never been backward in expressing freely our opinions of each other. As Mr. Barrie has shown us in *Margaret Ogilvy*, a man's mother is usually a prejudiced critic, but the same cannot surely be said of brothers and sisters.

Of course there is abundance of truth in these various sciences, more especially in that of physiognomy. "No girl can help being ugly at twenty-one," I heard an eminent preacher say, "but it is her own fault if she is not nice-looking at thirty-one." We who have reached middle age or old age have in a sense made our own faces. We are responsible at any rate for the expression, for the divinity or devilry which may be there. But even the physiognomist is a failure without the sympathetic temperament, which is another name for psychological influence. Lord Blachford in one of his letters speaks thus of a man whom I am never weary of commending to my reader's notice. "Newman seemed to have an intuitive perception of all that you thought and felt, so that he caught at once all that you meant or were driving at in a sentiment, a philosophical reflection, or a joke—within a certain circle, no doubt, but within a circle which comprehends all your common sympathies. And so there was in talking with him that combination of liveliness and repose which constitutes ease: you seemed to be speaking with a better kind of self which was drawing you upward." There you have in its truest sense the power that I mean, a power which nineteen out of twenty of these decadent phrenologists and palmists are without.

I have heard palmists give very clever delineations of character, but their success has seemed to me to be due to the fact that while they, for appearance sake, toyed with the hand, they kept their eyes firmly fixed on the faces of their patients, and studied the shifting lines and modes of expression. I was once foolish enough to pay two shillings to a lady for a written character read from my hand. She was staying in the same boarding house with me two years ago, and for some days previous to the one she devoted to the revealing of my soul, she had been carefully observing me in view of a possible job. She must have had pneumatic soles to her shoes,

for she had a way of suddenly appearing close to you listening to what you were saying, while no sound of her approach had been heard by anybody. She vanished from your side almost as silently. But in this way she picked up a few scraps of information in relation to me which she worked into her story when I succumbed to her entreaties.

The following are extracts from the written character which I still have in my possession. "You will come into an immense pile of money, but it will be a long time reaching you; you will have a great deal of bother over it. You will live to an extraordinary old age. You will have three bad accidents after eighty. You have had some remarkable escapes." I interjected a "hear, hear," but she hastily explained she was referring to accidents to limb, not to the heart. "You are not remarkably persistent in perseverance; you are fond of gambling, and you won't marry until you are over thirty." This was evidently said with a view to a large fee. "You will marry a lady of gentle character who will spoil you and forgive your flirtations. You will become more straightforward as you grow older." She saw the following also in my hand: "The lady you are going to marry has been a great flirt." I think my hands were not as clean as they might have been during this study, because on the next occasion I was operated upon by a lady-palmist I washed my hands specially for the interview, and the difference appeared to be that the bad accidents after eighty had entirely disappeared—they were evidently streaks, not lines; I was now my wife's first love—"the others" were certainly "streaks;" while my character for honesty was irreproachable. The suggestion of a lack of straightforwardness combined with a potentiality of the same quality was apparently the result of some temporary coating on the hand which quite excusably put the operator out.

But in every instance the palmists degenerated into a mass of ridiculous trivialities which robbed their stories of any value they might otherwise have possessed. The best account I ever heard rendered of myself was in a refreshment room at Preston station during a twenty minutes wait on a railway journey to Scotland. As I walked into the room a very interesting looking man was arguing at the bar with another man, and the purport of their argument, in which I at once joined, is evident when I say that I agreed to allow him to tell my character. "No," he said, "don't take off your hat; I don't want to see your head; I can read you like a book: I have been a lecturer on physiognomy in America for twenty years." Everything he said about me was, unfortunately, true. He told the barmaid's character also, and I gathered that this was equally true, for she lost her temper and bounced out of the bar. He told me that it was the eyelids and the lines from the eyes which gave us tell-tale faces. He held out no hopes to me of a life prolonged after eighty, with three bad accidents still to come; but he told me exactly what I had been, and left me to estimate the probable future from these data. Mrs. Alice Meynell, in her

delightful little book *The Colour of Life*, speaks of "the eye" in the same way. "It is the blood that is eloquent, and there is no sign of blood in the eye; but in the eyelid the blood hides itself, and shows its signs. All along its edges are the little muscles living, that speak not only the obvious and emphatic things, but what reluctances, what perceptions, what ambiguities, what half-apprehensions, what doubts, what interceptions! The eyelids confess, and reject, and refuse to reject. They have expressed all things ever since man was man."

Most of us are physiognomists in a small way. I know a lady who prides herself on the fact that she can always detect Non-conformity in the human face, especially when it takes a political colour. And I am quite sure that the Civil Service face is easily recognisable. Every morning, on my walk to town, I meet two gentlemen who are unmistakeably Her Majesty's servants. I have not the remotest idea what office they are bound for, but, wherever it may be, *they* have reached their maximum. They are cheerful, comfortable-looking, and outwardly contented, but there is nothing about them suggestive of spirit or ambition, and every day is evidently alike to them, save that on Saturdays there is just the faintest suspicion of a glitter in their eyes.

In Mr. Barrie's new book, which we have already alluded to, his opening chapter is entitled "How my mother got her soft face," and the chapter justifies the title. His is the true science of character-reading, and it is as far removed from the character-reading of decadent palmists and phrenologists as astronomy is from astrology.

E. B.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

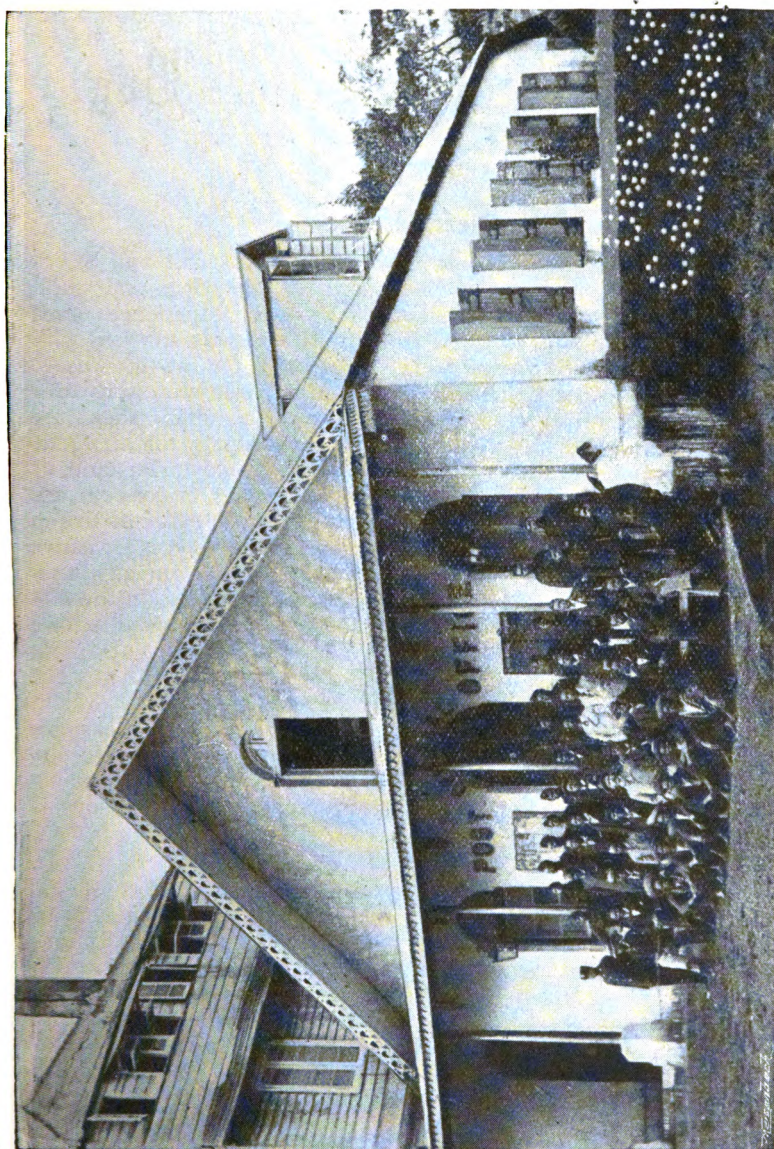
Sierra Leone.

MR. J. CLEUGH, the recently appointed Postmaster of Sierra Leone, sends us a photograph of his office and staff, together with interesting particulars relating to his experiences since his arrival on the West Coast. To start with, he was attacked with malarial fever, which necessitated his removal for two months to Grand Canary. Since then he has made a most interesting tour round the peninsula, visiting district offices, of which there are twenty-seven, the country being rapidly opened up by the energetic governor, Colonel Carden, C.M.G. Travelling, we understand, is done only under great difficulties; no horses, mules, or donkeys are to be procured, for the best of all reasons that they cannot live in this country. Consequently, the only mode of transport is by native carriers. If you are going on a journey for one month it is necessary to take a whole crowd of carriers with you. In the first place you require four for your hammock, as it is impossible for a European to walk, and two at least to act as relays. You also want about twenty more to carry your cooking utensils, filter, bed, etc. The endurance of these carriers, who carry everything on their heads, is wonderful; all that they require is rice and fruit, and an occasional drink of water. Mr. Cleugh promises us an article shortly. He now rejoices in the title "Postmaster-General and Manager of the Savings-Bank," which has lately been conferred on him by the Governor.

Constantinople.

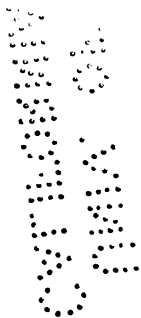
WE are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of *The Graphic* for permission to reproduce from their issue of the 12th September the following particulars relating to, and photographs of, the two Armenian Post Office officials in the service of the British Government who were murdered at Constantinople during the recent massacres. We are glad to hear that Sir Philip Currie has claimed an indemnity from the Turkish Government.

"We have received from Constantinople photographs of some of the victims of the recent massacre. Mr. Joseph Hanemian, clerk in charge of the Stamboul Branch British Post Office, acting in obedience to the instructions of the British postmaster to close his office immediately on the least sign of disturbance in that quarter, came across the Golden Horn on the afternoon of August 26th in company with his Armenian postman Osgian and three other non-Turkish subjects. They reached Galata about 3 p.m., unfortunately



Postmen and Mail Carriers. THE SIERRA LEONE POST OFFICE,
Mail and Sorting Clerks.
Clerks, Asst. Pm., P.M.G., Chief Clerk, Clerks.
Post Office building

[To face page 78.]



in the thick of the murdering and pillaging which was proceeding unchecked in pursuance of the Sultan's order. The party there



JOSEPH HANEMIAN.

broke up; the two post office employes made towards the head office and were within a few yards of it when the postman was first



OSGIAN DJIRIDIAN.

struck down, and Hanemian turning to protect him, cries arose "He is an Armenian, too; kill him, kill him!" and a Turkisk officer at once despatched him with a sword cut.

"Hanemian, who was twenty-four years of age, was Armenian on the father's side only, his mother being an Englishwoman. He was a naturalised British subject, and like his unfortunate fellow-victim leaves a widow and one child. Remarkably amiable and intelligent, he was a great favourite with his colleagues. Osgian, the postman, like most Armenians of the lower class, was a devoted servant, but naturally timid. The Turkish police got into some trouble with the British Ambassador in consequence of their having arrested him on a false pretext in January, 1894, and the fact that the letter-bag he was carrying has been handed over by the police authorities with its seals unbroken, gives reasons to fear the attack upon him was not the work of a merely fanatical mob. Both the men were recognised, and well known to be in the service of the English Government. Their brutal murder in broad daylight in the busiest thoroughfare of Galata, and within a few yards of the British Post Office, has intensified the sense of insecurity felt by all the foreign colonies."

Telegraphing without Wires.

MR. W. H. PREECE, C.B., F.R.S., the Engineer-in-Chief of the Post Office, had a surprise in store for his audience at Toynbee Hall on December 11th, when he lectured on "Telegraphy without Wires." There is, of course, nothing new in the fact of being able to communicate without wires, but towards the close of his lecture Mr. Preece announced that Mr. Marconi, a young Italian electrician, came to him recently with a system of telegraphy without wires, depending not on electro-magnetic but on electrostatic effects, that is to say, on electric waves set up of a much higher rate of vibration, 250,000,000 a second in fact. These vibrations were projected through space in straight lines, and could be reflected and refracted like light—indeed, they were capable of all the phenomena which light could go through. The invention, which dealt with the method of receiving and sending messages by this means, was first experimented with on the roof of the Post Office, and then for one and three quarter miles on Salisbury Plain. The great difference between the system which had already been tried and Mr. Marconi's system was that in the former a wire on each side was necessary, and in the latter no wire was required. Vibrations were simply set up by one apparatus and received by the other, the secret being that the receiver must respond to the number of vibrations of the sender.

The apparatus was then exhibited. What appeared to be simply two ordinary boxes were stationed at each end of the room, electrical vibrations were produced in one box and a bell immediately rang in the other. "To show that there was no deception," Mr. Marconi held the receiver and carried it about, the bell ringing whenever the vibrations at the other box were set up. Continuing, Mr. Preece said he had had the greatest possible pleasure in telling Mr. Marconi that day that the Post Office had

decided to spare no expense in experimenting with the apparatus, and one of the first trials would be from Penarth to an island in the Bristol Channel. He might add that he had the greatest faith in the apparatus. If the experiments were successful, it would be of inestimable value to our ships, for it would provide another easy way of communicating with lightships and lighthouses. To take an instance: Since last year they had had a cable connected with the Fastnet Light (the first light seen by Atlantic voyagers), but in the early part of this year it broke down, and they had never been able yet to land on the rock in order to repair it. But there was a possibility beyond this of enabling ships as they came near dangerous rocks and shallows to receive an intimation of the fact by means of these electric waves. Neither day nor night made any difference, fog nor rain nor snow would not interfere with them, and if the invention was what he believed it to be, our mariners would have been given a new sense and a new friend which would make navigation infinitely easier and safer than it now was.

A Post Office Polytechnic.

WE have received the following communication from Mr. W. George Bishop, of the W.C.D.O. He will be glad to hear from anybody who is also interested in the idea.

"Suppressed ideas, like suppressed measles, are dangerous. To escape the pangs of suppression I crave a page in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. Briefly, my idea is contained in the above title. It wants clothing, I admit; but if a paternal Treasury will pay for the cloth, there will doubtless not be wanting many competent tailors.

"A Post Office Polytechnic would require large and small halls for conferences, meetings, concerts, suppers, prize distributions, lectures, choral society practices, etc., etc. It would provide class rooms and teachers for the study of technical and other subjects, for which a need could be shewn to exist, and correspondence classes for provincial Post Office servants. A well-fitted gymnasium with competent instructors, reading rooms with the usual papers and magazines, and a reference library containing Acts of Parliament, Blue-books and literature relating to the Post Office, would, of course, form prominent features. A gigantic lending library would result from the combination of small departmental libraries, and the duplication of books for each local centre would not, as at present, be necessary.

"All this, like most other things, would cost money. But therein would lie the Treasury's opportunity; and should the Treasury inadvertently leave some minor accounts for the Polytechnic Committee to settle, the sums which the amalgamation of the funds of local institutions would bring in—funds which are now practically being wasted in the hire of local halls, &c.—would amply suffice. Of course there would be difficulty in convincing local clubbites of the benefits that would accrue from amalgamation, and in persuading the Treasury that the surrender of Post Office premises at present

occupied by libraries and institutes would merit substantial compensation. But right would be on our side. The Treasury might also be persuaded to continue part, at least, of its library grant.

"Y.M.C.A.'s and kindred institutions are now angling for lads of from 13 to 17 years of age. With their resources they will doubtless drive London Messengers' Institutes out of the field, as regards educational work, unless the Department adopts one of two courses; either to assist in promoting a Post Office Polytechnic, on condition that separate facilities be provided for telegraph messengers, or to make attendance at Institute classes part of a messenger's duty. The amalgamation of institutes and other local classes with a Polytechnic would, of course, lessen the teaching staff and the duplication of apparatus.

"Centralisation should reduce the amount of individual subscriptions and give 'more value for money,' so that objections on the ground of distance would not be strong. There is much more to be said, but I don't wish to pay for a number of *St. Martin's* containing nothing but my own contribution."

St. John Ambulance Association.

THE following account, contributed by a local postman to the *South Western World* of the 10th October last, will be read with interest. It is a matter of congratulation that a body of men, such as the postmen in the Wandsworth district, should take up so useful and improving a study; and that about 15 per cent. of their number should be efficient "first aid" men is indeed remarkable.

"On Wednesday, at the Wandsworth District Postmaster's Office, the interesting function of presenting certificates to successful ambulance pupils was gone through. The origin of ambulance instruction amongst the postal officials of the Wandsworth district was curious. A postman on midnight duty endeavoured, one cold winter's night, to assist a woman who was in a fit. The efforts of himself and a few of the usual habitués of London streets at midnight were well-meant, but unsuccessful, and somewhat rough. He felt keenly his want of ability to render useful aid, and, as a result, organised a small class of postmen for instruction under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association. The classes have met with success, and *about 70 postmen hold certificates*, and several have the honour of possessing medallions, *i.e.*, are third year's men. The work would not, of course, have been a success—indeed, would have been impossible—had it not been supported by the master hand of the divisional medical officer, Dr. Brown, R.N., who has lent himself with much enthusiasm to the work, and on whom the St. John Ambulance Association have conferred an honorary life membership and also an examinership.

"The postmaster, Mr. Gibson, in welcoming the latest batch of pupils, said it gave him great pleasure to present them with their certificates of proficiency in rendering aid to the injured. He hoped they would endeavour to retain the knowledge they had

acquired.—Postman Dixon, the organiser of the class, on behalf of his colleagues, then presented their respected instructor with a present in the shape of an ebony stick with gold head, suitably inscribed.—Dr. Brown, in thanking his men, complimented them on their assiduity in picking up the details of their work. He also paid a tribute to the ability and impartiality of Dr. Coates, late Deputy Inspector General, R.N., who examined them.—Votes of thanks to the postmaster, to Mr. D'Evelyn, himself an ambulance pupil, and to Mr. Sanders, the acting inspector, closed the proceedings.—The names of the men are as follows:—Mr. E. Wills, overseer, New Wandsworth, and postmen W. Freeman, Willard, Nicholas, Pitt, Pike, Hopkins, White, Freeman, Mills, Weedon, Crisp, Breach, Smith, and Lewin. Secretary, J. P. Dixon.”

The Civil Service Insurance Society.

THIS flourishing Society, which is now in the seventh year of its existence, continues to make the most satisfactory progress. At the half-yearly meeting of the Council, which took place on the last day of October, it was stated that the total number of policies issued exceeded 14,000 for a total sum assured approaching *three and three quarter millions sterling*, and that the total gross premiums exceeded £134,000. Notwithstanding that a great many insurers were attracted to the Society last year (1895) on account of the bonus declared in December of that year, the number for the nine months ended September 30th, 1896, was even greater than that for the corresponding period of the preceding year, the respective totals being 663 policies for £164,500, against 518 policies for £143,000. If the same rate of increase be maintained till the close of the year, the number of policies for 1896 will be 884, as against 780 for 1895, and the total number of policies issued since the inauguration of the Society will exceed 14,260. In view of the apprehensions which were widely expressed in the Press at the commencement of the Society's existence, as to the risk which the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company incurred in dispensing for a period with the medical examination in the case of Civil Servants effecting life insurance, it is interesting to note the actual result of the Company's experience, as announced to their shareholders at the Annual General Meeting held in Edinburgh in May last. In seconding the adoption of the annual report, Mr. George Auldjo Jamieson, one of the directors, stated :

“In 1890-95, we had 18,022 policies, insuring £8,016,000. This great influx of new business is attributable, to a large extent, to the transfer of the Scottish Provincial, and to the arrangement made with the Civil Servants' Insurance Society. I redeem now, with regard to the latter, a pledge I gave five years ago, to answer for the result of that arrangement with the Civil Servants. You must remember—it will be fresh in the memories of those who took an interest in this matter—that many of our friends, who were also our rivals, were very much concerned at the arrangement we made, and at

the dangers which we were to encounter. That concern was no doubt justified by their very intimate acquaintance with the conditions under which we undertook these obligations, for they had themselves, in many instances, been anxious to secure the business. They were able, therefore, to foresee the dangers we ran, and their consideration for us was on that account all the more gratifying to us and to you. Now we can make our return. The fact of the matter is that the mortality of the Civil Servants has been materially less than the general mortality of the office. You will remember that one prognostication was that we did wrong in dispensing for a time with a medical examination of those entrants in the Civil Service, and it was prognosticated that the result would be very fatal. The result has been the reverse. The rate of mortality of the Civil Servants has, as I have said, been considerably less than the average mortality of the office. One extremely beneficial element for the safety and prosperity of the Company has followed the arrangements, that is in the reduction of the average amount of the policy. In 1880, the average of each new policy was £762, in 1885 it was £790, in 1895 it was £445, which betokens a very satisfactory spreading of the business and widening of the *clientèle* of the company. That is a very important consideration in the management of an insurance company, all the more when I tell you that, although the result of our mortality for the past quinquennium has been favourable, it has been about 83 per cent. of the expected loss, the mortality in amount has been materially higher, that is to say, those who have died have been insured for sums considerably beyond the average. Had the percentage of amount been as favourable as the percentage of mortality, it would have made a very considerable difference in the results we now submit. On the faith of the doctrine of chance, we may expect that that discordance will be reconciled during the quinquennium which is now in progress. From the arrangement with the Civil Service this company has derived nothing but material benefit. We are entirely satisfied with the result. It has more than justified the conclusion which we formed when we entered into the arrangement, and it has laid the foundation of increased prosperity and growth for the company in the future."

That is a most important declaration, showing that what has proved a blessing to the whole Civil Service has also proved a benefit to the Company, which offered the most liberal terms for the business, and dispelling at once and for ever the notion that the Service was being unduly favoured by the terms agreed upon. While Civil Servants may congratulate themselves on being longer-lived than ordinary insurers, they have a perfect right to expect that their "better lives" shall be insured on better terms than those offered to the general public, and this is just what they have obtained at the hands of the North British Company. It is inconceivable that any young man entering the Service should delay, even for a single hour, joining this Society, and it would be an excellent thing if departments had the power, exercised by

banks and other large institutions, of *compelling* all new entrants to insure their lives, and so provide for those dependent on them, whether wife, mother, or sister.

It is satisfactory to learn that, before proceeding to formulate a scheme for a Widows' and Orphans' Fund which should be carried on by the Service wholly as a mutual society, the Committee deem it of essential importance to consider whether a scheme worked in combination with the North British and Mercantile Company could not be established to the mutual advantage of the Service and of the Company. The matter is at present before the Actuary of the Company, and a decision may be hoped for at an early date. There are probably some who consider that this question should have been settled before now, but a scheme of the kind is surrounded with difficulties, and only the utmost caution at the outset is likely to lead to success in the future. The basis of a great and wealthy Company is a safer thing to work on than a mere Service organisation, and it is just possible that the North British may not share the disinclination of Insurance Companies generally towards Annuity business—for that is really what a Widows' and Orphans' Fund would amount to. Failing some arrangement of this kind, it would be well for the Society to consider whether it could not assume the office of trustee for the widows of deceased insurers, and so prevent the squandering of the proceeds of life insurance which too frequently takes place from lack of sound advice, or from the too prolific advice of interested parties. The judicious investment of the proceeds of an insurance policy is the next best thing to an annuity, and the Society might help many a poor widow in this direction, provided it encouraged its members to nominate the Council as a trustee under the policy.

The Society is fortunate in being able to retain as its chairman Sir Ralph Knox, K.C.B., considering his increased official responsibilities as Assistant Financial Secretary at the War Office. Sir Ralph has been not simply the ornamental head of the Society since its formation, but its warm and generous and influential friend; and not less so has he been the friend of the sister Society, the Civil Service Benevolent Fund, of which he is also the Chairman. Nor should the services of Mr. F. H. McLeod, as Honorary Treasurer, and Messrs. S. J. Bennett and T. Brice, as Secretaries, be overlooked in connection with the Insurance Society, which, as has been pointed out, has entered upon the seventh year of its most successful career.

R. W. J.

Post Office Chess Club.

THE Post Office Chess Club has passed through the first half of the current chess season with a very fair amount of success. Considering the status of the clubs competing in the A Division of the London Chess League it was a daring venture to enter against them, but the members, in spite of losing every match, appear to be fully satisfied with the result. Several of the matches have been

closely contested, and the club would undoubtedly have occupied a place among the first half of the A clubs if all the chess-playing members of the Post Office had rallied to its support. Many of the players have expressed the hope that the Club will compete again next year in the A division, especially as it has this year defeated both the winners and the second club in last season's B Division. Mr. W. M. Gatha has led the team and played very well individually. Indeed, as a rule, the top men were very successful against their formidable opponents.

Considering that the London Chess League owes its formation to the Post Office players who brought forward the idea of an inter-club organisation, it is only natural that the Post Office club should maintain a prominent place in the League. The enthusiasm displayed alike by new members, and by many old ones who have rejoined this season, seems to promise such a result in the near future. Besides entering the A competition the club has been busily engaged in carrying on tournaments and competitions internally. A maiden tournament is in full swing, as is also a handicap tournament. Over twenty competitors are engaged in each of these.

On the 1st December a problem-solving competition was held, for which about a dozen competed. Being the first event of this nature ever held by the club, only two move problems were submitted, and the first place was obtained after a very close struggle by L. D. Waterhouse, who only defeated G. Felce by an extremely narrow margin.

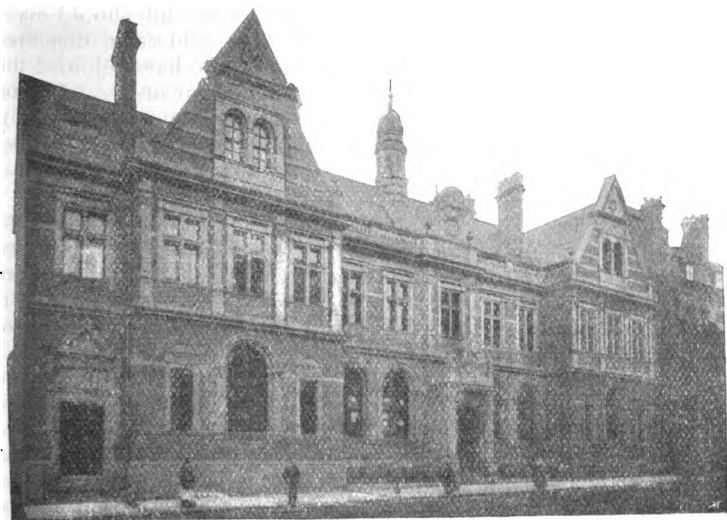
During January little chess playing is anticipated owing to the pressure of official duties, but the club will engage in numerous conflicts of a friendly nature during February and March. Communications have been received from Brighton and Hastings requesting fixtures to be arranged, and a match is to be played at Rochester on the 10th April. Another new feature of this season's programme is the institution of a championship tournament for which the more prominent players only were invited to enter, and which started immediately after the engagements in the League competition were concluded. This competition is expected to be very interesting, and by no means one of which the result can be foreshadowed with any degree of certainty.

Wolverhampton Post Office.

SO far back as 1753, Wolverhampton received a direct mail from London. In 1840 the town could boast of only one postman, Thomas Brindley by name, whose portrait, taken in the uniform of the time, excited considerable interest at the Penny Postage Jubilee Exhibition at the Guildhall in 1890. In 1847 the Post Office was in St. John's Street. Mr. Henry Barber Elwell was Postmaster, and his staff, a large one for that time, consisted of the following :—Clerks: G. Beatty, J. McCall, E. Owen, and J. Barlow; Letter Carriers: James Taylor, Sarah Spratt, J. Read, and E. Ward. The office was opened from 7 a.m. to 11.15

p.m. There were two deliveries on week-days, the first at 7 a.m. and the second at 3.30 p.m. In 1853 the office in St. John's Street was found too small to meet the growth of the Post Office business and more spacious premises were taken in Queen Street. In 1873 the present Crown Office, situated in Queen Street, was completed. At the time it was intended to provide accommodation in the building for the Inland Revenue officials, but with the introduction of the Telegraphs the idea was abandoned.

In the past few years the business of the Post Office has further increased, and so far back as 1889 steps were taken to provide additional accommodation. In 1895 a new Post Office was com-



THE WOLVERHAMPTON POST OFFICE.

menced in Princess Street on a site bought by the Department. The building is rapidly approaching completion, and it is hoped that the exodus from the old to the new premises will take place at the beginning of the year. The new Office is built in the French Renaissance style of architecture. It is a fine structure, and promises to be one of the imposing buildings of the town. It will be lighted by means of electric light, and will be fitted with the latest improvement in the way of heating and ventilation. The building will contain ample accommodation for all branches of Post Office work, including Telephone work, and there is room for extension as the business further develops. The illustration is from a photograph by Bennett Clarke, of Wolverhampton.

In 1847 there were nine Sub-Offices under Wolverhampton, at the present time there are forty-three. During the same period of time the staff has increased from nine to two hundred.

Registry, G.P.O.

EDWIN J. KEWLEY.

Exhibition of Pictures at the Glasgow Post Office.

ON Wednesday, the 7th October last, in one of the rooms of the building, an interesting exhibitions of paintings in oil and water colours, drawings in black and white, and photographs, all of them the work of officers of the Glasgow Post Office, was opened by Mr. F. Braid, the Postmaster. Mr. Braid congratulated the exhibitors upon the general excellence of their work and expressed gratification in the discovery that so many brother officers were devoting much of their leisure time to art studies. He believed such studies were an incentive to official duty, for nothing was more conducive to the maintenance of mental vigour than a change of occupation. Excellent though this exhibition undoubtedly was, he had no doubt that future ones would reveal progress in artistic development and an increase in the number of exhibitors. Mr. Peter Millar, Inspector of Postmen, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Braid, said that not only were they indebted to him for opening the exhibition, but they also had to thank him heartily for wisely encouraging the scheme and granting facilities for the display.

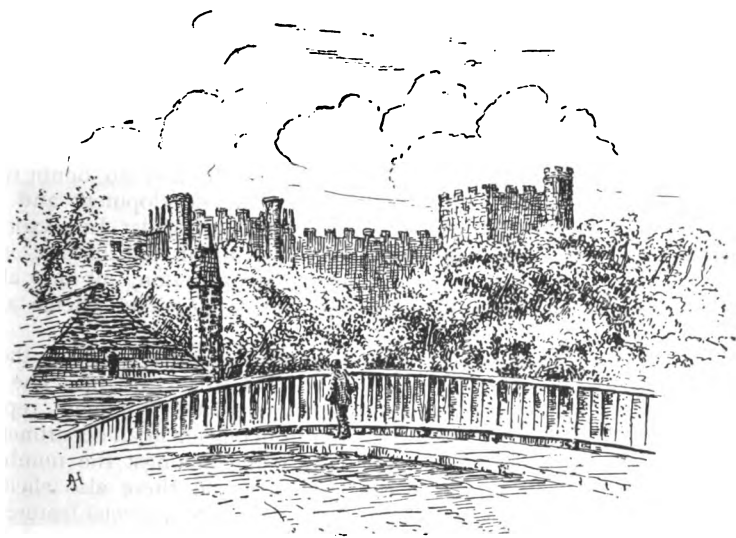
There were fully sixty pictures hung on the walls, many of them showing considerable manipulative skill and artistic insight. The oil paintings attracted much interest and appreciative comment, representative contributions being received from officers in all departments of the Glasgow office, one young lady being amongst the number. The exhibition was strong in water-colours; and these also elicited very favourable criticism. The photographs were a special feature of the gallery; and all the exhibitors in this section showed experience both in development and finish. The portraits of local celebrities were really excellent; the pictures of scenery indicated that summer holidays had been widely utilized to produce a varied and charming selection; and the photo-micrographs sent by one of the contributors were remarkably good. The studies in black and white were few but choice. Altogether, the exhibition was a successful one.

The Restoration of Arundel Castle.

ON the 15th September last, the Duke of Norfolk invited the contractors and workmen employed on the restoration of Arundel Castle to a repast, at which His Grace presided.

During the course of the proceedings, the Duke stated that when he undertook to restore what was one of the most ancient and historical buildings of this country, some of his friends regarded the scheme as a rather eccentric one. The building, however, was now completed and would be a lasting memento to the energy and skill of all who had taken part in the work. If the Castle was to be restored to the ancient type of our forefathers, it ought to be done well or not at all. He had had the impertinence to have it done thoroughly, and if it were possible that 100 years hence those who came after him should choose to deem it advisable to again restore, well, all he would say was that they would find that the present army

of workers had given them a hard nut to crack. He thanked them all sincerely for their energy and zeal. He further thanked them for the extremely kind feeling which they displayed on his being appointed Postmaster-General, by promptly sending to him a telegram of congratulation. It touched him very much indeed,



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

(From a sketch by Mr. A. J. Hewitt of the Savings Bank Department).

and no congratulation did he receive with greater pleasure than that which came from the employes engaged on the work of restoration of Arundel Castle. It showed him that they were not only piling stone upon stone, but that they felt an interest in the work and in him who had set it on foot.

Our Holidays.

WE reprint the following amusing and suggestive article, which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of the 21st December. We do not commit ourselves to agreement with all the statements of our contemporary, but we are much obliged for the very luminous suggestions which are offered to meet our grievances.

"The trouble about the holiday arrangements in the Post Office suggests a wide and fruitful range of questions, and the Duke of Norfolk might do worse than offer a prize to the Post Office staff for the best essay on the relative merits, for holiday purposes, of the various months of the year. Of course it is true, as the complaining clerks would doubtless say, that there is one obvious difference between December and July. The one has short days and they are mostly dark and dirty. The other has long days and there is a fair

average of sun. Yet this does not exhaust the matter. If a man always has his holiday in the same month of the year, his possibilities are woefully limited. For those who travel far afield—and with Mr. Cook's assistance even the most modest salaries can travel nowadays—it is pertinent to observe that the possible months for mountains, either in Switzerland or in Norway, are wondrous few. On the other hand, if the ambitious wanderer turns his fancies towards the South, these very months are impossible in Rome or Venice, and inadvisable even at Florence. The lover of botany will want to take his holiday in the miracle months of spring, when all things are full of the intoxicating joy of life. The man whose chief delight is to revive the wild frenzy of his savage ancestors, will find this but a mawkish time. He will, perhaps, choose the later months, when killing is the order of the day. Even December has its glory, especially if the ponds are frozen tight; and if the weary clerk is fortunate enough to find a rapid slope—at Davos or nearer home—where he or she can hurl themselves into yielding space on a toboggan, they are hardly to be pitied overmuch. Paris is a refuge at all seasons of the year; and even London, if we had only versatility enough to come as tourists to our own city, would give us endless entertainment in any month of the twelve, as it does indeed for many wayfarers of other lands. We are far from withholding our sympathy from the petitioning Post Office people. But until other plans are made, we would suggest that they might organize a sort of Toynbee Travellers' Club for making the best of whatever holidays they have.

“It is no doubt profoundly true that if everyone always had holiday at the same time, the situation would be very awkward. Even the extra congestion of hotels and lodgings is no small difficulty. Fancy the state of Margate, if a law were made that everyone who has holidays at all should have them between July 1 and Oct. 1. It is never desirable, as the Carpenter noted, that the butter should be “spread too thick.” Such a cast iron rule would never do, even in a Socialistic State. Probably, in those ideal days, the holidays will be distributed by ballot, and the hotels will keep open all the year round. But to make this fair, there must at least be compensations. May we suggest to our Post Office friends that there is an alternative? Why should they not insist that so long as any have their holiday in December they shall at least have the same number of hours of sunlight as their more fortunate comrades who departed in July? Even if the days were evened up according to the calendar, it would be hardly fair—for there is the weather average to be considered. But with a little aid from Greenwich Observatory the Duke of Norfolk could easily devise a very decent table of equivalents. If two days in December were decreed to be equal to one day in July, we fancy many folk would choose December on the whole. The world is so conservative in these common matters that we fear the idea is new. But as the emergency has arisen, we commend it to everyone concerned. Let a holiday be no longer reckoned in days, but in hours of probable sunlight.”

The Choice of Books.

MANY years ago the Postmaster of a little town in the West of England, who was also a bookseller and, what was not so uncommon in booksellers then as now, knew something about books, received a remarkable order from a new comer into the district. This good man having made a fortune as a railway contractor in the North of England, retired from business, bought a house and small estate, and settled down as a country gentleman. His house was furnished by upholsterers in the most approved style with the exception of the library bookshelves, whose yawning cavities reminded their owner that they ought to be filled. Unfortunately, he knew nothing about books himself, and had no friend he could consult, so for some time the problem how to fill the shelves remained unsolved. But one day a brilliant idea came into his head, and after measuring the shelves he drove into the little town and called at the Post Office. "You are a bookseller, Mr. A., I believe?" "Yes," answered the Postmaster. "Very well, I want you to fill up my library for me. I have sixty feet of shelving. I want ten feet of history, ten feet of novels, ten feet of poetry, ten feet of religion, ten feet of science, and ten feet of other sorts of books. I understand you know your business, and I leave the choice of the books to you." After some further talk the order was accepted, and executed to the owner's satisfaction, which was greatly increased when visitors to his house complimented him upon the judicious selection of books in his library.

Very Ludicrous!

IT is unsafe to believe statements simply because you have seen them in print, although there is usually a substratum of fact in the most extravagant newspaper paragraphs. The substratum appears to be absent, however, in the following paragraph, which appeared in *The People* for the 4th October last:—

"A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

"A telegraph operator at Hatfield was the cause of a ludicrous misunderstanding the other day. A resident raises bees. He sent to the nearest town for a queen bee, and received a telegram saying, 'The Queen will arrive at 3.40 this afternoon.' The operator, supposing it to refer to the Queen of England, could not keep such important news to himself, and so there was an immense crowd at the station when the bee arrived."

The postmaster's report on this paragraph is that "Nothing whatever is known of the occurrence. I have interviewed the station master and other railway officials, and all repudiate anything of the kind taking place at Hatfield." The surveyor's report is, "The ludicrous mistake seems to be a ludicrous invention."

“Memories of Merry Wakefield.”

THE above is the title of a book published by the late Mr. Henry Clarkson in 1887. The sub-title is “An Octogenarian’s Reminiscences.” Mr. Clarkson died a few months ago, aged 95. Mr. J. F. Walker of Wakefield, calls our attention to the following extract from the book :—

The Post Office in Wakefield has perhaps seen more changes than most buildings in the town; and if the old saying, that “Three removes are as bad as a fire” be true, its lot would have been a hard one. The earliest postmaster that I can recollect was a man of the name of Jonas Ward, and the post office was then in a yard in Northgate.

Jonas Ward was, in more senses than one, a man of letters; he had a great affection for the Latin tongue and was in the habit of enlightening his more ignorant neighbours as to the meaning of certain Latin phrases which liberally garnished his discourse. He used to ride an old mare, which he kept in a stable in the Cock and Swan Yard. The neighbours observed that his morning visits there grew more frequent, and on enquiry, it turned out that the mare was ill. On his leaving the stable one morning, he was accosted by an anxious enquirer as to how the mare was. Mr. Ward replied, “She’s Multum in Parvo.” “And, pray, what’s the meaning of that, Mr. Ward?” “Oh,” said Jonas, “it means *much the same*.” The next morning the neighbours exclaimed, “Now, Mr. Ward, how’s the mare to-day?” “Ah,” he said, with a very solemn face, “she’s semper eadem, which means *Warser and Warser*.” On the following morning, to an eager enquiry, the answer was, “Eh, lad! she’s Vivat Rex.” “And what’s *that*, Mr. Ward?” “She’s *Dead as a stone*!”

Notwithstanding his loss, Jonas still stuck to his letters, and the post office after that was removed into Wood Street, to a small semi-circular building of only a few yards area, which still exists at the north end of Messrs. Brown, Wilkin and Scott’s office, and the iron plate where the letters were put in, may yet be seen, bearing the date 1809; perhaps very few people in Wakefield are aware of this standing memorial of old times.

After this, the late Richard Nichols became postmaster, and the office was removed to a small building, now standing near the Church Institution and adjoining the Old Corn Exchange. It was again removed to a very inconvenient place at the back of the shop now occupied by Mr. Milnes, but then tenanted by Mr. Nichols; after whose failure, Mr. Rowland Hurst was appointed postmaster, and the office was again removed to the top of Westgate, where the Leeds and County Bank now stands. On the death of Mr. Hurst in 1863, the office saw yet another change, being removed into Wood Street, where it remained until the erection of the present building in Market Street in 1876.

"The Deep-Sea Cables."

THE wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops down from afar—
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-
snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,
Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables
creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of earth,
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat—
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth—
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things ; they have killed their father
Time ;

Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.
Hush ! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between : whispering, " Let us be one ! "

(From Rudyard Kipling's *The Seven Seas*.)

A Scudamore Telegram.

WHILST going over some old official papers at one of the
Falkirk sub-offices (writes Mr. D. MacPherson), I came
across a service telegram, written on flimsy, of which I forward you
a copy. The contents may be of interest to your readers, especially
in view of the vigorous and emphatic tone adopted by Mr.
Scudamore.

" London, 18th November, 1871.

" TO ALL TELEGRAPH STATIONS,—

" Mr. Scudamore wishes the following notice to be written large,
and hung up in every Telegraph Office, and the purport of it may be
communicated to any member of the Press seeking information on
this subject : ' I desire very earnestly as a real friend and brother
officer to warn you against putting faith in the conflicting and
exaggerated statements which are being transmitted to all parts of
the country with respect to the Telegraph Department.

" ' I beg you to put your trust in me as a man who has never
deserted his brother officers, and has no intention of doing so. Any
one that tells you the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Treasury
has even the faintest sign of hostility to you or has had any oppor-
tunity of doing so is a LIAR, and is merely seeking to lead you away
for some private advantage of his own.

" ' If you will have patience and confidence in me you will find
that you will be fairly dealt with. If I detect anyone engaged in
spreading false reports with a view to disaffection I will recommend
him for immediate and severe punishment, but anyone who adheres
loyally and faithfully to his work will find in me a firm friend.'

" (Signed) FRANK IVES SCUDAMORE."

The Retirement of Mr. Algernon Turnor, C.B.

THE Post Office has recently suffered a serious loss through the retirement in consequence of ill health of its Financial Secretary, Mr. Algernon Turnor, C.B.

Mr. Turnor was appointed to the Treasury in 1867. His earlier days were spent at Eton and Oxford. Born of an old and distinguished Lincolnshire family he grew up with a passion for hunting, which at a very early age won him renown, even in such famous hunting counties as Lincoln and Leicester, and he has ever since remained an enthusiastic follower of the hounds. On his entrance to the Treasury, however, he turned with energy to official work, and in 1874 he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield, then First Lord,



MR. ALGERNON TURNOR, C.B.

to be one of his private secretaries. He served in that position until almost the close of the Administration and accompanied his chief to the Congress of Berlin. In 1880, as a reward for faithful and brilliant service, he was appointed Financial Secretary to the Post Office on the promotion of Mr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Blackwood to be Secretary in succession to Sir John Tilley.

As Financial Secretary Mr. Turnor's special duty was to keep a watch on all Post Office expenditure, and to take care that it was strictly in accordance with Treasury authority. The office was created some years before in consequence of financial complications arising out of the transfer of the Telegraphs to the State, but, as these complications passed away, the Financial Secretary has found himself able to attend to wider and more important questions. The financial effects

of the developments of Post Office business, as well as the serious problems arising from the rapid growth of the Staff, have occupied an increasing share of Mr. Turnor's attention. In some case the duties of his office may have given to his attitude an aspect of severity, but he has never taken a narrow or illiberal view of his functions. On the contrary he has always recognised that, while ill-considered expenditure is to be avoided, a great service cannot be properly conducted by a badly organised and discontented staff. It is an open secret that it was on his initiative that the Committee was appointed whose report recommended the great and liberal changes in the conditions of employment of the Sorting and Telegraph Staffs embodied in what is known as "the Raikes Revision." Again at a later date it was chiefly due to his untiring efforts that the revision of the Secretary's office was completed after several years of fruitless discussion between the Post Office and the Treasury. In matters requiring bolder action, Mr. Turnor has also taken a leading part. During the sudden crisis of the Staff troubles of 1890, it was his prompt action chiefly that led to the severe measures which, though harsh and lamentable in themselves, he saw to be necessary to prevent the complete disorganisation of the Service. During his tenure of office, Mr. Turnor has seen many fluctuations in the Revenue which was his especial charge. The Parcel Post, Sixpenny Telegrams and the reduction in Foreign and Colonial Postage have all produced their cataclysms, and it must be a matter of great congratulation to him that after all he leaves the Revenue in a more flourishing condition than at any previous time.

Mr. Turnor will take with him into private life the good wishes of many colleagues, not of those only with whom he was more immediately associated, but also of many others who came to know him as a friend through his frequent presence at official gatherings, and we shall all send our New Year wishes for many years of health and happiness to him and to Lady Henrietta Turnor, to whom we also owe thanks for many kind offices graciously performed.

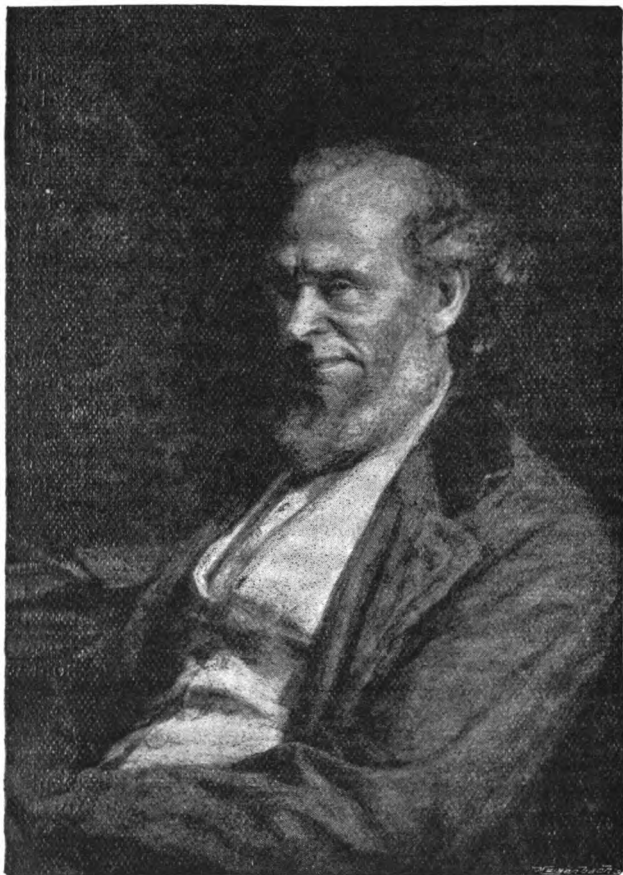
The Late Mr. Frederic Hill.

A GENERATION has elapsed since the retirement of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., from the Secretaryship of the Post Office and twenty years since his younger brother, Mr. Frederic Hill, gave up work as Fourth Secretary. Both have now passed away. On Tuesday, the 17th November, surviving his brother by seventeen years, Mr. Hill died at his house at Hampstead, in his 94th year; a highly useful and honourable life then coming to a tranquil close.

Mr. Hill had so recently published his Autobiography that there is little need to recapitulate on this page the claims, which it would be easy to make good, for writing of him as a meritorious and valuable public servant; although, as we remarked in our review of his book, the space devoted in that volume to Post Office matters and his own postal labours was very limited.

The explanation is, no doubt, twofold. First an account of what

the younger brother mainly accomplished is virtually merged in the biography of the older. Secondly, owing to divergencies of opinion in matters of policy, amongst the heads of the department, which dated even from Sir Rowland's time, and became more accentuated towards the close of Mr. Hill's service, qualified somewhat the



MR. FREDERIC HILL.

(Taken from a photograph of a life sized portrait of Mr. Hill, which was drawn in chalk by his daughter, Miss Ellen G. Hill, in 1874. The original picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy.)

pleasurable recollections which no doubt he would have desired to associate with twenty-two years of experience at St. Martin's-le-Grand. There was yet a flavour of the old Maberly *regime* hanging about the department until Sir Arthur Blackwood became full Secretary.

Of the value of Mr. Frederic Hill's labours, in bringing about reductions of heavy rates of postage to the Continent of Europe and

in diminishing the burden of the Packet Vote, there can be no question. Other conspicuous services were perhaps largely shared by his colleagues. Amongst his minor successes may be mentioned the establishment of the Post Office Guide, a revision of the Packet List (now known as the Post Office Circular), and the issue of the first Annual Report of the Postmaster General.

Mr. Hill's was one of the few original minds which shaped postal actions with vigour and a purpose in the period between 1854 and 1876. Somewhat reserved and silent, his views, at times in advance of the age, as expressed in minutes, did not always gain the suffrages of the seniors of the staff, nor always win over the Minister of the day. We believe, however, that Earl Canning, the Duke of Argyll (still living), and the Earl of Elgin were amongst the enlightened statesmen with whom Mr. Hill worked in close sympathy and accord and from whom he derived substantial support.

His services, as an Inspector of Prisons, are beyond the scope of this article; but we believe that, with the warm support of Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary, he laid the foundation of and largely carried out a new system of Prison Discipline—based on humane and far-seeing principles, which mitigated the horrors of some forms of imprisonment and told for the good of society, as well as for the reformation of the criminal. Indeed, a passion for the reform of abuses and for the triumph of every principle of humanity and justice marked Mr. Frederic Hill's life until its actual end.

The Founder of Post Office Savings Banks.

THE numerous readers of our Magazine in the Savings Bank Department, as well as others, will be pleased to have the opportunity, by means of the portrait we reproduce, of scanning the features of the man in whose brain the idea of Post Office Savings Banks originated, and to have an account of his efforts to found them.

His parents were natives of Huddersfield, and there Mr. Charles William Sikes was born in 1818. In 1825, a financial panic was so severely felt in that town that two years later the leading citizens resolved to found a Bank of their own, and the second Joint Stock Bank established in England, "The Huddersfield Banking Company," thus came into existence.

When 15 years old, Mr. Sikes entered the service of this Bank, of which Mr. H. Watt, a Perthshire man, was the manager. From him young Sikes heard of the provident habits of the Scotch peasantry, and of the fact that a Perth Bank, in which Mr. Watt had previously served, paid as much as £20,000 a year as interest on deposits varying from £10 to £200 each. After Mr. Sikes had become one of the cashiers of the Bank in 1837, he noticed that some working men, who had commenced depositing small sums, had increased them to fair amounts, by making small but regular additions. In contrast with these examples, the thriftlessness of the masses of the people had been painfully impressed upon him by

observation, and by the remarks of an employer of labour, who stated that during a previous period of high wages he could not induce his men to lay by a single penny for a rainy day.

About this time Mr. Sikes was reading Sumner's *Records of Creation*, and was strongly impressed with the following passage:—"The only true secret of assisting the poor is to make them agents in bettering their own condition." Mr. Sikes made these simple words the test to which he brought the theories he held; he thus became impressed with the conviction that, if habits of providence were to be cultivated, Savings Banks must be multiplied and kept open longer than a very few hours in each week. The direction in which he at first contemplated increasing the number of Savings Banks was by establishing Penny Banks in connection with



SIR C. W. SIKES.

Mechanics' Institutes, Schools, etc. He set forth his views in a letter to the *Leeds Mercury* in 1850, and in the same year founded one of these Banks in Huddersfield, which is still carried on in connection with the Technical School.

Four years later Mr. Sikes published a pamphlet, "Good Times, or the Savings Bank and the Fireside;" 49,000 copies of it were sold. In this pamphlet he wrote of the advantages of "Temperance," "Building and Investment Societies," "Life Insurance," "Savings Banks," and "Emigration." He afterwards tried to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis, to give a government guarantee for deposits in Trustees' Savings Banks, and thereby increase the confidence of the working classes in them. Sir G. C. Lewis having declined to give this guarantee, Mr. Sikes almost gave up the notion of endeavouring to make the Savings Banks "the

Banks of the people." Before he had, however, definitely abandoned the subject, the idea occurred to him that in the Money Order Office there was the very organisation which could be made the basis of a popular Savings Bank. He wrote to Mr. Edward Baines, M.P. for Leeds, about it, and Mr. Baines submitted the plan to Sir Rowland Hill, who replied that it was practicable and was likely to "prove highly useful to the public, and in some degree advantageous to the revenue."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Sikes printed his pamphlet, "Post Office Savings, a letter to the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer," in which he stated that there were 15 counties and 2,000 towns without a Savings Bank of any kind, and that where such Banks existed they were open for only four hours a month, or one or two hours a week. The aggregate receipts of Trustees' Savings Banks had not increased one per cent. per annum; in bright contrast to this stagnation he adverted to the surprising development of the Money Order department of the Post Office, and urged the adoption of it as a medium for saving, for thereby "you virtually bring the Savings Bank within less than *an hour's walk of the fireside* of every working man in the Kingdom." (The italics are Mr. Sikes's.)

The appeal to Mr. Gladstone was successful; he took up the scheme warmly and carried a Bill through Parliament to give it effect; to Mr. Scudamore and Mr. Chetwynd was entrusted the task of devising the Post Office machinery for working the scheme practically.

On September 16th, 1861, the business of the Post Office Savings Banks commenced in 300 towns, which were without a Savings Bank, and it appears from the Postmaster-General's last report, that at the close of 1895, the number of Post Office Savings Banks open was 11,518, the number of accounts open 6,453,597, and the amount standing to the credit of depositors £97,868,975. The significance of these figures as indicating the progress and increased social well-being of our people cannot be over-estimated; they justify the prediction Mr. Sikes made before the Social Science Association in 1860, that, "should the plan be carried out, it will do a glorious work."

The work is much more glorious than Mr. Sikes anticipated, inasmuch as he estimated the deposits would be £1,200,000 a year; whereas in 1895 they were £32,078,660. Sir Rowland Hill wrote that Mr. Sikes "never received, nor sought, any advantage for his admirable suggestions." An honour, however, came to him in 1881, for in that year Her Majesty, on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, conferred a knighthood upon him to the great gratification of Sir Charles's fellow townsmen.

Sir Charles W. Sikes was the first, and, until his death, the only Joint Stock Bank Manager who received the honour of knighthood. He lived until 1889 to enjoy it.

At his funeral the Postmaster of Huddersfield attended as the "representative of the Post Office," and was instructed to let it be known that he was present in that capacity.

Mr. John Hesketh.

A BRISBANE correspondent writes as follows:—Mr. John Hesketh, A.M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E., the newly-appointed electrical engineer for the Queensland Government, was born at Lytham, Lancashire. His professional career is wide and varied. In 1880 he joined the Postal Telegraph Service in the United Kingdom as combined messenger and operator, and was stationed at Lytham; three years later he was transferred to Newcastle as operator, and to the Testing Branch shortly afterwards. In 1887 he entered the engineering department under Mr. Heaviside, and obtained a full knowledge of the details of instrument and line construction, testing and maintenance; and of the various systems in use both for telegraphy and telephony. While in Newcastle he organised and taught technological classes in telegraphy, telephony,

**MR. JOHN HESKETH.**

and submarine mining. Leaving the engineering branch of the Postal Telegraphs in 1889, he joined the Electrical Supply Co., Newcastle, and only severed his connection with them when appointed electrical engineer to the Blackpool Corporation in 1892. During his occupancy of the latter position, Mr. Hesketh organised and carried out the whole of the electric lighting system (public and private) of the borough, and for a time had the working of the electrical tramways under his control. He also prepared a scheme to combine the tramway and lighting generating stations. In 1893, when the traction regulations of the Board of Trade were under consideration, he appeared on behalf of the Association of Municipal Corporations before the Council, being required to attend daily for consultation on various points of evidence.

Mr. Hesketh was chosen for his present position on the recommendation of Mr. W. H. Preece, the Engineer-in-Chief to the Postal Telegraph Service in England, out of seventy-five applicants from all

parts of the world; it is therefore unnecessary to say that he comes with excellent credentials. He was appointed in April, and arrived in Queensland in July of this year. The duties appertaining to the office are briefly: To advise the Department upon all matters connected with the telegraph, telephone, and cable systems, the purchase and testing of material, the introduction of new or improved methods of instruments, the training of officers, and generally of the economical working of the service. Also to advise the Government upon all questions relating to electric lighting and motive power. Mr. Hesketh was elected a Member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers in 1890, and an Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1895, having the honour of being proposed for the latter Society by Lord Kelvin.

Mr. E. R. Carter.

ON the 31st of October last, Mr. E. R. Carter retired from the postmastership of Southampton, after a service bordering upon forty-eight years. Like his old friends, Mr. Rich and Mr. Sampson, the late postmasters of Liverpool and Bristol, Mr. Carter commenced his official career at the Bristol Post Office. He was then a week or two more than seventeen years of age. On Mr. Sampson being appointed to the chief clerkship at Manchester, Mr. Carter succeeded him as chief clerk; and upon the retirement of the late T. Todd Walton in 1870, he was during several months acting postmaster at Bristol. Subsequently he served in the same capacity at Exeter, where the late Mr. Teesdale had been postmaster for many years. In June 1872, he received the appointment of postmaster of Northampton, where he remained until appointed postmaster of Southampton in September 1889.

Mr. Carter's successful administration at Southampton has been highly appreciated, as shown by the recent reports in the local press and by the handsome addresses and farewell gifts of which he has lately been the recipient. The corporation of Southampton passed a gratifying resolution; and on the 26th November, the Chamber of Commerce presented him with an illuminated address in album form. On the following day the staff, at a complimentary dinner which was largely attended, handed to him, through the medium of Mr. Rushton, the Surveyor of the district, a silver tea and coffee service on a polished oak tray, a very handsome study table, and an illuminated address in a casket.

Mr. Carter's portrait appeared in Vol. III. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, p. 208. We wish him good fortune and happiness in his well-earned rest.

The late Mr. Wight.

IT is with sincere regret that we record the death, on the 7th of December last, of the Postmaster of Birmingham, Mr. J. F. Wight. Mr. Wight's illness was a very rapid one. Only nine days before his decease he had been a guest at the Devonians' dinner in

Birmingham, and had delivered one of those charming little after-dinner speeches concerning the local postal work which he had the knack of so happily suiting to occasions of the kind. On Tuesday, the 1st December, he was seized with a shivering fit, and his condition was found to be so serious that he was at once removed to his rooms at the Grand Hotel. Symptoms of pneumonia rapidly developed, and internal complications ensued; but on Saturday morning he was slightly better, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. Later in the day a serious relapse occurred, and he gradually became worse, until death took place in the early hours of Monday morning.

Mr. Wight was the son of Dr. Robert Wight, F.R.S., who held an appointment in the India Company's Medical Service, and attained considerable renown as a botanist. Born in Madras in 1839, the late postmaster came to England in 1848, and after a period of 11 years paid a visit to America, remaining there for about 18 months. Upon his return he entered a house of business, and in 1862 obtained an appointment in the Money Order Office, London. Here, Mr. Wight's zeal and business aptitude stood him in good stead, for in 1871 he was appointed head of the issuing and payment department, a position which he filled with credit till 1888, when, in accordance with a scheme of rearrangement, the office was removed and the work distributed. His appointment as Postmaster of the Western Central District of London followed, and he remained there until the retirement of Mr. Walliker occasioned a vacancy at Birmingham. Mr. Wight had control of the Birmingham Post Office for little more than five years, but in this comparatively short period he gave ample evidence of his capacity for the duties of the responsible position.

For some time previous to his appointment to Birmingham he had been a member of the Committee of the Civil Service Supply Association. While connected with the Association he became a Director of the Civil Service Bread Company, and the wrath of the shareholders of the Association at what appeared to them conduct opposed to their interests, forced him to retire from his position on the Stores, in which he had done good service.

Apart from purely postal work, Mr. Wight displayed a keen interest in several branches of scientific research. He was a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society, and was formerly a member of the Quekett Microscopical Society, and of the South London Natural History Society. His papers before those institutions indicated a special and intelligent study of the subjects dealt with.

A portrait of Mr. Wight appeared in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, Vol. II., p. 313.

The Queen's Telegraphist.

R. W. J. writes: Readers of the paragraph under this heading in the July number of the Magazine, will be interested to know that Her Majesty has caused to be erected in Whippingham Churchyard a Portland stone cross, with carved arms connected by a perforated wheel, to the memory of Mr. George Warren, who for upwards of thirty years acted as Telegraphist at the various Royal residences

in England, as well as at Balmoral. The inscription on the memorial is as follows: "Erected by Queen Victoria as a mark of regard, and in remembrance of George Warren, for his faithful and zealous service, who was for thirty-four years Telegraphist to Her Majesty. 'Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.'" This is one of those graceful acts which endear Her Majesty to all classes of her subjects, and to none more than those who have the honour to serve her personally.

Two Post Office Veterans.

MR. JOHN SARGINSON, at one time a rural postman, but who has for the last fourteen years received a pension, died on the 29th September. He was seventy-eight years of age. From a quaintly-worded obituary notice in the *Ulverston Advertiser* we learn that "he was called to the appointment as messenger on the 1st of April, 1847, through the agency of Mr. Anthony Trollope, who then held the position of postmaster at Penrith. Subsequently Mr. Sarginson fell in with Mr. Stephen Souby, and contributed articles to the *Ulverston Advertiser* from its establishment. Long after paralysis seized him and prevented his use of the pen, he took great pleasure in making others his medium. He was a man of scientific and literary tastes; he had a large and charitable heart, malice was entirely lost upon him, his views were very broad, he had many sides in his character, and could view failings from many points, which was sufficient to give anyone zeal to do their best. He was rather known from his silence than from voice, and being blessed with a thorough education, his pen was his delight. He wrote upon different subjects, lively, pathetic, short stanzas, verses, and eventually sent up long continued tales of scenes he had witnessed in Penrith to the *Penrith Observer*."

The postmistress of Ulverston writes that "his walk was from Greenodd to Water Park on the shore of Coniston Lake. For thirty-five years he walked sixteen miles a day and never took a whole day's holiday (except on Sundays), not even the day he was married nor the day of his wife's funeral, though of course he attended both. He was rather clever and wrote for the papers."

* * * *

Richard Smith, an old rural postman, who had been pensioned for thirty years, recently died in the village of Cholsey in Berkshire, at the age of eighty-four. He had, perhaps, the unique experience of living for some years after his son had been pensioned from the same position in the service. The elder Smith joined the service fifty-six years ago, and like most of the rural postmen in those days had a heavy walk, which was considerably increased by the circumstance that he lived more than two miles away from his starting point and thus gave himself an additional walk of nearly five miles daily. Smith, who was much respected by the people in the villages of Cholsey, Aston Tirrold, Blewbury, and Upton, at which places he delivered, walked in his early days, it is computed, nearly ten thousand miles every year.

Wallingford.

C. H. H.

Captain George Campbell.

CAPTAIN George Campbell of the Stranraer and Larne Mail Steamer "Princess May," whose adventures during the great snow-storm of 1895 have been alluded to in a former number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, has followed the sea since 1842, and is understood to have been longer in command of Channel steamers than any other captain afloat at the present day. He is proud of his record of immunity from disastrous accidents, and of never having lost a life, or cost the underwriters a penny by mishaps caused by errors of judgment or the neglect of necessary precautions in the management of vessels under his charge. In the heyday of his career he roamed the seas in many kinds of craft, and with ship-mates of all colours



CAPTAIN CAMPBELL.

and nationalities. He took command of his first steam-vessel in '53, and in this presumably "noble" ship he astonished the natives of Galloway, and the "adjacent islands," by defying wind and tide, at a time in the history of shipping when the coasting trade was principally carried on by sailing vessels. An exciting period in his life occurred in '54-'55, when he commanded a Black Sea transport during the Crimean war. Two years later he was back in Scotland sailing the ancient "Briton," a steam-ship which plied between Stranraer and Larne. He is now captain of one of the finest mail steamers engaged in the channel trade, and so popular is he with the travelling public that a few years ago he was presented with a silver service by a number of his friends. Notwithstanding that he is in his 69th year, he is still going "full speed a head" and his weather eye is undimmed.

J. B. H.

A Notable Journalist.

MR. W. S. MACKIE, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and well known to Telegraph men of the early days, passed away in a painfully sudden manner about the middle of November last. He had seen the paper to press about two o'clock in the morning, and within a few hours, having retired to rest in the meantime, he died from failure of the heart's action. Mr. Mackie was a notable man in many ways. He commenced his journalistic career on the *Scotsman* under its famous editor, the late Alexander Russel; and about thirty years ago he became connected with the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, then under the editorship of the late Alexander Ireland. As a reporter he was probably the smartest man on the Press at that time; and as the organizer of a reporting corps he was unequalled, in the North of England at all events. The Special Telegraph Staff of the early days always beamed with satisfaction when it was known that Mackie was at the head of affairs, for it meant that the "copy" would be both early and readable. But Mr. Mackie was something more than a reporter: he was a first-rate dramatic and art critic, and his descriptive writing was the envy and despair of many of his colleagues. One of his greatest feats was his description of the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral for the recovery of the Prince of Wales—an occasion which the present writer remembers well from his connection with the special telegraphic arrangements within the Cathedral. Mr. Mackie had been editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, as well as the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, and two of his brothers are editors of important journals in the North of England. Although he had only occupied his new and important position on the *Leeds Mercury* for the brief period of five weeks, he had already given evidence of sustained if not increased powers, and had endeared himself to his new colleagues in a very especial manner. He was, as the present writer recalls with melancholy pleasure, one of the most genial and gentle of creatures, and his generousness was proverbial amongst all classes of pressmen. It is doubtful, indeed, whether a more popular man was to be found in the profession to which he belonged than William Syme Mackie—"Willie Mackie," as he was affectionately called by his colleagues and friends.

R. W. J.

Mrs. J. Davie.

MRS. J. DAVIE, who has completed 50 years of service as sub-postmistress of Tedburn-St.-Mary (Exeter), was recently presented with an arm-chair, bearing a silver plate suitably inscribed, and a purse of gold as a memento of her Jubilee and in token of the general appreciation of her public services. The presentation was made by the Vicar's wife on behalf of the parishioners and friends. Mrs. Davie has preserved an instruction issued to her on the 24th

July, 1848, written on half a sheet of note paper, which runs as follows—

"To the Receiver of Letters, Taphouse.

"On and after the 25th inst., the night Falmouth mail will reach your office on the down journey about two hours later than at present. On the up journey it will reach your office three hours earlier than at present. I request you, therefore, to be prepared accordingly.

"(Signed) RICKARD

"for Postmaster.

"Exeter, July 24, '48."



MRS. DAVIE.

Tedburn-St.-Mary was formerly known as Taphouse, and at the time Mrs. Davie took office the salary was £2 2s. per annum, which had to be fetched quarterly from Exeter, a distance of 7 miles. The mails were received in locked bags at 5 a.m. "Paid" letters were so marked with red ink and the cash received for these letters was sent to Exeter.

In addition to her duties as postmistress, Mrs. Davie has been an assistant overseer of the parish for a number of years and has grappled well with the new duties imposed by the Parish Councils Acts. Our best wishes go out to Mrs. Davie for continued health and happiness.

H. R. G.

"Sperabene."

THE following is a communication from Mr. S. Court, and we reprint it in full. Mr. Court's alias "Sperabene" is not unknown to the readers of *St. Martins-le-Grand*, and we are always pleased to hear from him. In the September number of a small

publication entitled *The Derby Young Men*, there is a short biographical notice and portrait of Mr. Court and from it we learn that although he is no longer in the service of the Department, he is as active as ever. "When I became too old for the post office, they sent me to the Young Men's Christian Association," are his own words, and we commend the spirit which underlies such activity to those many officers who during a very busy official life have cultivated no resources, other than official, wherewith to soften the blow of retirement, when it ultimately falls upon them.

DERBY,

16th October, 1896.

DEAR MR. BENNETT,

Will you allow me to point out a slight inaccuracy in Mr. Johnston's capital article on "Early Post Office Days" in the October number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. On page 439, he states that my little ballad, "The Hull Postmaster," was illustrated by Mr. Augustus Forrest. This is a mistake. The drawings were made at my request by my friend, Mr. Hubert Bensted of Maidstone. This gentleman is not a post office man, and had never seen either the Hull Post Office, the Docks Office, or their "Master"; all he had to guide him being a very small photograph of Mr. Walliker's head. With such slender materials he succeeded I think—do not you?—in giving us an admirable portrait in uniform of our dear old friend.

I do not know whether you will care for any of the accompanying scraps as contributions to join *St. Martin's* "Letter Bag."

* * * *

Postmasters require a good deal of tact in dealing with "the British Public"; as the kind of treatment suitable for one class of applicant or complainant might not be suitable for another.

The late lamented, A.S., a Counter Clerk in a Provincial Office, was perhaps the most assiduous and faithful servant Her Majesty ever had. But he was not a particular favourite with the public, especially with ladies. For one thing, he was not very good looking, he had a sharp and strident voice, and was an inexorable adherent to official rule.

One day a lady—a personal friend of the postmaster—complained that she had been very badly treated by this clerk, insulted in fact. She had presented a Savings Bank Warrant for payment, and he had not only flatly refused to pay her, but had told her she was not herself, although he must have known her perfectly well. "How's this, S.?" said the postmaster, "Mrs. — says you refused to cash her Savings Bank Warrant, though she presented it herself." "Oh" said S., "it was not Mrs. —; it was one of the Miss —s."

The postmaster thereupon wrote to the complainant as follows:—Dear Mrs. —, I am extremely sorry that my clerk put you to inconvenience by declining to cash your savings bank warrant, but

the fact is you looked so extremely young that he mistook you for your daughter."

Needless to say, there was no further complaint.

* * * *

On another occasion a "commercial" man rushed into the same postmaster's private room without knocking, sat on the table with his hat on his head, poured forth a torrent of abuse about some fancied irregularity, and wound up by saying he was going to London the next day and would see the Postmaster-General himself.

The postmaster calmly replied, "Very well, sir; but will you permit me to offer you one word of advice? Before entering his lordship's room, knock at the door, and, when you go in, take off your hat, and do not sit on the table."

In that case also there was no further complaint. In fact, the gentlemanly complainant was never seen or heard of more.

* * * *

It is well known that when clerks or other officials, attached to a provincial office, are lent to some other office for special duty, they receive, in addition to their salaries, a certain sum *per diem* for "maintenance," in other words for food.

On one occasion a telegraphist and a full-sized telegraph messenger had been told off for duty of this kind. But the messenger found to his dismay that his "maintenance" money was only half as much as the clerk's, and he begged the postmaster of his own office to try to get him an increase. The postmaster reported:—"The boy assures me he can eat as much as a man, and I have no reason to doubt his voracity."

This had the desired effect.

S. COURT.

"Many Cargoes."*

THIS is the title of a book by Mr. W. W. Jacobs of the Savings Bank Department, and it describes a collection of short stories which have appeared in the pages of *To-Day* and *The Idler*. Mr. Jacobs possesses humour, and a fine sense for effective and dramatic situations. His imagination revels in the opportunities which life on smacks, barges, and such small craft provide for the student of human nature. The gravest fault we have to find with the book is that there is so little variety in the "cargoes," and that consequently before one has put down the volume one is a little weary both of the author's methods and of his models. By themselves in the pages of the journals in which they appeared, many of the stories were read by us with amusement and interest, but now that we turn to them again it is with a slight sense of disappointment. But this we readily admit may be due to our own want of sympathy with the lives Mr. Jacobs describes, and a collection of stories of the love adventures of curates

* *Many Cargoes*, by W. W. JACOBS. Price 3/6. Laurence & Bullen, Limited, 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 1896.

or principal clerks would be equally unacceptable to us even though the author were Q. or Rudyard Kipling. The moral of our criticism is to read *Many Cargoes* but to make a separate voyage with each vessel. In that case you will always be amused, sometimes delighted, and here and there charmed. We liked "The Skipper of the Osprey" and "In Borrowed Plumes" especially, and we are quite sure that Mr. Jacobs has the stuff of the story-teller in him and will speedily make a position for himself in his art.

Odds and Ends.

MR. SPENCER WALPOLE, Secretary of the Post Office, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, Assistant Secretary and Controller of Packet Services, and Mr. C. A. King, Chief Examiner, R. & A.G.O., will be the British delegates at the forthcoming Congress of the Universal Postal Union, which is to be opened at Washington in May next. Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the Secretary's Office, will act as secretary to the delegation.

* * *

IN the *Weekly Times and Echo*, in one of the many paragraphs which have lately appeared in the newspapers respecting the "Savings Bank Postal Order" scheme, we read that one of the reasons why the new system should be adopted is that the author, "Mr. Lupton, is an old Post Office servant and had no small share in the work which Mr. Frank Ives Scudamore and Mr. Baines did to establish the Post Office Savings Bank, and transfer the telegraphs to the nation, and his long inside experience is a sufficient guarantee of the necessity for the improvement he suggests." We do not know whether any Post Office men will be found to dispute these words, but for ourselves we are getting rather weary of reading in the many obituary and retiring notices which come in our way, whether they relate to principal clerks, postmasters, chief clerks, or postmen (provided they were on duty in the sixties and seventies), "that they had no small share" in establishing everything which was "going" at the time. If we believed all that we read in print there would be little glory left for Mr. Scudamore or Mr. Baines.

* * *

NATAL. We have received two Christmas cards, one from the Durban Post Office and the other from Mr. J. B. Surgeson, Postmaster, Dundee, and we congratulate Natal on the very unofficial character of its cards. In both instances "Natal's New Woman" is represented, accompanied by her bicycle, and we should have much liked to reproduce the cards for the benefit of our readers had these particular New Women exhibited some indication in the shape, say of a uniform, that they were in any way connected with the Post Office.

THE United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Benevolent Society holds its meeting in London this year, and we understand that a Reception Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. C. C. Sutch, has already been elected to arrange the proceedings. It is anticipated that, in view of the fact that all the world will be rejoicing in June next over the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's Accession, the gathering of the delegates will be a record one. Mr. H. Ogden, of the Postal Stores Department, is the Secretary to the Reception Committee.

* * *

THE late Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen was engaged with Mr. Russell Gurney in codifying the law of homicide, and drafted a bill on the subject. He then went to stay with J. A. Froude in a remote corner of Wales, and, wishing to refer to the draft, telegraphed to the Recorder of London:—"Send Homicide Bill." The Post Office clerk to whom this message was handed declined to transmit it. If not a coarse practical joke, he thought it was a request to forward into that peaceful region a wretch whose nickname was too clearly significant of his bloodthirsty propensities.

* * *

AN Aberystwith postman has managed to deliver to the proper person an important letter bearing the address, "Mrs. —, Wearing a Large Bear Boa, Violet Flowers in Bonnet; Promenade (mornings); Aberystwith." The letter was from the lady's son, who had mislaid her seaside holiday address.

* * *

AN indignant member of the public, complaining of the loss of articles sent by him in parcels to Persia, writes as follows: "The Parcel Post Service was evidently established in Persia with the object of providing the officials of that country with food and clothing. The only articles which appear to reach their destinations are the publications of the Religious Tract Society."

* * *

THE following curious story of a missing cheque was reported to the *Bristol Mercury* from the post office of that town: Some days ago a letter containing a cheque for upwards of £300 was posted to a gentleman's business address in the city, and although there was proof that it was delivered the same evening, the addressee complained that the important missive had not reached him. Subsequently, however, it occurred to him that as his business premises were infested with rats, and as everything put through the aperture in the door, in the absence of a letter-box, dropped to the floor, the postal authorities might not, after all, be responsible for the strange disappearance of the letter. A search which he instituted was completely successful. On looking behind a corn-bin he discovered, to



G. W. COLLINSON.
(Sunderland.)



C. E. NEVISON.
(Darlington.)



E. J. ARSCOTT.
(Cambridge.)



J. PEACH.
(Derby.)



J. G. RAITT.
(Dundee.)



E. A. LUGG.
(Portsmouth.)



L. S. LUGG.
(Southampton.)

SOME CHIEF CLERKS.

[To face page 110.]

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his astonishment, two huge rats actually fighting for the possession of a dust-besmeared envelope, which, on being opened, was found to be none other than the one that contained the cheque.

* * *

A SCOTCH Joke.—A certain Galloway farmer, whose house stands back a good 500 yards from the nearest road, has a letter box affixed close to the roadway for the convenience of the postman. On one occasion last winter a postman, with letters for the farmer, noticed that snow had drifted into the box. Realizing that the letters would speedily become saturated, he dropped them into the receptacle, hurried to the farmhouse and told the addressee that his correspondence had been left in its proper place, but that he should send for it at once or it would "get a' wat." Thus did he ease his own conscience and adhere closely to the regulations.

* * *

FROM the published notices of intended applications to Parliament in the ensuing Session, it may be noted that the Post Office Savings Bank Department seek to acquire "Wardrobe Place," in the parish of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, in the City of London. A correspondent writing to the *Times* in protest of this action says:—The house formerly standing upon the site of the present Wardrobe Place was built by Sir John Beauchamp some years before he died in 1359, and his executors sold it to Edward III., and it was subsequently converted into the office of the Master of the Wardrobe and the repository for the Royal clothes. When Stow wrote his *Survey of London* Sir John Fortescue was lodged in this house as Master of the Wardrobe. Fuller also writes—"In this place were kept the ancient clothes of our English kings, which they wore on great festivals, so that this wardrobe was in effect a library for antiquaries therein to read the mode and fashion of garments in all ages." King James, in the beginning of his reign, gave these ancient clothes to the Earl of Dunbar, by whom they were sold and re-sold, some gaining vast estates thereby. The house was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and the wardrobe was then removed to the Savoy, and afterwards to Buckingham Street in the Strand. The last master was Ralph, Duke of Montague, on whose death in 1700 the office, writes Cunningham, was abolished.

The Post Office authorities have already demolished and built over the ancient site of the Old Bell Inn in Carter Lane, which had an historical interest, as it was to this inn Richard Quynay in 1598 directs a letter, "To my loving good friend and countryman Mr. Wm. Shakespeare." This is the only letter known to exist addressed to Shakespeare, and the original, I believe, is in the possession of Mr. R. B. Wheeler, of Stratford-on-Avon.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Secretary's O.	Ching, S. J. ...	2nd Cl. Clk., Supply. Est.	Clk., L. Div., R.A.G.O., '86; Clk., S.O., '94
" "	James, F. E. ...	" "	Boy Clk., S.B., '86; Clk., L. Div., Met. Police Courts, Dublin, '89; R.A.G.O., '91; Clk., S.O., '94
" "	Parsons, A. A. ...	3rd Cl. Clk., Supply. Est.	Clk., 2nd Div., R.A.G.O., '92
" "	Mack, T. E. ...	" "	S.C., Leeds, '94; Jnr. Examr. C. of S.O., '95
" "	Alexandre, J. P. ...	" "	S.C. & T., Jersey, '92
Surveyor's O.	Maddan, J. G. ...	Surveyor's Clk. ...	2nd Div. Clk., Admiralty, '92; R.A.G.O., G.P.O., '92
R.L.O. ...	Comyns, P. J. ...	Prin. Clk. ...	1851; 1st Cl. Clk., '67
" ...	Berry, W. W. ...	1st Cl. Examr. ...	1858; R.L.O., '67; Clk., '89; 2nd Cl. Examr., '92
" ...	Hart, S. R. ...	" "	Copyist, '75; S.O., G.P.O., '83; Clk., L. Div., '88; R.L.O., '89; 2nd Cl. Examr., '92
" ...	Brooks, R. E. ...	2nd Cl. Examr. ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '86; Clk., 2nd Div., R.A.G.O., '90; R.L.O., '92
" ...	Green, W. G. ...	" "	Boy Clk., S.B., '86; Clk., 2nd Div., R.A.G.O., '90; R.L.O., '92
" ...	Chalk, A. K. ...	" "	Boy Clk., M.O.O., '89; Clk., 2nd Div., M.O.O., '91; R.L.O., '92
" ...	Crawford, R. W. ...	Clk. ...	2nd Div. Clk., M.O.O., '93
" ...	King, T. H. ...	" "	2nd Div. Clk., R.A.G.O., '93
" ...	Challen, W. ...	Senr. Asst. ...	1867; 1st Cl. Asst., '81
" ...	Taylor, E. ...	" "	1866; 1st Cl. Asst., '81
" ...	Taylor, W. P. ...	" "	1867; 1st Cl. Asst., '81
" ...	Gandon, W. H. ...	" "	1870; 1st Cl. Asst., '84
" ...	Crosby, W. E. ...	1st Cl. Asst. ...	1872; 2nd Cl. Asst., '85
" ...	Adcock, A. F. ...	" "	1872; 2nd Cl. Asst., '85
" ...	Johnson, W. ...	" "	1870; 2nd Cl. Asst., '85
" ...	Slade, W. S. T. ...	" "	1879; 2nd Cl. Asst., '86
" ...	Rich, C. I. ...	" "	1871; 2nd Cl. Asst., '86
C.T.O. ...	Jones, D. G. ...	Senr. Tel. ...	1874; 1st Cl., '86
" ...	Jeffries, H. ...	" "	1874; 1st Cl., '86
" ...	Blandford, H. B. ...	" "	Sub. Tel. Co.—G.P.O., '80

PROMOTIONS.

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OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C.T.O. ...	Bennell, A. C. P.	1st Cl. Tel. ...	2nd Cl., '83
" ...	Pemberton, G. J.	" ...	2nd Cl., '83
" ...	Peapell, W. C. ...	" ...	2nd Cl., '83
" ...	Meyer, W. F. ...	" ...	Sub. Tel. Co.—G.P.O., '89
" ...	Beechey, W. H. T.	" ...	Sub. Tel. Co.—G.P.O., '89
" ...	Miss E. E. Morrison	Asst. Super. (Hr. Scale)	E. T. Co., '65; Asst. Super. (Lr. Scale), '85
" ...	Miss M. Hobbs..	Asst. Super. (Lr. Scale)	1870; 1st Cl. Tel., '83
" ...	" S. C. Young	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
" ...	" E. P. Rihll..	" ...	1884
" ...	" A. M. Pugh.	" ...	1884
" ...	" M. J. Morden	" ...	1884
E. in C.O. ...	Irvine, J. M. ...	1st Cl. Engr.	U.K.T.Co., '69; Tel., Peterhead, '70; Edin., '72; Insp., E. in C.O., '86
" ...	Ding, G. T. ...	"	E. T. Co., '65; E. in C.O., '70; Insp., '87
" ...	Cawood, S. D....	2nd Cl. Engr.	Tel., Glasgow, '84; E. in C.O., '88
" ...	Bennett, H. W.	"	Tel., Nottingham, '85; E. in C.O., '88
" ...	Elliott, J. R. M.	"	Tel., Newc.-on-Tyne, '85; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '91
" ...	Wilson, H. ...	"	Tel., Newc.-on-Tyne, '82; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" ...	Medlyn, W. J....	"	Tel., Cardiff, '88; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" ...	Whitehead, J. ...	"	Tel., Liverpool, '82; Relay Clk., E. in C.O., '92
" ...	Chapman, C. H.	"	Tel., T.S., '82; Sub. Engr., '92
" ...	Taylor, J. E. ...	"	Tel., T.S., '88; Sub. Engr., '92
" ...	Barber, J. W. ...	"	S.C. & T., Stockton-on-Tees, '77; E. in C.O., '91
" ...	Callender, R. W.	Sub. Engr. ...	Tel., T.S., '82; 1st Cl., '94
" ...	Stanhope, J. H.	"	Tel., Leeds, '80; 1st Cl., '92
" ...	Gilpin, G. E. ...	"	Tel., Bradford, Yorks, '75; 1st Cl., '92
" ...	Sirett, C. J. ...	"	S.C. & T., Manchester, '82; 1st Cl., '96
" ...	Kennedy, D. H.	"	Tel., Newc.-on-Tyne, '85; Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95
" ...	Herbert, T. E....	"	Tel., Manchester, '91; Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E in C.O. ...	Shaughnessy, E. H.	Sub. Engr.	Tel., T.S., '87.
" ...	Martin, A. W....	"	Tel., T.S., '91
" ...	Price, J. P. ...	"	S. C. & T., Chester, '85
" ...	Bailey, W. J. ...	"	1885; Tel., E.C., '85; T.S., '85
" ...	Nichols, A. R....	"	Tel., T.S., '85
E. in C.O. ...	Harriss, E. ...	"	Tel., T.S., '86
" ...	Gillespie, J. T....	"	Tel., T.S., '88
" ...	Nimmo, R.	"	Tel., T.S., '89
" ...	Kettle, H. ...	"	Tel., T.S., '89
" ...	Stevenson, W....	"	Tel., T.S., '89
" ...	Stubbs, W. J....	"	Tel., Preston, '88; 2nd Cl. Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '96
" ...	Callagin, J. ...	"	Tel., Manchester, '82; 1st Cl. T., '96
" ...	Bottomley, A. ...	Senr. Clk.	S.C. & T., Ashton-under- Lyne, '74; E. in C.O., '86
" ...	Smyth, R. S. ...	"	Tel., Londonderry, '86; E. in C.O., '89
" ...	Black, R. H. ...	"	Tel., Edin., '85; E. in C.O., '91
" ...	Hammond, E. J.	1st Cl. Jnr. Clk. ...	Tel., Shrewsbury, '87; E. in C.O., '94
" ...	Tinsley, W. S....	"	Tel., Hull, '85; E. in C.O., '94
" ...	Constable, A. W.	"	Tel., Manchester, '85; E. in C.O., '95
" ...	Dickson, J. ...	"	Tel., Glasgow, '85; E. in C.O., '95
" ...	Freeman, F. ...	Jnr. Clk. (Lon.) ...	Tel., T.S., '87
" ...	Kerr, W. H. ...	2nd Cl. Jnr. Clk. ...	Tel., Edin., '89
" ...	Hook, G. H. J.	"	Tel., T.S., '89
" ...	Hill, J. G. ...	"	S.C. & T., Sheffield, '82
" ...	Billingham, G. W.	"	S.C. & T., B'ham, '84
" ...	Bell, W. P. ...	"	S.C. & T., Coatbridge, '84
" ...	McMorrough, F.	"	S.C. & T., Sheerness, '84; Liverpool, '89
" ...	I'Anson, R. ...	"	S.C. & T., Manchester, '85
" ...	Bannister, G. W.	"	S.C. & T., Manchester, '85
" ...	McFarlane, F.W.	"	S.C. & T., Hull, '86
" ...	Kemp, H....	"	S.C. & T., Manchester, '87
" ...	Wise, F. H. ...	"	S.C. & T., Tipton, '89 Reading, '89
" ...	Whillis, C. ...	"	S.C. & T., Newc.-on- Tyne, '89
" ...	Graham, H. B....	"	S.C. & T., Leeds, '89
" ...	Davis, F. W. ...	"	S.C. & T., Weymouth, '91; Peterboro', '92
" ...	Gomersall, E. ...	"	S.C. & T., Leeds, '93

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O. ...	Wakefield, J. H. M.	2nd Cl. Jnr. Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Leeds, '93
" ...	Andrews, J. R. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newc.-on-Tyne, '85
" ...	Giffen, A. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Glasgow, '86
" ...	Gardner, A. W.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Stockton-on-Tees, '87
" ...	Upton, S. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Grimsby, '87
" ...	Twells, W. E. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Derby, '92
" ...	Roberts, J. J. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Cork, '92
" ...	Fraser, J. ...	Relay Clk. (Lr. Sec.)	Tel., Aberdeen, '77; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	Wilson, J. G. ...	" " ...	Tel., Leeds, '82; 1st Cl., '94
" ...	Gray, A. ...	" " ...	S.C. & T., Newc.-on-Tyne, '88
" ...	Crotch, A. ...	" (E. Dean)	Tel., Norwich, '83; 1st Cl., '94
C. of S.O. ...	Wright, L. W. ...	2nd Cl. Examr. ...	Boy Clk., R.A.G.O., '90; Junr. Exam. C. of S.O., '94
L.P.S.D. (Cirn. Off.)	Salt, T. P. ...	Super. ...	1868; I.B., '75; Asst. Super., '85
" ...	Woolley, E. T. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1870; I.B., '85; 2nd Cl. Clk., '91
" ...	Treble, G. W. ...	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	Clk., L. Div. S.B., '83; S.O., 89; Clk. L.P.S., '91
Cirn. Off. ...	Powell, A. E. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1882; 2nd Cl. Sr., '85
" ...	Parker, G. A. ...	" ...	1880; " '85
" ...	Harvey, W. T. ...	" ...	1878; " '85
" ...	Simpson, H. E. ...	" ...	1880; " '85
" ...	Knight, G. ...	" ...	1879; " '85
" ...	Beaumont, B. ...	" ...	1873; " '85
" ...	Wells, H. W. ...	" ...	1882; " '85
" ...	Thorne, S. J. ...	" ...	1878; " '85
" ...	Waterman, F. H. ...	" ...	1881; " '85
" ...	Leeper, J. S. ...	" ...	1873; " '85
" ...	Hutchings, E. G. ...	" ...	1876; " '85
" ...	Jackson, J. W. ...	" ...	1874; " '85
" ...	Bexley, W. G. ...	" ...	1880; " '85
" ...	Sheard, A. E. ...	" ...	1877; " '85
" ...	Barrett, G. T. ...	" ...	1880; " '85
" ...	Upton, J. ...	" ...	1874; " '85
" ...	Doley, F. ...	" ...	1871; " '85
" ...	Bartlett, F. C. ...	" ...	1877; " '85
" ...	Chamberlin, A. L. ...	" ...	1881; " '85
" ...	Rapson, E. ...	" ...	1880; " '85
" ...	Spear, A. ...	" ...	1882; " '86
" ...	Keirle, H. ...	" ...	1875; " '86
" ...	Suckling, G. ...	" ...	1866; " '86
" ...	Warren, H. W. ...	" ...	1880; " '86
" ...	Prior, R. ...	" ...	1880; " '86
" ...	Brannigan, J. P. ...	" ...	1879; " '86
" ...	Western, G. J. ...	" ...	1874; " '86
" ...	Phipps, A. H. ...	" ...	1873; " '86

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Circn. Off.	Boultonwood, J. W.	1st Cl. Sr.	1881; 2nd Cl. Sr., '86
"	McGettigan, W.	"	1882; " '85
"	Turner, W. J.	"	1878; " '85
"	Morris, G. W. R.	"	1882; " '86
"	Scrivener, A. E.	"	1882; " '86
"	Sells, W. T.	"	1882; " '86
"	Laccohee, G. J.	"	1882; " '86
"	Walker, W. G.	"	1880; " '86
"	Davey, W. F.	"	1881; " '86
"	Crease, W. J.	"	1881; " '86
"	Clarke, G. H.	"	1882; " '86
"	Watson, E. C.	"	1881; " '86
"	Champ, A. G.	"	1879; " '83
"	Wheldal, W. J.	"	1882; " '86
"	Mason, J. W.	"	1882; " '86
"	Simmons, G.	"	1883; " '86
"	Andrews, F.	"	1883; " '86
"	Meyer, G. F. H.	"	1883; " '86
"	Sporle, R. J.	"	1885; " '86
"	Andrews, J. R.	"	1868; " '86
"	Thorpe, G. J.	"	1880; " '86
"	Ferryman, H. G.	"	1875; " '86
"	Miles, W.	"	1876; " '86
"	Stripe, W.	"	1877; " '86
"	Richins, G. A.	"	1881; " '86
"	Bucknell, C.	"	1885; " '87
E.C.D.O.	Frost, A. E.	1st Cl. Cn. & Tel.	1888
"	Cowell, T. H.	"	1881
"	Miss J. Scudamore	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1885
"	Miss C. L. Desson	"	1885
"	Miss K. E. Stubbs	"	1886
"	Miss G. O. Rudman	"	1886
"	Miss E. M. Whiteley	"	1886
W.C.D.O.	Skinner, H. T.	1st Cl. Over.	1870; 2nd Cl. Over., '87
"	Keyte, V. A.	2nd Cl. "	1882; 1st Cl. Sr., 1893
"	Townsend, V. E.	"	1882; 1st Cl. Sr., 1893
"	Noakes, W.	1st Cl. Sr.	1883
"	Palmer, J. C.	"	1887
"	Wran, N. H. R.	"	1887
"	Evans, J.	"	1887
"	Grindley, G. W.	1st Cl. Cn. & Tel.	1878; Cn., 1882
W.D.O.	Paul, H.	Senr. Cn. & Tel.	1873; Cn., 1879
"	Gordge, G. F.	2nd Cl. Over.	1880; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
Paddn.	Kearley, J. P.	1st Cl. "	1874; 2nd Cl. Over., '90
"	Howship, S.	2nd Cl. "	1880; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
S.E.D.O.	Wright, H.	1st Cl. Sr.	1883
S.W.D.O.	Banks, W. H.	Inspector	1866; 2nd Cl. Over., '84; 1st Cl., '88
"	Fuggle, G. J.	Senr. Cn. & Tel.	1871; 1st Cl. Cn. & Tel., '84
"	Rawson, F. W.	2nd Cl. Over.	1879; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
"	Webb, J.	"	1875; Head Postman, '92
"	Mansell, H.	1st Cl. "	1873; 2nd Cl. Over., '88

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.W.D.O. ...	Callaway, A. ...	1st Cl. Over. ...	1867; 2nd Cl. Over., '88
" ...	Sarjeant, W. C. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1884
" ...	Neave, W. A. ...	" ...	1885
Wands. ...	Crocker, F. G. ...	2nd Cl. Over. ...	1885; Head Postman, '94
N.D.O. ...	Hunt, F. W. ...	" ...	1884; Head Postman, '92
E.D.O. ...	Bremerman, H. W.	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1885
N.W.D.O. ...	Anstey, J. ...	1st Cl. Over. ...	1880; 1st Cl. Sr., '90; 2nd Cl. Over., '92
" ...	Perry, A. E. ...	2nd Cl. , ...	1876; 2nd Cl. Sr., '79; 1st Cl., '91
" ...	Duhig, M. ...	" ...	1872; Head Postman, '93
" ...	Parsons, A. S. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1883
" ...	Pittman, J. E. ...	" ...	1887

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Bangor ...	Williams, Robt. ...	Clk. ...	1872
" ...	Williams, Richd. ...	" ...	1872
Bath ...	Perrem, G. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	Tel., Newton Abbot, '79; S.C., Bath, '81; Clk., '91
" ...	Carter, E. C. ...	" ...	1879; Clk., '85
" ...	Dungey, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1877; 1st Cl. S.C., '85
" ...	Fear, H. ...	" ...	1879; 1st Cl. S.C., '85
" ...	Eyers, F. ...	" ...	1881; 1st Cl. S.C., '85
" ...	Caradine, H. E. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1882
" ...	Griffiths, W. W. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Stoyale, C. B. ...	" ...	1883
Birmingham ...	Miss F. H. Simpson	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1891
" ...	Miss E. E. Baker	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1891
" ...	" T. H. King	" ...	1891
" ...	" E. M. Clements	" ...	1891
" ...	Miss M. N. Morton	" ...	1891
" ...	Miss N. Britten..	" ...	1891
Bletchley Stn. ...	Gascoigne, E. ...	Clk. ...	1884
Brighton ...	Cape, A. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1883; 1st Cl., '88
" ...	Brookhouse, J. E. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1880; S.C., Brighton, '87
Bristol ...	Crosse, F. T. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1876; 1st Cl. S.C. & T., '85.
Chester ...	Walley, W. V. J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1880
Derby ...	Peach, J. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1864; Asst. Super., '88; Super., '91.
" ...	Fletcher, W. ...	Super. (P.) ...	1867; Clk., '75; Asst. Super., '92
" ...	Lomas, G. R. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1868; Clk., '88
" ...	Waller, W. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1869; Clk., '91
" ...	Tunstall, L. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1872; 1st Cl. S.C., '86
" ...	MacDonald, W. J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1872; 1st Cl. S.C., '86
" ...	Wykes, W. ...	Clk. ...	S.C., Sheffield, '82; 1st Cl. S.C., '91

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Derby ...	Chapman, A. E..	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1882
" ...	Spencer, H. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1885
Devonport ...	Treleavan, W. B..	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '76
Hastings ...	Miss M. M. Gil- mour	1st Cl. S.C. & T. ...	1891
Huntingdon ...	Bywaters, C. ...	Clk. ...	1882
Ipswich ...	Lamb, W. K. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	S.C. & T., '77; Clk., 1886
" ...	Bunting, C. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1878; 1st Cl. T., '91
" ...	King, J. B. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1882
" ...	Ralph, R. W. H.	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1883
Leeds ...	Harper, R. ...	1st-Cl. Tel. ...	1871
" ...	Blackie, W. ...	" ...	1882
Leicester ...	Glanville, F. E..	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1873; Clk., '91
" ...	Stirk, T. J. ...	Clk. " ...	1872; Clk., '91
" ...	Hill, E. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1877; 1st Cl. S.C., '91
" ...	Flint, A. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
Liverpool ...	Cowhey, J. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C., Derby, '73; Liver- pool, '74; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '92
" ...	Munce, J. S. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	Tel., Drogheda, '72; Liverpool, '73
" ...	Wild, E. J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1879; 1st Cl., '86
" ...	Lydiatt, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	Tel., '85; S.C., '86
" ...	Blunt, E. J. ...	" ...	Tel., '85; S.C., '86
" ...	Wartnaby, A. W.	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1885
" ...	Wilson, J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
" ...	Miss E. Davies.	1st Cl. Cwn. & Retr.	1885
" ...	" E. A. Gill...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1887
" ...	" E. Bullen...	" ...	1888
Manchester ...	Rogers, A. ...	Super. (P.) ...	1865; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Toy, T. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1872; Clk., '85; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '93
" ...	Bickerstaff, H. T.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1866; Clk., '88
" ...	Conolly, C. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1875; Clk. '90
" ...	Kirkman, G. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1878; 1st Cl. S.C., '85
" ...	Bagnall, T. H....	" ...	1880; 1st Cl. S.C., '89
" ...	Gray, G. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1887
" ...	Meade, J. ...	" ...	1887
" ...	Dawson, W. ...	" ...	1887
" ...	Dickinson, J. B..	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '56; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Collins, F.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. T. Co., '65; Clk., '90
" ...	Mansell, A. A....	Clk. (T.) ...	1873
" ...	Knowles, G. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1873; 2nd Cl. Tel., '82
" ...	Dain, T. ...	" ...	1882
" ...	Ward, E. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Miss L. M. Clarke	Asst. Super. ...	1876; 1st Cl. Tel., '83
" ...	" L. Wilkinson	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1885
" ...	" R. J. Ren- shaw	" ...	1885
" ...	" E. Williams	" ...	1885

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Northampton ...	Barker, W. T. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '65; Clk., '87
" ...	Ashby, F. W. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1877; 1st Cl. Tel., '95
Norwich ...	Mace, J. A. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1885
" ...	Miss M. Papworth	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	S.C. & T., Brentwood, '92; Norwich, '95
Portsmouth ...	Miss D. A. Dow	" "	1891
Rochdale ...	Schofield, H. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '83
Sheffield ...	Stewart, R. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C., Darlington, '78; 1st Cl. '90; Clk., '91
" ...	Herringshaw, G. ...	" "	S.C. Derby, '74; 1st Cl. '85; Clk. (P.), '94
Taunton ...	Dimbleby, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. & Tel.	1880
Wakefield ...	Thomas, J. ...	Clk. ...	1879
W. Hartlepool ...	Waters, G. J. H. S.	Ch. Clk. ...	1872; Clk., '84
" ...	Peacock, G. W. ...	Clk. ...	1885
York ...	Rucklidge, W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1881; 1st Cl. S.C., '91

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh ...	Bolton, J. ...	Super. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '54; Asst. Supr., '87
" ...	Newlands, J. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (T.)	1871; Asst. Supr., '91
" ...	Anderson, J. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1870; Clk., '91
" ...	Tainsh, R. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	E.T. Co., '66; Clk., '91
" ...	McNab, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1871; 1st Cl. Tel., '84
" ...	Winlay, T. ...	" ...	1870; 1st Cl. Tel., '84
" ...	Lawrie, J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1883
" ...	Dickman, J. S. ...	" ...	Jedburgh, '77; Tel., Edin., '84
" ...	Grant, H. L. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Anton, J. M. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Miss M. W. Nibloe	" ...	1887
Glasgow ...	Hinschelwood, H.	1st Cl. Asst. Insp. of Postmen	1859; 2nd Cl. Asst. Insp., '83
" ...	Donaldson, H. M.	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
" ...	Wright, J. M. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Miss E. D. Gilchrist	" ...	Tel., Swansea, '85; Glasgow, '86
" ...	Miss M. P. Levack	" ...	1886
Hawick ...	McMorran, T. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., '82

IRELAND.

Belfast ...	McCaffery, W. J.	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1885
" ...	Miss H. Glass ...	" ...	1891
" ...	" A. J. Bulloch	" ...	1892
Dublin ...	Wilson, P. M. J. P.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	1870; Clk., '91
" ...	O'Bevine, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1871; 1st Cl. Tel., '86
" ...	Cannon, T. J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1886
" ...	Ryan, D. ...	" ...	1885
" ...	Miss C. Mulvey	" ...	1889
Limerick ...	Nash, P. ...	" ...	1885

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s Office (Registry)	Iles, W.	1st Cl. Ppr. Keeper	1868; Asst., Registry, '72; 2nd Cl. Ppr. Keeper, '80; 1st Cl., '84
R.A.G.O.	* Miss F.M.A. Hall	1st Cl. Clk.	1883; 1st Cl., '92
"	" E.M. Mason	"	1872; 1st Cl., '86
"	* " A. D. West- brook	2nd Cl. Clk.	1885
"	* " A. E. Poole	2nd Cl. Sr.	1885
S.B....	* " E.A. Adams	Prin. Clk.	1882; 1st Cl., '90; Prin. Clk., '95
"	* " M. E. De Gruchy	Clk.	Tel., T.S. '89; Clk., '91
"	* " E. M. Greg- ory	"	1887
"	* " C.M. Porter	"	1891
"	Scott, R.	1st Cl. Ppr. Sr.	1858; Paper Sr., '70
M.O.O.	Cronin, D.	2nd Cl. Ppr. Keeper	1856; M.O.O., '59
R.L.O.	* Miss I. Taylor ...	1st Cl. Retr.	1875; 1st Cl., '86
"	* " S. L. Hayes	2nd "	Tel., T.S., '85; R.L.O., '93
C.T.O.	Frederick, E. L.	1st Cl. Tel.	1881; 1st Cl., 91
"	* Rabey, F.	2nd "	1895
"	Miss H. Saul ...	Matron	E.&I.T.Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; Prin. Clk., '71; Super., '81; Matron, '83
"	" L. Rogers. ...	1st Cl. Tel.	1876; 1st Cl., '87
"	" E. Radley. ...	"	L.P.T. Co., '63; 1st Cl. Tel., '94
"	" L. Gibbings	"	1871; 1st Cl. Tel., '85
"	* " E.M. Morris- son	2nd Cl. Tel.	1887
"	* " J. T. Dunkley	"	1885
"	* " C. C. Wills.	"	1887
"	* " J. R. Homer	"	1894
"	* " L. M. Sneyd	"	1887
L.P.S.D. (Circn. Off.)	Hextall, R. ...	Over.	1863; Over., '92
"	Mahoney, P. M.	1st Cl. Sr.	1872; 1st Cl. Sr., '82
"	Robarts, D. ...	2nd "	1872; Sr., '76
"	Taylor, G. ...	2nd "	1881; Sr., '88
"	Whitehead, J. J.	2nd "	1884
W.C.D.O. ...	Austen, W. ...	1st Cl. Sr.	1860; Sr., '83; 1st Cl., '90
E.C.D.O. ...	Clayton, J. ...	Insp.	1856; Over., '67; Insp., '70
S.E.D.O. ...	Gain, F. J. ...	1st Cl. Over. ...	1863; Over., '74; 1st Cl., '88
S.W.D.O. ...	Watt, P. ...	1st Cl. Sr.	1866; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
"	Miss M. A. Cruse	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1870; 1st Cl., '86
"	" H. Dixon ...	2nd Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1880
Paddn. ...	* " Kitching, C.	2nd Cl. Sr.	1888
E.D.O. ...	* Coe, G. W.	2nd Cl. Cn. & Tel.	1886

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
N.W.D.O. ...	Eldridge, T. ...	Insp.	1856; Over., '76; Insp., '94
,, ...	Harber, W. J. ...	1st Cl. St.	1873; 2nd Cl. Sr., '85; 1st Cl., '90
,, ...	Miss E. Ashton...	Super.	U.K.T.Co., '68; Super., '94

ENGLAND and WALES.

Aldershot ...	Bentley, S. ...	Pmr.	Sub. Pmr., '77; Head Pmr., '83
Atherstone ...	*Miss A. M. Wickens	S.C. & T.	1890
Banbury ...	*Miss R. Shilson	,,	1886
Birmingham ...	Gordon, W. ...	,,	1876
,, ...	Ward, A. H. ...	1st Cl. Tel.	1877; 1st Cl. '87
Brighton ...	*Miss M. Fox ...	Tel.	1888
Bristol ...	Bluett, J.	2nd Cl. S.C.	1877
,, ...	Miss A. M. Pool	1st Cl. Tel.	1881; 1st Cl., '90
Bromley, Kent *	,, J. A. Kidd	S.C. & T.	1888
Cardiff ...	Vick, W. J. ...	2nd Cl. Tel.	1886
Cheltenham ...	*Willis, C. ...	S.C. & T.	1888
Dartford ...	Miss L. Hodges	Pms.	1874
Droitwich ...	Noak, W.	Pmr.	1875
Falmouth ...	Cox, N.	,,	1856
Folkestone ...	*Miss A. L. Allebone	S.C. & T.	1890
Hastings... ..	*,, E.A. Buttonshaw	1st Cl. S.C & T. ...	1888; 1st Cl., '92
Hull... ..	†Duesbury, J. A.	Pmr.	Clk., Derby, '47; 1st Cl. Clk. Travelling Mail Off., '54; Super. T.P.O., '68; Pmr., Hull, '81
,,	Richardson, E. ...	Clk. (P.)	1872; 1st Cl., '81; Clk., '88
Lancaster ...	Townson, J. ...	Clk.	1860; 1st Cl., '91
Liverpool ...	*Gill, W.	2nd Cl. S.C.	1890
,, ...	Williams, J. ...	2nd Cl. Tel.	1885
,, ...	*Miss M. Elwood	1st Cl. Tel.	1871; 1st Cl., '91
,, ...	*,, E. M. Rees	,,	1886; 1st Cl., '95
,, ...	*,, A. Macaulay	1st Cl. Cwn. & Retr.	1880; 1st Cl., '91
,, ...	*,, M. C. C. Drinkwater	2nd Cl. ,,	1886
,, ...	*,, E. O. Davies	2nd Cl. ,,	1890
Manchester ...	Jones, S. O. ...	Super. (P.)	1857; Clk., '65; Asst. Super. 2nd Cl., '75; 1st Cl., '83; Super., '93
,, ...	Fraser, D. R. ...	1st Cl. S.C.	1884; 1st Cl., '94
,, ...	Holt, W. R. ...	1st Cl. Tel.	1870; 1st Cl., '87
,, ...	Eckersall, R. A.	2nd Cl. S.C.	1881
,, ...	*Miss J. Nall ...	1st Cl. Tel.	1883; 1st Cl., '91
,, ...	*,, M. M. Seed	2nd Cl. Tel.	1888
Newc-on-Tyne *	,, E. M. Whitfield	,,	1887

* Awarded a Gratuity.

† Retires under the provisions of the Order in Council of 15th August, 1890.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Newc.-on-Tyne	*Miss A. M. H. Parker	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1887
Newport, Mon.	†Gill, W. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Manchester, '55; Super., '81; Pmr., Newport, Mon., '86
Oxford	*Stephens, J. H. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1891
"	Nix, J. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1858; Clk., '81; Ch. Clk., '91
Preston	Francis, E. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., L'pool, '55; Halifax, '59; Leeds, '64; Prin. Clk., B'ham, '66; Pmr., H'fax, '67; Preston, '93
Redditch	Webb, W. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Bromsgrove, '58; Sr., Mail Off., '61; Examr. of Mail Bag Apparatus, '80; Pmr., Redditch, '83
Sheffield	Unwin, J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	E. T. Co., '69; Resigned '77; Sheffield, '80
Southampton	Carter, E. R. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Bristol, '49; Ch. Clk., '65; Pmr., N'thampton, '72; Southampton, '89
Torquay	*Richards, E. H. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1887
Wstn.-spr.-Mre.	Smith, T. ...	Pmr. ...	1856
Whitehaven	*Miss H. Litt ...	S.C. & T. ...	1892
York	Oyston, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C., '78; 1st Cl., '87; Clk., '91

SCOTLAND and IRELAND.

Arbroath	Bissett, A. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Aberdeen, '56; Pmr., Arbroath, '74
Edinburgh	Miss E. Murray	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1874; 1st Cl., '81
Elgin	*Miss J. McCurrach	S.C. & T. ...	1882
Glasgow	Cullen, M. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.	E.T. Co., '58; Clk., '81; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
"	*Miss M. McCormick	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884; 1st Cl., '91
"	*Miss E. C. Mitchell	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1892
Troon	*Miss M. C. Orr	S. C. & T. ...	1887
Ballisodare	McGhee, A. ...	Pmr. ...	1861
Belfast	*Miss S. F. Jackson	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1880; 1st. Cl., '93
Cork	Canavan, J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1850; Clk., '57; Asst. Super., '91
"	Miss M. McTighe	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1881
Enniskillen	*Fletcher, W. E.	S.C. & T. ...	Boy Clk., M.O.O., '86; S.C. & T., Ennisk'n, '89
Portadown	FitzPatrick, D. ...	" ...	1871

* Awarded a Gratuity.

† Retires under the provisions of the Order in Council of 15th August, 1890.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Secretary's Off.	Neatham, E. W. M.	2nd Cl. Clk., Supply Est.	S.B., '77; Clk., Lr. Div., '78; S.O., '87; 2nd Cl., '93
"	Beswick, A. H.	2nd Cl. Clk., Supply Est.	Copyist, '71; Asst. of Excise, '74; Copyist, S.O., G.P.O., '81; Clk., Lr. Div., '88; 2nd Cl., '93
Surveyor's Off.	Dash, J. J.	Surveyor's Clk.	Clk., Lr. Div., S.B., '79; M.L.B., '82; Clk., C.E.B., '84; Super. Registry, S.O., '84; Sur. Clk., '86
E. in C.O.	Wright, C.	Asst. Clk.	Copyist, S.O., G.P.O., '93; Asst. Clk., C. of S.O., '94; E. in C.O., '96
C.T.O.	Jewell, S. J.	1st Cl. Tel.	1881; 1st Cl., '91
"	Ruse, F. V.	"	Ex. Royal Engr.; Tel. T.S., '93; 1st Cl., '93
"	Ryan, J. M.	2nd Cl. Tel.	1890
"	Diggins, W. J.	"	1883
"	McKeown, W. G.	"	1894
L.P.S.D. (Contr's. Off.)	Evans, J. M.	3rd Cl. Clk.	S.C., Oxford, '82; News Distr., S.O., London, '88; Clk. Contr.'s Off., L.P.S.D., '93
(Circn. Off.)	Lewis, W.	1st Cl. Sr.	1874; 1st Cl., '79
E.D.O.	Underwood, A. W.	"	1870; 1st Cl., '90
Birmingham	Wight, J. F.	Pmr.	Temp. Clk., M.O.O., '62; Est., '63; Pmr., W.C.D.O., Lon., '88; Pmr., B'ham, '91
Brighton	Norwood, A. J. W.	Clk. (P.)	S.C. & T., Croydon, '73; 1st Cl. S.C., Brighton, '88; Clk., '90
Bristol	Richards, W. W. T.	2nd Cl. Tel.	1892
Chester	Jones, E.	1st Cl. S.C.	1876; 1st Cl., '88
Derby	Spencer, A.	Asst. Super. (P.)	1865; Clk., '75; Asst. Super., '91
Liverpool	Mills, T.	1st Cl. S.C.	S.C., Nottingham, '82; L'pool, '86; 1st Cl., '95
Manchester	Renshaw, S. B.	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1867; S.C., '71; Clk., '77; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '94
"	Lindsay, H. W.	2nd Cl. S.C.	1895
"	Miss M. Brabazon	2nd Cl. Tel.	1895
Merthyr Tydvil	Price, W.	S.C. & T.	1891

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Petersfield ...	Thomas, W. ...	Pmr.	E.T.Co., '62; G.P.O.— S. C. & T., Malvern, '62; Pmr., Staplehurst, '86; Petersfield, '90
Southampton ...	*Warren, G. ...	Clk. (T.)	E. T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70
Stoke-on-Trent	Hulton, J. C. ...	2nd Cl. S.C.	1884
Swansea	Miss E. M. Cann	2nd Cl. Tel.	1896
Edinburgh ...	Blackhall, J. ...	"	1887
Inverurie ...	Taylor, G....	Pm	1849
Dublin	Evans, A. L. ...	2nd Cl. Tel.	1870
W.C.D.O. ...	King, A. P. ...	Clk.	Mchstr., '68; R.A.G.O., '70; Pensd., '86; Re- called to duty, N.D.O., '92; Wands., '92; W.C.D.O., '93

* Queen's Telegraphist.

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT.
Aldershot	Cove, R. G.	Pmr., Kidderminster
Blackburn	Oldfield, F.	Pmr., Buxton
Buxton	Rickus, I.	Pmr., Staines
Darlington	Bovill, E. J. E.	Pmr., Eastbourne
Derby	McClement, E.	Pmr., Darlington
Diss	Scutts, G.	Pmr., Scole
Enfield, Midd.	Hiatt, G. C.	1st Cl. Asst. R.L.O., Lon.
Falmouth	Cooper, T. S.	Ch. Clk., Newport, Mon.
Hull	Wilson, J.	Pmr., Derby
Kendal	Tattersall, J.	Pmr., Keighley
Leighton Buzzard	Mrs. E. M. Cook	Postmistress, Staplehurst
Machynlleth	Clement, J.	S.C. & T., Dover
Newport, Mon.	James, T. E.	Pmr., Stockport
North Shields	Jennings, T. S.	Pmr., Jarrow
Preston	Kerry, C. H.	Pmr., Stoke-on-Trent
Rochdale	Howard, A. Mc. K.	Pmr., South Shields
Southampton	Robinson, W.	Ch. Clk., Liverpool
South Shields	Davenport, J.	Pmr., Banbury
Staines	Bartlett, Mrs.	Postmistress, Ealing
Stockport	Davies, G. T.	Pmr., Rochdale
Worthing	Byrne, J.	Pmr., Kendal
Bathgate	MacDonald, J.	1st Cl. Tel., Glasgow
Crieff	Richardson, W.	1st Cl. Tel., Glasgow
Dunfermline	Learmont, J. R.	Pmr., Crieff
Forfar	McDonald, G.	Over. Circn. Off., Lon.
Hawick	Little, H.	Pmr., Stranraer
Inverurie	Massie, F.	2nd Cl. S.C., Aberdeen
Rothsay	Mitchell, J.	Ch. Clk., Dumfries
Stranraer	Carmichael, W.	Pmr., Wishaw
Ballinasloe	Malone, R. K.	Ch. Clk., Workington
Carlow	Mitchell, J.	Pmr., Monaghan
Killarney	O'Keeffe, J.	Pmr., Carlow

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; Ch., Chief; Clk., Clerk; Cn., Counterman; Cwn., Counterwoman; Engr., Engineer; Examr., Examiner; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Prin., Principal; Pmr., Postmaster; Retr., Returner; Sr., Sorter; S.C., Sorting Clerk; S.C. & T., Sorting Clk. and Telegraphist; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Sur., Surveyor; T., Telegraphs; Tel., Telegraphist.

St. Martin's-le-Grand.

THIS Magazine is unofficial. It is published quarterly, on the 1st January, 1st April, 1st July, and 1st October, and is sent free to subscribers all over the world at *three shillings per annum, payable in advance*. It will save trouble and expense to the management if local agents are willing to receive and distribute copies to the subscribers in their respective districts, but if it is specially desired copies will be posted separately to the subscriber's address.

All remittances should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. F. KING, c/o MESSRS. GRIFFITH & SONS, LD., PRUJEAN SQUARE, OLD BAILEY, E.C. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to him, and should be crossed "London and Midland Bank, Newgate Street, E.C."

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Our readers at home and abroad are reminded that this is an amateur Magazine, and that if it is to fulfil its purpose and maintain its interest, they must help us by sending articles for publication, newspaper cuttings, drawings, photographs, notices of events, &c., either to the Hon. Editor,

EDWARD BENNETT, } c/o MESSRS. GRIFFITH & SONS, LD.,
or to } PRUJEAN SQUARE,
SHERWIN ENGALL, } OLD BAILEY, E.C.

Should any subscriber fail to receive his copy in due course, he should at once communicate with MR. ENGALL.

Covers for Binding Vol. VI.—Applications, together with a remittance of one shilling for each cover required, should be made to MR. A. F. KING.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT of the "St. Martin's-le-Grand Magazine" for the year 1896.

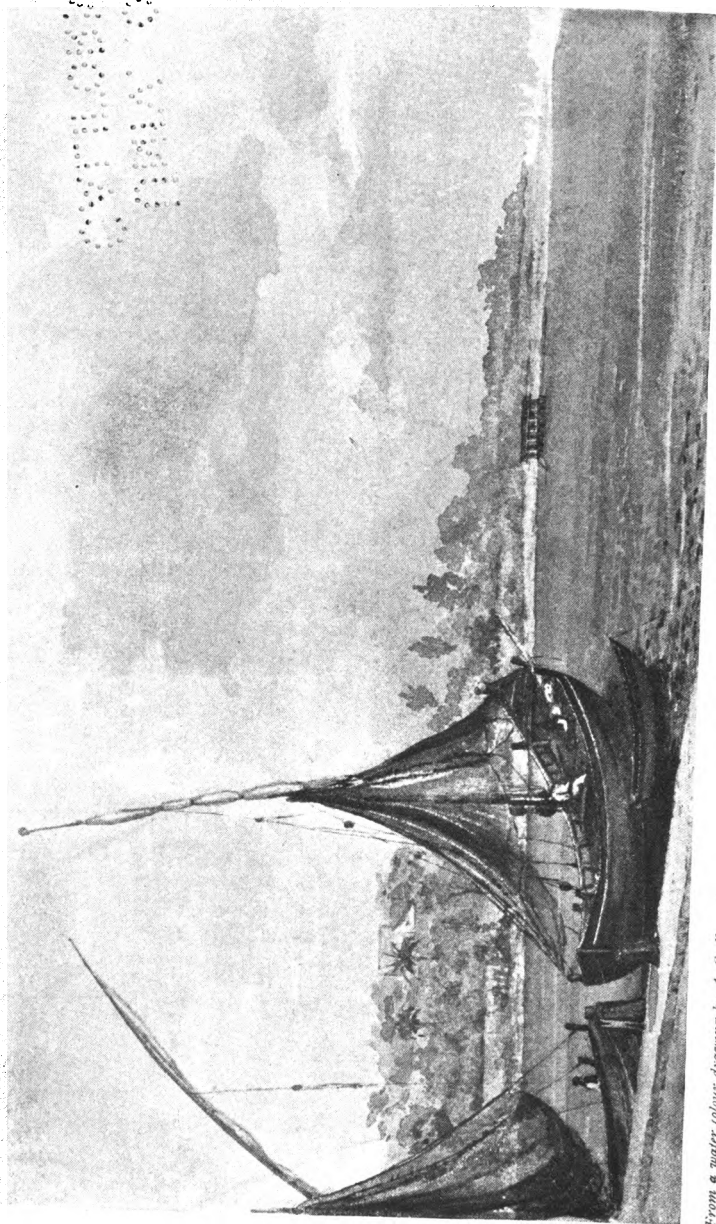
Receipts.				Payments.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions, &c....	459	10	9	Printing, &c. ...	284	4	3
Advertisements ...	14	5	6	Artists ...	18	15	0
				Engraver ...	42	0	10
				Assistance ...	45	15	0
				Postage, Packing, &c....	63	16	11
				Miscellaneous... ..	0	9	4
				Balance	18	14	11
	<hr/> £473 16 3				<hr/> £473 16 3		

The above is simply a statement of the receipts and expenses in connection with the Magazine since we undertook the management of its affairs. A full balance sheet, including the account for and balance from 1895, will be published in a forthcoming number.

A. F. KING, *Hon. Treasurer.*
EDWARD BENNETT, *Hon. Editor.*

23rd December, 1896.

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From a water colour drawing by A. G. Ferard.

ADRIATIC FISHING BOATS IN BRINDISI HARBOUR.

[To face page 127.]

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

APRIL, 1897.

With the Indian Mail from London to Bombay.

IN an article which appeared in the pages of this magazine in January 1895, a vivid account was given of the trials and experiences which await the adventurous aspirant to a trip to Brindisi in charge of the Indian mail, to say nothing of the risk of meeting an errant bacillus on the way, or, if he chance to possess a would-be artistic turn of mind, of undermining his constitution by an undue exposure to the elements. In the instance which was given nature, it is believed, ultimately triumphed over art, and the untimely fate prognosticated by the writer was fortunately averted.

Since that article was written but little change has taken place in the arrangements for the continental transit of the mail beyond the fact that the service has been accelerated and the journey from Calais to Brindisi is now timed to occupy thirty-six hours only. Now and again the vagaries of the barometer have given rise to variety in the form of a *détour* necessitated by the flooding of a river, or the fall of an embankment; but, unless some such untoward incident occurs, the Indian mail officer must rely on his own resources to relieve the monotony of his journey. In the way of amusements he can certainly exercise his fancy freely, ranging from the game of patience which naturally suggests itself to the preparation of an artistic lunch, a tune on the cornet, or a suicidal attempt at shaving when the train is hurrying along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. There is a fable that in one instance imagination went so far as to suggest a race with the train when it stopped for a moment at a way-side station. Surprising to relate the train proved an easy winner; but

the other competitor, determined to make a brilliant finish, or possibly alarmed at the prospect of being left behind altogether, surpassed himself by taking a marvellous flying leap through the window of the last carriage, which was that of the Italian Travelling Post Office. He alighted on the back of a somnolent sorter, who displayed a not unnatural resentment and unmistakeable evidences of an intention to eject the intruder as a villain of the deepest dye. The phrases of choice Petrarchian Italian in which an explanation was offered merely increased the agitation of his nerves, and it was only by the production of a large key (or was it a flask) that the visitor finally succeeded in proving himself to be nothing worse than a worthy official from St. Martin's-le-Grand, in charge of the mail vans.

Those vans, by-the-bye, are but ordinary vans, and, like other vans, they have a perverse habit of getting out of order in the most inconvenient places. On one occasion—this was some years ago, when the mail and overland passengers were conveyed to Brindisi by the same train—two vans and the sleeping car, in which the mail officer was travelling, broke down in a spot where it was impossible to replace them. Of course this occurred in the early hours of a snowy morning, and a make-shift had to be resorted to when everyone who was not asleep was trying to be so. Garments were huddled on anyhow or nohow, and not until the train had re-started was it discovered that all prospects of breakfast had disappeared with the deserted car, and that many hours must elapse before any food could be obtained. If there was a popular person on board at that moment it was the Indian mail officer, who was the proud possessor of a tea basket, with tea but no water, a plum cake, and a pot of Dundee marmalade.

Such a *contretemps* would not be likely to occur now-a-days. The passengers travel to Brindisi in the splendid *train de luxe* of the P. & O. Company, equipped with a restaurant and every comfort; but the mail officer, who follows with his precious load in a train all to himself, must depend for sustenance on his own resources. And he need not on that account be pitied. By the courtesy of the French and Italian governments, he may take with him, from Benoist or Gunter if he please, all manner of delicacies in or out of season, without fear of annoyance from the petty exactions of *octroi* or *dazio consumo*.

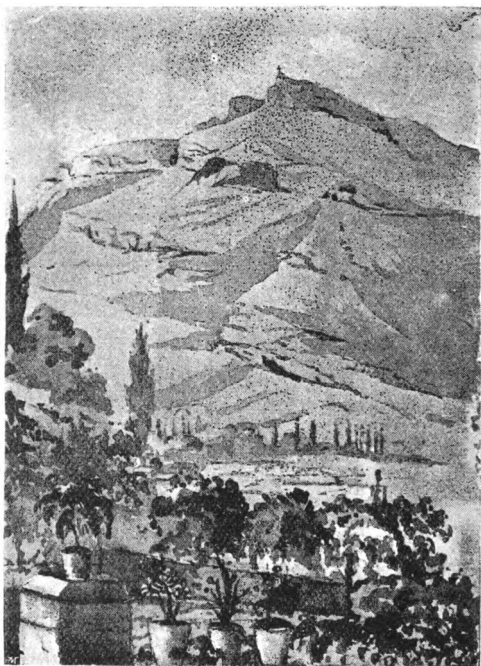
So far as the Post Office is concerned the reason for the separation of the mail and passenger trains is not far to seek. Since the adoption of the reduced postage rates in force in this country the

Eastern mail has been steadily on the increase. Even on ordinary occasions as many as ten vans are frequently required to contain the British bags alone, and these vans would make up a train of more than respectable length without the Travelling Post Offices which are attached both in France and Italy.

The readers of this Magazine are of course aware what extraordinary misconceptions the general public entertains in regard to the proper functions of the Post Office, the manner in which they should be performed and the amount of work that has to be got through. The Eastern mail service affords a striking instance of this. On all sides irresponsible persons will be found eager to criticize the arrangements and offer suggestions, but of these same persons not one in a hundred has the least conception of what the mail consists. It is by no means unusual for an officer who has travelled across the Continent in charge of the mail to be asked whether he has the whole of it in his own compartment, and whether he is not harassed with anxiety as to the fate of any extra bags there may not be room for, say at Christmas time. As a matter of fact even on ordinary occasions the bags not infrequently number over 1,800, each of which weighs on an average 50 lbs., and on the 4th of December last they reached the enormous total of 2,148, representing a gross weight of 118,548 lbs., the largest mail that has ever left this country. These bags are not all despatched from London at the same time or even conveyed across the Channel by the same boat; but they all unite at Calais, and the last portion of the mail, which is despatched on Friday evenings, is by far the greatest. The journey across France is too well known to need description. The scenery does not really become interesting until one approaches the mountains of Savoy, encompassing the beautiful Lac de Bourget and extending onwards with increasing splendour to form the gigantic rampart which separates France from Switzerland and Switzerland from the sunny plains of Lombardy. There are many points of interest for those who have leisure to visit them, but the mail train waits not even for the mail officer, and only a passing glimpse can be bestowed, if one happens to know where to look, on such historical spots as the burial place of the House of Savoy or the rural Charmettes, on a spur of the hills above Chambéry, where Rousseau and Madame de Stael loved and parted.

At Modane the train passes from French to Italian control, and the very air there seems charged with subtle indications of the traditional jealousy which is supposed to animate the two races. The French officials in the station do not or will not speak a word of Italian and

the Italian officials turn a deaf ear to French. Even the station clocks join in the rivalry, and if the Italian clock on one platform tells you it is time for dinner the French clock on the other says you have 55 minutes to wait. 'E dunno where 'e are, as the bard says; and it is a relief the next morning to find yourself gliding peacefully along within a few yards of the Adriatic with its azure waters and picturesque fishing boats. Here too there are many interesting spots one would



From a water colour drawing by A. G. Ferard.

THE NIVOLET ABOVE CHAMBÉRY.

like to visit, Pesaro, the birthplace of Rossini, and a host of quaint villages and castellated townlets on the slopes of the Apennines. Over this portion of the journey the heat is sometimes terrific and the dust almost always appalling. The fine Adriatic sand enters the compartment in clouds, deposits itself in thick layers on everything within reach, beginning with the mail officer himself and refusing to spare even the provisions he has provided for his sustenance.

But Brindisi is reached at last. The railway there, unfortunately, does not extend along the quay to the deep water basin where the

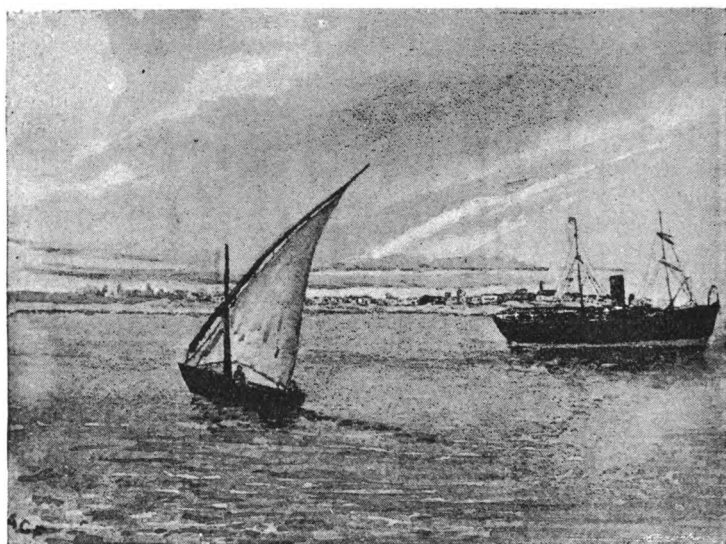
P. & O. Packet is in waiting, and the mails are transferred at the marine station from the train to vans which convey them to the ship's gangway, some three or four hundred yards off. The physique of the horses which draw these vans is suggestive neither of quantity nor quality, but they manage somehow or other to do what is required of them, and that is all that can be said in their favour. Fodder is scarce in southern Italy, and money still more so, whence, although the port of Brindisi possesses great natural advantages, it cannot boast, except on paper, of the conveniences and attractions which are to be found at rival ports on the Mediterranean. For many years past great schemes have been on foot for the adornment of the place, but owing to the want of the wherewithal they are generally of an abortive nature, and so far the only results seem to be a flickering electric light or two and a half-built theatre with no prospect of ever being opened. When the P. & O. Packet has sailed on Sunday night the tired out mail officer naturally makes straight for his bed, and the Brindisines in general follow his good example and sink into a more or less torpid state of existence until the homeward Packet arrives.

The first port of call after leaving Brindisi is, of course, the low lying Port Said, which even a short distance off has the appearance of a group of buildings rising straight out of the sea. A few years ago this place was regarded as a refuge for the scum of the earth; but it has advanced with the times, and now goes in for a tennis club, amateur theatricals, and other amusements suitable for the fashionable watering place into which it would develop. Notwithstanding its showy shops there is still more of the coaling station about it than anything else, as anyone who arrives there on board an outward bound P. & O. Packet has ample opportunities of discovering; and for this reason it compares unfavourably with its older rival Suez, at the other end of the canal.

Suez no longer enjoys the importance it once possessed in connexion with the Indian mail service. From the year 1870, when the Brindisi route was first adopted, until 1888, the mails used to be conveyed by steamer to Alexandria, and thence by train to Suez, where they were transferred to another steamer which carried them on to Bombay. Thus they did not pass through the canal at all, except under special circumstances, such as quarantine in Egypt; and at that time, moreover, the regulations of the Canal Company did not permit steamers to pass through during the night. It is only within a comparatively recent period that the transit by night has been authorized for vessels complying with certain requirements

as to electric lights, requirements which, it is needless to say, the British Packets are in a position to fulfil. The passage through the Canal is at all times interesting, but at night it is singularly weird and picturesque, with the light shooting its powerful rays far ahead, and illuminating the barren and inhospitable desert which extends on either side.

The sorters of the Indian Sea Post Office used at one time to come on board at Suez, but now the mails are not dealt with on the voyage down the Red Sea, and operations only commence at Aden. The



From a water colour drawing by A. G. Ferard.

IN THE ROADS OF SUEZ.

total staff of the Aden-Bombay Sea Post Office consists of two European inspecting mail officers, three assistant mail officers and 33 sorters. At the present time the two latter categories comprise three Europeans, 17 Eurasians, 14 Portuguese or East Indians and two Parsees. These are divided into three sets of ten sorters, each set under the charge of an assistant mail officer, so that there are three sorters in reserve who relieve their comrades by turns and enable them to have a week's longer stay in Bombay. Their usual stay there is about six days. Each set leaves Bombay in turn and goes

back from Aden in the next outward Packet after an interval of about three days. How they employ that interval is a point on which I have no information. Some perhaps, after the manner of their kind, sit upon their heels and gaze at the sun, and if the others require further amusement it is to be hoped they are not hard to please, for Aden can scarcely be reckoned among the blest places of the earth. Its barren rocks cannot even boast of a single tree; and the only people who find life tolerable there are the steamer passengers, who employ the few hours of their stay in making curly-headed boys dive for sixpences, or in bargaining for indifferent ostrich feathers they do not want and queer-shaped baskets they have no room to stow away.

The mail to be landed at Bombay consists on an average of 724 bags and about 110 parcel boxes. The parcel boxes are taken on to destination intact, but the rest of the mail is entirely sorted by the Sea Post Office before arrival in Bombay, no light task in these days of quick voyages, when the run from Aden is sometimes accomplished in four days. The charges to be collected on unpaid and insufficiently paid correspondence of all kinds have to be indicated in Indian currency on each article; and the Sea Post Office has also to sell stamps to passengers on board, to receive late fee letters in port, and to dispose of ordinary and registered letters posted on board during the voyage. The work is at all times abundant, and the pressure occasionally very great.

Before the Packet arrives in harbour the mail bags are arranged on deck in the order in which they have to be landed, so that they may be disposed of without delay, some being sent to the railway, some transferred to other steamers, and the remainder delivered in the harbour or at the pier. Naturally the arrival of the mail from home is an event eagerly looked forward to from one end of India to the other; and if, when the mails reach Bombay in the morning, there is a possibility of overtaking the regular night mail train which has left Bombay for Calcutta on the previous evening, a special train with the European correspondence is despatched after it. Some firms and newspaper offices arrange on payment of a fee of twelve rupees a year to have special bags for them made up in the Sea Post Office, and they take delivery of these bags at the ship's side; other ticket holders who pay the same fee enjoy the privilege of receiving their letters at the General Post Office in Bombay about 1½ hours after the Packet has come to anchor. The mails for Sind and the Persian Gulf are generally transhipped in the harbour to a steamer



ADEN FROM THE SEA.

From a water colour drawing by A. G. Ferard.

of the British India Steam Navigation Company, and mails for H.M. ships stationed there are handed over on the spot.

It will thus be seen that the Indian Post Office is very much on the alert when the mail arrives, and anxious to do its best by the public it caters for. Let us hope that that public displays more than the usual gratitude, and, if an occasional packet of wedding cake falls a prey to an audacious rat who has crept unperceived into the mail room, that the intended recipients do not always declare it has been devoured by the Post Office. It certainly would not matter much if it were, as wedding cake proverbially goes bad on the voyage to India, and had better be eaten at home. On this point, however, there is no need to enlarge, the chief aim of this article being to see the mails safely brought to that coral strand, which if anyone expects to find at Bombay, in pink and white, he will be sadly disappointed. Nevertheless, to a new comer, the attractions on landing there are multifarious, and the difficulty is which to choose. Here a screeching steam launch is suggesting a visit to the caves of Elephanta, there a pious Fakir clothed in the smaller half of a pocket handkerchief fascinates with his orisons and genuflexions, and somewhere else a conjuror is making a mango tree grow out of nothing under the shelter of a table cloth. Official zeal, however, and the anticipation of a kindly welcome will perhaps suggest a call on the courteous Postmaster-General, Mr. Symmons, who has just come down to his office after a hard day's hunting. Readers, do not be shocked, it is only 10.30 a.m., and the hounds have met at 4! Further prospects of enjoyment will perhaps be offered by him in the shape of a visit to the Byculla Club, and in the meanwhile the best thing to do seems to be to seek refuge from the sun on the verandah of Watson's Hotel. Let us therefore return thither, with a fervent hope that someone has unexpectedly vacated a room, and that it will not in the end be necessary to spend the night camping like a Hindoo idol on the top of one's portmanteau in a corner of the hall.

ARTHUR G. FERARD.

The Deans of the College of St. Martin-le-Grand.

READERS of this magazine who were readers of its predecessor, *Blackfriars*, will not have forgotten three interesting papers by Mr. A. M. Ogilvie on "St. Martin's-le-Grand in the past" which appeared in March, August and November, 1888. I do not propose to trespass on Mr. Ogilvie's manor; if I made the attempt the Editor would probably warn me off and point out to me, either in a private communication, or, as a warning to others, in a printed note, that I was sinning against the amenities of literature. But it has occurred to me that very few of the present occupants of St. Martin's-le-Grand are aware of the number of men who rose from the deanery of St. Martin to eminent positions in Church and State, and I think their secular successors will not be altogether indifferent to an endeavour to catalogue some of the more famous deans, and to set forth briefly their claims to be remembered.

The list of deans in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, from Ingelric the first to James Stanley the last recorded holder of the office, contains forty-eight names. Mr. Kempe, in his history of St. Martin-le-Grand, mentions three deans whose names are not in Dugdale, and these bring the total number up to fifty-one. Assuming that Ingelric's appointment dates from the grant of William's charter in 1068, and bearing in mind that in 1502 Henry VII. conferred the deanery upon Abbot Islip of Westminster and his successors, the rule of fifty-one deans covers a period of 434 years, and it is a curious coincidence that during the same period there were fifty deans of the neighbouring cathedral of St. Paul. The average tenure of the deanery of St. Martin was therefore less than nine years, but, as in many cases, the office was a mere stepping stone to higher preferment, this average seems probable, and we may consider that Dugdale's list with Kempe's additions is fairly complete.

Ingelric's immediate successor was Hugh d'Orivalle, or Orwell, who recovered from Eustace, Count of Boulogne, some lands originally given to the college by Ingelric, which Eustace had

unlawfully seized. In 1075 Hugh was consecrated Bishop of London, and held the see for nine years, but soon after his appointment he became a leper, and though he underwent the painful operation which, on the supposed authority of an obscure verse in St. Matthew's Gospel, was held to be a remedy for leprosy, he never recovered, and remained a leper until his death in 1084.

Roger, originally an almost illiterate priest of a little chapel near Caen in Normandy, was the fourth dean. He owed his advancement to Henry I., who, before he became king, had attended mass at Roger's chapel and so much admired the rapidity with which the office was performed that he took the priest into his service. In 1102 Roger was nominated to the bishopric of Salisbury, but Archbishop Anselm refused to consecrate him, and until the question of investitures was settled in 1107 he remained bishop elect. He was afterwards made Justiciary, and is said by some writers to have acted as regent of England during Henry's frequent absence in Normandy. Roger took a leading part in obtaining the crown for Stephen, and continued for a time to hold the office of Justiciary, but he subsequently quarrelled with the king and is said to have died of vexation at the ill usage he received. He was a great statesman and a great architect, "having," as Mr. Freeman says, "in his own person brought to perfection that later form of Norman architecture, lighter and richer than the earlier type, which slowly died out before the introduction of the pointed arch" (*Norman Conquest*, v. 638).

The sixth dean was Henry of Blois, younger brother of Stephen and grandson of the Conqueror. He became Abbot of Glastonbury when only twenty-five years of age, and three years later, in 1129, Bishop of Winchester, and he held these valuable preferments with the deanery until his death in 1171. For some years he was legate of the Pope, but his public life belongs to English history and must not be entered upon here. He too was a great builder and carried out important works in his college, his abbey, and his cathedral. The hospital of St. Cross at Winchester still exists as a witness of his bounty, and he was a liberal patron of learning. It was on his recommendation, according to some of the chroniclers, that Henry II. appointed Thomas Becket to the Chancellorship, and when Becket was promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester was the principal consecrator; but they were both too ambitious and headstrong to agree, and were on opposite sides on many questions that vexed the peace of the realm as long as Becket

lived. Henry only survived the Archbishop's murder by a few months.

Henry's successor, Godfrey de Lucy, son of Richard, the great Justiciary of Henry II., was subsequently dean of St. Paul's, and in 1189 Bishop of Winchester. It was he who obtained from Pope Alexander III. a bull confirming all former privileges enjoyed by the college, and providing further that if at any time the kingdom should be laid under interdict the canons might continue to celebrate divine service, an advantage they were able to appreciate a few years later.

On Lucy's resignation, William of St. Mary's Church became dean. He was appointed Bishop of London in 1198, and ten years later was one of the bishops who published Pope Innocent's interdict against John and his kingdom. Dean Lucy's foresight annulled the effect of the interdict at St. Martin's, which was for some years probably the only Church in London where service was regularly performed, a certain gain to the canons and, we may hope, a comfort to many anxious souls. During the tenure of the deanery by William, a connexion was established between the college and the Saddler's Guild—not the present Saddler's Company—and the Guild used the church as a meeting place for many years.

Luke, who also held the deanery of Lichfield, was the eleventh dean of St. Martin's, but resigned both deaneries on his promotion to the Archbishopric of Dublin in 1229.

Walter de Kirkham succeeded the Archbishop, and was instituted by letters patent addressed somewhat strangely to the Constable of the Tower. Kirkham was also a builder, but as Mr. Ogilvie has told us what he did at St. Martin's, I need not refer to the subject. He seems to have vacated the deanery in 1244, and five years afterwards was appointed Bishop of Durham.

Hugh of Wingham, fifteenth dean, and some time Chancellor, was a favourite of Henry III. Elected Bishop of Winchester in 1259, he refused the office for fear of the king's displeasure, but accepted the Bishopric of London in the following year. By his will he left many benefactions, and a half mark to the college of St. Martin for his obit.

Hugh's successor, William Champvont, held the deanery twelve years, and vacated it in 1274 on his appointment to a bishopric, when Lewis of Savoy, cousin of Edward I., became dean. Lewis was of the family of the Counts of Savoy, one of whom, Peter, uncle of Elinor, wife of Henry III., was the builder of the Savoy palace in

the Strand. The dean was a pluralist like many of his family, of whom one, Boniface, brother of Count Peter, became Archbishop of Canterbury, and another at a later date also held the deanery of St. Martin.

On the resignation of Lewis, Geoffrey Newband, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was appointed to the deanery, and on his death William de Luda, prebendary of Neasden, succeeded, though apparently he had not received even deacon's orders, for when elected Bishop of Ely in 1290 he was made deacon, priest and bishop, by successive ordinations between May and October of that year.

The second member of the Savoy family who held the deanery was Peter, also described as King Edward's cousin. He was non-resident under the king's license and resigned on being appointed Archbishop of Lyons.

Omitting the names of several deans, William Cusance, sometime Treasurer of the Exchequer and Keeper of the Wardrobe to Edward III., was appointed twenty-ninth dean in 1354. His successor was William Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, the great architect and founder of Winchester School and New College. He rebuilt the church of St. Martin and repaired other parts of the college, including the prebendal houses, which had become so dilapidated that the prebendaries had refused to live in them. Wykeham's church was destroyed at the Reformation, but whoever has seen his work at Oxford and Winchester can form some idea of it. The church, we are told, was built of wood and stone and inlaid with marble "at great cost and in a new form of wonderful beauty." Wykeham apparently held the deanery for little more than three years.

Again omitting two obscure names, we come to Walter Skirlaw, who became dean in 1377 and afterwards Bishop in succession of Lichfield, Wells and Durham. He, too, was an architect, and built the north cloister at Durham Cathedral with the dormitory above, now used as the library and museum. Skirlaw was a benefactor of University College, Oxford.

Richard Medeford, thirty-fifth dean, was Bishop of Chichester and afterwards of Salisbury.

Thomas Stanley, Master of the Rolls in 1398, was dean in the following year. He added to the college revenues by obtaining from Richard II. letters patent authorising the appropriation of part of the income of the church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate.

John Stafford, son of Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, became dean in 1422. He held in succession the office of Privy Seal, Lord

High Treasurer and Lord Chancellor. He was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1425, and in 1443 was translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

In 1428 Thomas Bourchier was appointed dean. Six years later he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Bishop of Worcester. He was translated to Ely in 1443, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury in 1454, and in the following year became a Cardinal. Bourchier's record, to use a phrase more suitable to a sportsman than a prelate, is still unbeaten; he was archbishop for thirty-two years and crowned three kings. He appears in Shakespeare's "Richard III." as a defender of the privilege of sanctuary, appropriately enough as a former dean of St. Martin, but was easily induced by Buckingham to assist Hastings in taking the young Duke of York out of sanctuary at Westminster and in bringing him to the Tower. Bourchier must have known well enough he was wrongly persuaded, for he sat with other privy councillors in the Star chamber in 1442, when the privileges of sanctuary at St. Martin's were successfully asserted by Richard Cawdray, the dean, against the citizens of London and the sheriffs who had removed from the College an escaped prisoner. The story is told by Stow and, at greater length, by Kempe in his history. The question was not decided until after considerable argument on the part of the sheriffs by John Carpenter, the town clerk and founder of the City of London School, but Dean Cawdray produced his charters and convinced the Council that in invading the sanctuary the sheriffs had broken the law.

Cawdray's successor, Richard Stillington, who became fiftieth dean in 1463, was afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells and one of the bishops who assisted in the coronation of Richard III. He gave some support to the pretender, Lambert Simnell, and thereby incurred the wrath of Henry VII., who caused him to be arrested in 1487 and kept him in confinement at Windsor until his death in 1491.

The last dean of St. Martin was James Stanley, brother of Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby, whose desertion of Richard III. at Bosworth Field turned the fortune of war in favour of the Earl of Richmond and gave him the crown. James Stanley was a pluralist; in addition to the deanery he held the prebend of Finsbury in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Wardenship of Manchester Collegiate Church, where he was buried, and the Bishopric of Ely. His brother's marriage with the Lady Margaret, foundress of so many educational and religious endowments and mother of Henry VII., brought him into close connexion with the king and probably facilitated the transfer

of the deanery and college of St. Martin to Abbot Islip of Westminster in 1502. At that time Henry VII. was desirous of emulating his pious mother's example, and of providing masses for the repose of the soul of his relative and predecessor, Henry VI. The king's avarice, however, was a sad hindrance to his benevolent intentions, yet he was able to carry them into effect without touching his own huge hoards. He induced, or compelled, Abbot Islip to pull down the Lady Chapel at Westminster and to build on the site the chapel we know as Henry the Seventh's out of the revenues of the Abbey estates, and as these changes involved heavy charges, not to be extinguished for many years, he made over to the abbot the college of St. Martin by way of compensation. The college property descended from the abbots to the deans and chapter of Westminster and remained in their possession until the site was cleared for the erection of the Post Office. The dean and chapter of Westminster still present to the living of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, and hold the alternate presentation to Christ Church, Newgate Street, as successors of the dean and canons of the college of St. Martin.

One other name connected with the college must be mentioned, and, unlike some of the names I have referred to, will, I think, command universal respect. John Colet, the Oxford reformer, the friend of Erasmus, dean of St. Paul's, and founder of St. Paul's School, held for some years the prebend of Good Easter in the college. He resigned it in January, 1503.

Of the fifty-one deans of St. Martin I have given some account of twenty-three. Of these, three became bishops of London, two of Durham, three of Winchester, three of Bath and Wells, three of Ely, two of Salisbury, one of Lichfield, one of Chichester and one of Worcester; four deans became Archbishops, viz., one of Dublin, one of Lyons, and two of Canterbury; one was a Legate, another a Cardinal; one was Justiciary, two were Chancellors, two were Treasurers of England, one Chancellor of the Exchequer, one Master of the Rolls, and one Chancellor of Oxford University—a goodly list of honours, not perhaps in every instance well deserved, yet enough, I hope, to justify the assertion that a large number of the deans of St. Martin rose to eminent positions in Church and State.

J. A. J. HOUSDEN.

How it was done.

THE new man sat in his varnished chair,
 He gnawed at his pen and he worried his hair—
 Frenzied his eye and haggard his face ;—
 And he blessed the Surveyor and all his staff
 As he gave up the task with a hollow laugh.

“O, what shall I do with this awful case !”

Then a quick resolve and a sigh of relief.

“I’ll take the papers in to the chief,

And let *him* decide what the course shall be !”

* * * * *

“I think,” said the chief, “in fact, I’m sure,
 We have dealt with a similar case before ;
 Get out the previous papers and see.

“A case like this should be always sent,
 The very first thing, for a precedent ;
 Send down now and see what the records show.
 I cannot say when or what was said,
 But the point was settled by Q—, now dead ;
 Papers there are,” said the chief, “I know.”

So they traced and traced till a case was found,
 Not quite the same, but they worked it round
 Till it fitted somehow—it was better than none.
 For it saved the official mind from strain,
 And it eased the work and economized brain,
And it showed the new man how the thing was done.

J. M. S.

the streams of human traffic, and yet within so moderate a distance of Hyde Park Corner as to comply with the imperative conditions laid down by the editor of this magazine in his choice of a holiday residence. The railways hold themselves aloof a mile on either side; the Great North Road at the nearest point is slightly more distant still; the coaches of old days never troubled it at all.

Here, in this quiet corner, little has changed during the last fifty years—perhaps since the last century. Still, like almost every hamlet, Totteridge is marked with the mile-stones of history. Readers of this journal in the Dominion of Canada should be interested in it. For exactly opposite the church and embowered in forest trees, stands Copped Hall, where Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer (who gave British Columbia colonial status), the first Lord Lytton, and his son, the second lord, lived awhile. The little church itself is a hundred years old, but the edifice which it replaced, as existing records testify, dated back at least to 1570. Many years ago, say, when the Rev. Abel Lyndon was the incumbent, and when, by the way, Totteridge Church was a chapel of ease of the Rectory of Hatfield, nine miles on the further side of Barnet (which it continued to be until 1892), Copped Hall, within my recollection, was smaller. In it, in July, 1807, Cardinal Manning was born. He lived there during his boyhood, and a few years before his death revisited the house, going all over it and recognizing in the garden a favourite tree, in the branches of which in childhood he had found an accustomed perching place. In the churchyard are interred members of the Manning family.

The first Lord Lytton enlarged and beautified the house for his son's use; the family seat at Knebworth, a short four miles from Welwyn, on the highest ground in northern Hertfordshire, being still kept up. The curving aviary, which I remember, had been swept away when, after an interval of forty years, I spent a few hours at Copped Hall; but one of the many charms of the place remained, in the form of an abundant supply of the brown-flowering Fritillary, which perennially blooms where the green sward of the park slopes swiftly to the lake.

History has, perhaps, not yet settled to what rank Sir Edward Lytton—great writer as he was—belongs as a politician. At any rate, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the Earl of Derby's Administration, he gave, as I say, British Columbia cause to hold him in grateful memory. He took over from the Hudson's Bay Company Vancouver's Island, and on the mainland the district

watered by the Fraser—all the Dominion territory, that is, on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains—and erected it into a Crown Colony. My recollection is that not caring to entrust important papers to the Post Office (which then had no regular mail service with Vancouver's Island), Sir Edward himself went to Southampton, took on board the mail packet for St. Thomas the despatch appointing the first Imperial Governor, Mr. Douglas, and gave it to the naval agent in charge of mails for transmission to the Consul at Panama, en route to Vancouver's Island by first available means.

Sir Wemyss Reid preserves to us, in his *Life, Letters, and Friendships of R. Monckton Milnes*, the First Lord Houghton, a delicious suggestion, thrown out in a letter of 1858, when the master of Knebworth had just received the Colonial Office seals. Milnes writes :—

“ Dear Friend. . . . How it will be with the great romancer, I do not know. Some Colonial servant began a despatch the other day, ‘ Seated on a rock, with a volume of *The Caxtons* in my hand.’ Perhaps, if you tried your hand at this, you might succeed.”

Now, west of the Rocky mountains, where, in Sir Edward's time, little could be found but the forest primeval—a dusky twilight of the Douglas pine trees—flourishes a great and growing colony, containing fine cities, adorned with handsome buildings, the terminus of three thousand miles of railway, and the Pacific port of the Dominion of Canada. Lord Lytton died in 1873, and is buried in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of an ancestor who, it is said, fell in the battle of Barnet. His son, the second baron—for whom Copp'd Hall was beautified—became, as is well-known, Viceroy of India, and, subsequently, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris. He died five years ago.

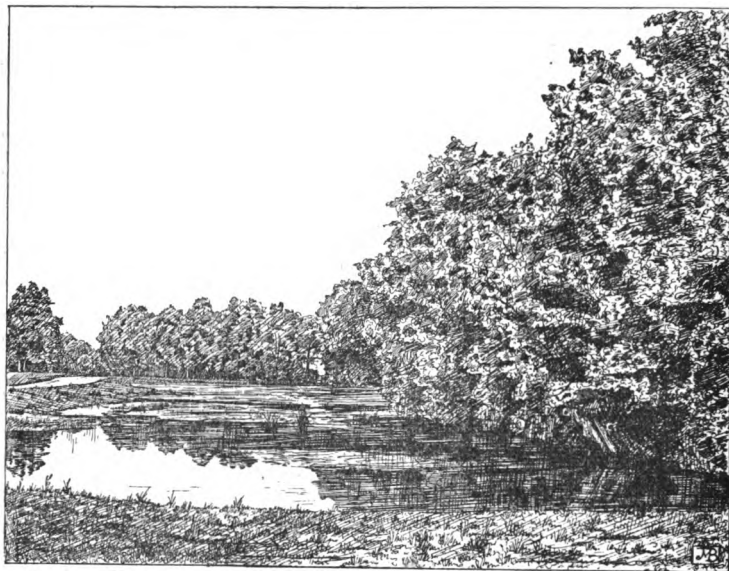
If, at the field-stile, we strike off to the right hand, and turn our back on the village green, Copp'd Hall, and the little church, we shall come in a few minutes to ponds by the roadside, to the waste of the manor, and to an overshadowed path which runs under the fence of Totteridge Park and its ancient trees.

The park, within the memory of persons recently living, has held deer—I seem to preserve a misty recollection of seeing a herd myself—and has been the home, for a time, of more than one celebrated person; but its chief distinction is, that it was once the residence of the Chevalier Christian Carl Josias Bunsen. Prussian Minister of the Court of St. James in the fifties, the pupil of Schelling, and the friend of Niebuhr and Lepsius, he was

persona grata with every one, and husband of the charming and accomplished Frances Waddington, of Llanover.

"About four miles from Abergavenny, where the green meadows are divided by the River Usk, nine crystal springs bursting side by side from a rock, beneath a wooded hill, form the holy fountain of Gofer." There, embosomed in the trees, stands the home of Frances Waddington's young life—"the White House of Llanover."

Looking back to her early youth, we get a glimpse, in Hare's



From a photograph by E. A. Maxwell, Chipping Barnet.

THE LONG POND ON TOTTERIDGE COMMON.

volumes, of the intellectual life which, like Lady Jane Grey, the girl of nineteen actively pursued :—

"10th June, 1810.—Our books having at last arrived from Edinburgh, I have my Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian, Euclid, and Smith's *Wealth of Nations* to go on with, besides drawing, practising, and working, hearing Emily read Italian, and seeing her embroider, and watching over Augusta in her mathematics, her drawing, and her music, and doing geography with her."

Much of Madame Bunsen's married life was spent abroad, but in 1841 she and her husband came to London—the latter as Prussian Minister—and it was during a part of their residence of

thirteen years that, taking long holidays from the official house in Carlton Terrace, they rented Totteridge Park, and abode there at intervals from Easter, 1848, for a term which I cannot accurately fix.

"I had seen the Prince of Prussia" (afterwards the German Emperor William, and a firm friend to Bunsen), wrote the Baroness in her journal, "on the occasion of his visit to Queen Victoria, at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851." It was then that I too saw him. I was standing near Osler's crystal fountain (now at Sydenham) early in the forenoon, very few visitors being present, when a little party came down the nave. The Prince of Prussia walked first, accompanied by his son, the young Frederick William. When I next beheld Prince Frederick William, it was from a window of the Regent Street Post Office; he was Crown Prince, an Emperor's son (afterwards Emperor himself), and a gallant, but even then, alas! a stricken figure amongst the princes of Europe, in Her Majesty's Jubilee procession.

If, like the highly esteemed Van de Weyers of the Belgian Legation, at a later date, the Bunsens were highly acceptable at Court, and in all ranks of polished and educated society, the regard bestowed upon them was warmly returned. Of Her Majesty, the Baroness wrote (May, 1851), "The Queen looked well and charming; her smile is a real smile, and her grace is natural."

An amusing story is related how twice when entertained by royalty—once by Queen Adelaide, and once at Windsor Castle—in all the magnificence and luxury which surrounded them, and despite the care with which they were lodged, positive comfort was yet wanting, and even distressfully wanting, in the shape of a penny box of the humble lucifer match!

The Bunsens left England in 1854; and at Bonn, in November, 1860, de Bunsen died. Frances, his widow, survived her husband sixteen years, dying at Carlsruhe, in March 1876. Her sister, Lady Llanover, died at the White House only the other day, *i.e.*, early in the Spring of 1896; her son, George Bunsen, in London, late in the Autumn. The friend of Florence Nightingale, of Mrs. Arnold, of Lady Augusta Stanley, of all that was sweet and excellent in life, this distinguished lady was an adoring daughter, a devoted wife and mother, unshakable in attachments, firm in religious belief. It is recorded that during her last illness "the kindest possible message came from Queen Victoria—a last proof

of remembrance from a sovereign whose course she had never failed to follow with the most profound admiration and affection."

The memorials of the life of Frances Waddington, Baroness de Bunsen, as arranged by Mr. Hare, disclose a character of singular nobility and beauty, a heart which cherished the warmest affection for kith and kin, and a mind refined and cultivated to a degree that places this charming sojourner in Herts in the very first rank of the admirable women of our time.



From a photograph by E. A. Maxwell, Chipping Barnet.

TOTTERIDGE LANE.

Half a mile north-westward of the park, appear other homes of the great men of the early Victorian age. At the right hand, as a lane strikes the main way from Totteridge to Edgware, and the bicyclist faces the sharp gradient of Highwood Hill, stands the house in which the eminent theologian, the great emancipator and philanthropist, William Wilberforce, lived sixty or seventy years ago.

To be exact, Wilberforce bought Highwood in 1826. "I shall be a little zemindar," wrote he; "140 acres of land, cottages of my own, &c." Here he resided for about five years, until indeed a change of fortune caused him and his wife to accept what he described as a

delightful asylum, under the roofs of their two children, in Kent and the Isle of Wight. He had a passion for country life. The gardens at Highwood, where he was said to hover from bed to bed over his favourite flowers, and the fine rolling country which surrounds it, were unfailing sources of delight. I knew them well.

Wilberforce was not the less remarkable for his friendships than his acts—for his open hand than his deep religious convictions. The friend of William Pitt and Huskisson, of Hannah More and Mrs. Fry, of Reginald Heber and the venerable Wesley; of Sir James Mackintosh, of Southey, and, perhaps, I may add Wordsworth; of personages so diverse as Madame de Staël and Field-Marshal Blücher, must have been a man of no ordinary character. As a theologian, his *Practical Christianity* and *Christian Observer* made him widely known; as a philanthropist, his foot trod the corridors and cells of Coldbath Fields, and his comforting words were heard by the prisoners where now the busy sorters deal with the Parcel Post.

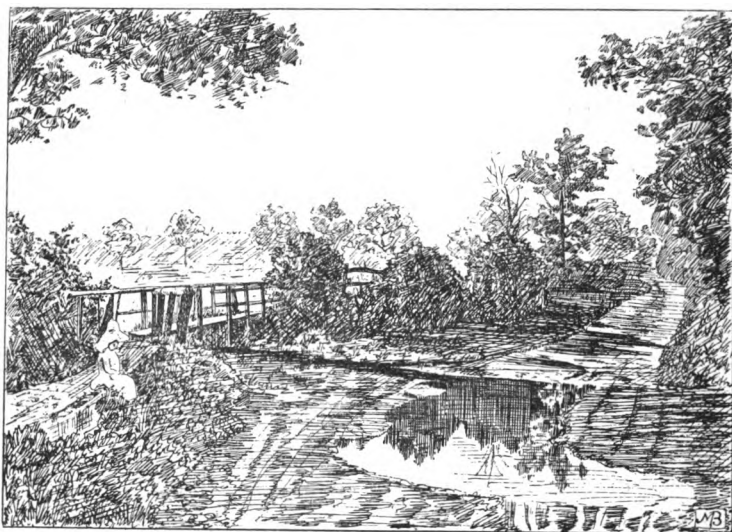
Wilberforce was forty-eight, and a member of Parliament when, in 1807, his culminating triumph as an abolitionist came, the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery passing both Houses of Parliament, and receiving the Royal Assent. The division in the House of Commons showed that two hundred and eighty-three Members voted for the Bill and sixteen against it. "Let us make out a list of the names of the sixteen miscreants," said one of the triumphant majority. "Nay," replied Wilberforce, "let us think of our glorious two hundred and eighty-three." He died at Bath, July, 1833, just seventy-four years old, and lies in Westminster Abbey amongst the benefactors of mankind.

Higher up, past the little lane leading to Moat Mount, and on the same side, if the bicyclist be not daunted by the hill, he will find the one-time residence of Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder—the first governor at any rate—of Singapore, the famous administrator of half-civilized British possessions in the East, and founder, too, of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, in London, where his bust may be seen in the Lion house at this moment.

Singapore, by the mail route, is the second stop going East, after leaving Ceylon. Its history and Sir Stamford's lie in a nut-shell. In 1811 Lord Minto sailed for Batavia with ninety ships, took the island of Java from the Dutch, and installed Mr. Raffles as Governor. In 1816 the East India Company, or the Government of the day, restored Java and some other large islands to their original owners.

and the Governor's mission was at an end. On his way home, Raffles called at St. Helena, and at Longwood saw and spoke with the fallen Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, who put a series of questions in such rapid succession as to render it impossible for him to answer one before the Emperor put another.

Receiving at home the honour of knighthood, Sir Stamford was not to remain long idle. He was made Governor of Bencoolen, in the south-west of Sumatra. The station was a wretched one, and not in



From a photograph by E. A. Maxwell, Chipping Barnet.

BROOK CROSSING TOTTERIDGE LANE.

the best position for safeguarding British interests in eastern waters. The new Governor's sagacious glance soon fell on a neighbouring spot, and negotiating a treaty with the Johore princes for the cession of the Island of Singapore, he hoisted his flag there as its first governor in 1819. Down at the south of the Malayan Peninsula, Singapore holds watch and ward over British shipping going up and down the China seas and through the Straits of Malacca, and amongst other good deeds, its Post Office keeps a friendly eye over British mails for far-off Borneo, Mr. Noel Trotter, the postal administrator, being a staunch friend of the London Post Office.

Woe to the pirate hordes which infested the creeks and hiding

places of Sumatra, Java, and the Eastern Siamese coast, when the stout English Governor made his authority, backed up by British power, tell!

In and out of Singapore harbour now daily pass some of the finest vessels of the world. Fifty lines of steamships call; ten million tons of shipping are annually cleared through its Custom House; of these seven millions are owned in the United Kingdom. The two hundred thousand inhabitants enjoy per annum, one hundred and ninety-eight hot, fine days, and one hundred and sixty-seven hot, wet ones. The island is the key of the far East.

Some day, perchance, when China throws open her markets to the world; when the manufactures of the West pour into its vast interior, and the substantial wealth of the Chinaman flows Westward—and that day, after recent events, now seems near at hand—a new Count de Lesseps will arise, and, piercing the said peninsula by a deep water cut from the Mergui Archipelago, or by Investigator's Channel to the Gulf of Siam, shorten the sea-way from Calcutta to Canton. Then hot, smiling, busy, rainy, thriving Singapore, look to your laurels, or if such be not indigenous to your soil, then to your waving palms.

Five years more of the toils and anxieties of official life under an eastern sun told heavily on the Governor's health and constitution. So, resigning his governorship, Raffles embarked on board the "Fame" on the 2nd February, 1824. The very same day she was burnt at sea. The alarm of fire was given at 8.20 p.m.—by 8.30 all the souls on board were out of the ship, and in two small open boats, without a drop of water, or a grain of food, made good their escape. By 8.40, *i.e.*, in twenty minutes, the "Fame" was a mass of fire. She burnt until midnight, sending up—because of saltpetre on board—the most splendid and brilliant flames imaginable, which lighted up the horizon for fifty miles. Land was regained at two o'clock p.m. next day, but all His Excellency's papers and all his rich natural history collections were destroyed.

At last Sir Stamford got safely home. On June 6th, 1826, he wrote: "We have fixed on the 15th to move to Hornsey for a week or two, whence we shall move to our new dwelling at Highwood. This place I have just purchased, and we are to have possession at Midsummer. It is in the parish of Hendon, and on the borders of Hertfordshire, but in Middlesex, eleven miles from London and three from Barnet. The house is small, but compact; the land, a hundred and twelve acres in grass. . . . My attention was

directed to Highwood in the first instance by our respected friend, Mr. Wilberforce, who has purchased the estate adjoining, so that we are to be next-door neighbours, and to divide the hill between us. Do you not envy us such a neighbour?"

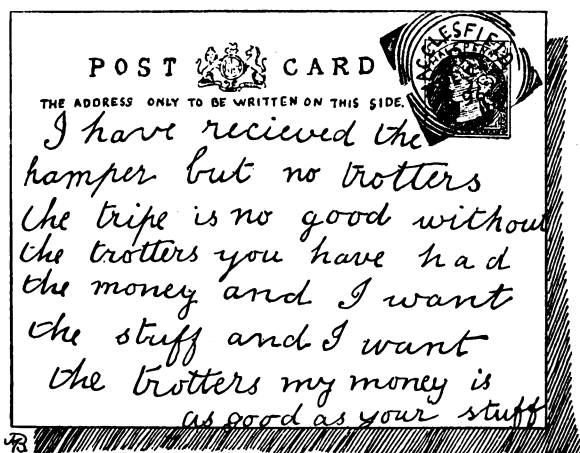
The pleasures of rural life, however, were not long to last. Exhausted by arduous service abroad, health and strength soon failed in Sir Stamford Raffles, and he had barely set foot on his new estate, when to the grief of all, in the prime of life, being barely forty-five years old, he died July 5th, 1826. His name is in part preserved in the Post Office in the person of one of its well known and esteemed officials.

But I have outrun the limits of Hertfordshire and landed my bicyclist amidst the steep hills of Middlesex. He will, however, have an inspiring ride home if the pneumatic tyre holds out and he follows the road by Mill Hill and Hendon, by Golder's Green and Hampstead, to the "Haven where he would be," in one or other of the pleasant suburbs of the great metropolis.

F. E. BAINES.

AN UNDELIVERED POST CARD.

We are constantly publishing, and seeing published in other journals, remarkable achievements of the Post Office in the delivery of imperfectly addressed letters. We give below the facsimile of a post-card which we failed to deliver. It should be stated that no writing whatever appears on the other side of the post-card, and the angry housewife's feelings were evidently too much for her even to sign her own name. We are indebted to Mr. H. C. Crawley, Postmaster of Macclesfield, for the card.



Tragedies of the Old Posts.

Numquid oblivisci potest mulier infantem suum ut non misereatur filio uteri sui?"

IN the record room of the Post Office is a large folio book lettered "Guarding the Horse Mails." The book contains letters and reports about a century old, showing that the Postmasters General were seriously alarmed at the frequency with which highwaymen robbed the Postboys, who rode in the bye-roads carrying the country mails. The controversy between the Post Office and the Treasury about a scheme for entrusting the duty to armed men is curious and edifying, but I do not propose to reproduce it at present. My object in this article is to tell two remarkable stories illustrating the dangers to which the Posts were exposed. The evidence for these tales is mostly official; but the story of Mrs. Rook rests upon the authority of Martin's *History of Brighton*, and Nutcher's dying speech upon the authority of the *Lancaster Gazette* of the 24th April, 1802.

On Thursday the 1st November, 1792, Ryall John Stevenson, the Steyning Postboy, aged 14, "in the peace of God and of our Lord the King then and there being" was riding from Shoreham to Brighton with his mail bags at about a quarter to six in the evening. At a place which is variously described as "Goldstone Bottom" and "Peter Deane Lane," he came up with two mounted men who stopped him. One of them "caught hold of the bridle of the Postboy's horse and bid him get off. The boy said to him, 'Don't be foolish, Postboys don't go about the country to be made fools of.' Upon this the man who stopt the boy called out to the other man, who was a little behind, 'Give me the pistol, I'll shoot him immediately.' The other man (who was dressed in a dirty white frock, and long trowsers, and a flapt hat, and was mounted on a tallish horse with a sprig tail, the hair very thin, with a kind of miller's pad on) rode hastily up, and gave the pistol to his companion, who put it to the Postboy's breast and declared he would shoot him immediately if he did not gett off. The boy cryed and dismounted, and the first man asked for his pouch, which the boy gave him. In this there was only one letter."

The robbers then rode off towards Brighton leading the horse with the mail upon it. The Postboy gave the alarm, and the hunt for the highwaymen began. First of all it was remembered that two days before the robbery an "old sprig tail horse" had been stolen from Mr. Boyce, an innkeeper of New Shoreham, and the Postboy said he was sure that one of the highwaymen was riding it. Then it appeared that a horse had been stolen, a day before the robbery, from Mr. Oram, a farmer of Old Shoreham. Then it was stated by Mr. Roberts, a lieutenant in the Navy, that he had heard that a notorious thief named Edward Howell was in the country, and the population turned out to hunt him down. They soon caught him on the hills, took away his pistol, and led him to the "Fountain Inn" at New Shoreham, where a number of people questioned him, and charged him with robbing the Mail, which he admitted, and he also gave some corroborative detail. Next comes on the scene one Phoebe Hessel, wife of a fisherman at New Shoreham, who saw a man named James Rook walking across "the south fields between Old and New Shoreham" the morning after the robbery. As he was a person of bad character, and known to be a constant companion of Howell, it occurred to the wise Phoebe that perhaps he had had a hand in the robbery, so she persuaded some labourers to go in chase of him. They did so, and caught him, and he also confessed that he was guilty, and had taken a guinea and a half in gold out of the letters, adding that he had ridden Boyce's horse, and Howell had ridden Oram's. Other bits of evidence came to light, and both men were tried and convicted at Sussex Lent Assizes, 1793. It is noteworthy that according to the official record of the Assize there is a clerical error in the second indictment, the date of the robbery being given as 1767. As the conviction was on the first indictment, the error did not matter.

The Post Office distributed a reward of £200 among the zealous amateur detectives.

The men were hanged on the 26th April, 1793, for robbing the mail, and their bodies were hanged in an iron skeleton dress on a gibbet at Goldstone Bottom. "When, however," says the Brighton historian, "the elements had caused the clothes and the flesh to decay, the aged mother of Rook, night after night, in all weathers—and the more tempestuous the weather the more frequent the visits—made a sacred pilgrimage to the lonely spot, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in

her apron. Upon being watched, it was discovered that the bones of the hanging men were the objects of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground she collected the relics and conveyed them to her home, and, when the gibbets were stripped of their horrid burthen, in the dead silence of the night she interred them, deposited in a chest, in the hallowed ground of old Shoreham Churchyard." And so, for her devotion's sake, she lives for ever as Tennyson's "Rizpah," lamenting and watching over her son.

"When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son, till I find myself drenched with the rain.

.

"He lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good:
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would.
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—'I'll none of it,' said my son.

"I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,
God's own truth, but they kill'd him—they kill'd him—for robbing the mail;
They hanged him in chains for a show

"Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kissed 'em, I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard wall."

And now for my other story—of another kind of mother—a few years later.

The present century was ushered in by a series of mail robberies round Warrington and Wigan, which filled the Postmasters General with alarm and the Lancashire merchants with indignation. So grave was the state of affairs that it was actually considered whether the Postboys should not be escorted by dragoons. The Postboy Thomas Tootel was robbed near Wigan on the 7th October, 1799, and again on the 29th December, 1799, near the same place; the Postboy Edward Birrell was robbed near Warrington in February, 1800, and again on the 9th November, 1800; and a Postboy named Mother was robbed in March, 1800. With these last two Postboys

I have no particular concern, except to record that it was denied that one Edward Fox had said that Edward Birrell would let him rob him at any time for a guinea or so! My story relates to the two robberies of Tootel. No discovery of the criminal was made until September 1801, when a family quarrel arose in the house of a man named John Nutcher, who lived at Wigan with a woman named Mary Gisborne, and their son John Nutcher the younger and his wife.

John Nutcher the younger fired a loaded pistol one day at his wife's sister, and his mother thereupon told her that he had robbed the mail nearly two years before. The woman told her father, and he told the magistrate.

Upon the first report of the case, showing that Nutcher the elder and Mary Gisborne had given evidence, the authorities in London were horrified. "Surely the times are out of joint," commented Sir Francis Freeling; and the Postmaster General, Lord Auckland, with the concurrence of his colleague Lord Charles Spencer, delivered himself as follows: "My mind revolts at a case so unnatural; and unless a prosecution can be grounded and supported on better evidence than that of a father and mother against the life of a child to which they have given birth, the horror of such an exhibition cannot be compensated to society by any effect of the conviction, more especially, too, as the robbery in question appears to have been followed by immediate penitence, and by the carrying back of the mail."

Freeling was good enough to describe this as a "very right and humane minute," but, before any action could be taken upon it, Nutcher had confessed the crime, and also the previous robbery of Tootel, and had charged three other people, all of whom, apparently, were afterwards found to be innocent, with having been his accomplices in the crime.

The Attorney General, Sir E. Law (afterwards Lord Ellenborough), advised that the father and mother must be taken to Lancaster to give evidence if it were absolutely necessary, though they should not be called if it could be avoided. Fortunately it was not found necessary to call them, the case being complete without their evidence. The details of the robberies themselves are not unlike those of the Shoreham crime; the interest of the case lies in the betrayal by the father and mother, and the fact that they and one other man had known the circumstances of the second robbery for so long a time. It seems that in the early morning of the

30th of December, 1799, the old man heard a horse come in, and asked if Jack was in bed; he heard he was not, and then visited the stable, and found that the horse that had arrived was his own. Later in the morning came the news of the robbery, and it was stated that a scabbard had been found on the scene of the crime. The mother then went to the room of her lodger, Lieutenant Ogden, and found his sword without a scabbard. She then charged her son with the robbery, which at first he did not admit, but he provided a new scabbard for the sword. It was then feared that Lieutenant Ogden would notice a difference, so an artistic friend named Skirrow was taken in council. Skirrow went to the Post Office and saw the captured scabbard, and then altered the new one to correspond with it, but, before doing so, stipulated that the plunder should be restored. The mails were accordingly replaced quietly in the porch of the Post Office, and it was to this restoration that Lord Auckland referred as a sign of penitence.

Nutcher was convicted, and hanged at Lancaster Castle in April 1802. He was 24 years old, and had been married about twelve months.

“He addressed the populace at the place of execution, confessing himself to be the sole perpetrator of the crime, and exhorting them to refrain from the crying sins of intemperance, and a neglect of the Sabbath and of public worship, which had impelled him to that fatal measure, for the supplying of his guilty pleasures. He asked the executioner if he had a clear conscience, and, on Jack Ketch’s replying in the affirmative, he told him that all the riches in the world would avail him nothing if he had not the fear of God. He appeared remarkably penitent, and after recommending his soul to that Mercy manifested to mankind through the Infinite Merits of Christ he was launched into eternity.”

His body was directed to be hung in chains, and his mother obtained her share of the reward of £200 paid by the Post Office for his conviction.

H. S. CAREY.

The Newspaper Post.

[As the matter is of special interest we reprint the copy of Report on Extension of Newspaper Post by the Postage Rates Committee of the Post Office, dated the 24th of June, 1896, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed the 29th of January, 1897 (No. 39).]



REPORT on Extension of Newspaper Post by Postage Rates Committee, viz. :—

Mr. Lewin Hill, Acting Joint Third Secretary, Chairman.

Mr. J. C. Badcock, Controller, London Postal Service,

Mr. James J. Cardin, Receiver and Accountant General.

Mr. H. Buxton Forman, Assistant Secretary and Controller of Packet Services.

Sir Robert Hunter, Solicitor to the Post Office.

Mr. T. E. Sifton, Assistant Secretary and Inspector General of Mails.

24th June, 1896.

1. As requested, we have met and considered the subject of the extension of the newspaper post to magazines and other publications issued periodically.

2. The question is whether the law might be altered so as on the one hand to extend the present newspaper post by admitting to its privileges magazines and other publications, and, on the other hand, to restrict the advantages of that post by substituting for the present single rate of one halfpenny for any newspaper a scale of one halfpenny for every 8 oz.

3. Various matters of detail in connection with this question arise ; but practically the general issue is, whether such an alteration in the conditions of the newspaper post would be an advantage to the revenue and to the public. We think it would be convenient to deal with this general issue in the first instance rather than with any matters of detail, leaving such to be noticed as they arise in connection with the main issue.

4. We are of opinion that it would be eminently desirable to place a limit upon the weight of newspapers. It does not follow that it would be worth while to purchase this advantage by extending the newspaper post to magazines and other publications, and we think that such a transaction would be disastrous to the Post Office.

5. The additional postage which would be payable upon the

present registered newspapers posted by the London publishers, if the newspaper rate were altered to one halfpenny for every 8 oz., would, we estimate, not exceed £5,000 a year, and it may safely be assumed that the additional postage on heavy newspapers posted by newsagents and private persons would not amount to more than another £5,000.

6. On the other hand, it would be impossible to foretell what the loss would be, were the proposed rate of one halfpenny for 8 oz. extended to magazines and other publications; it would certainly be very large indeed.

7. We have considered whether it would be possible to obtain statistics showing the probable effect upon the revenue of an extension of the post to a specified class of publications, such as magazines appearing quarterly or oftener. We find, however, that it would not be practicable to make such an examination of the book-post as would secure accurate figures on this point.

8. We think this the less important, as, in our opinion, an expansion of the present newspaper post of such a nature as has been suggested by the repeated applications to the Department would inevitably, sooner or later, result in a general reduced book post rate. In other words, we believe that the proposed rate of one halfpenny for 8 oz., or any other reduced rate, must, in time, if not at once, inevitably be applied to the whole book post.

9. This conclusion may, perhaps, seem a startling one, but the more the question is considered in detail the stronger become the grounds for it.

10. In the first place, we appeal to the actual experience of the United States of America. In that country a very low rate is applied, not to the book post generally, but to what are called "periodical publications."

11. This expression is defined (*United States Official Postal Guide*, January, 1896, p. 922), as follow :—

" All newspapers and other periodical publications which are issued at stated intervals, and as frequently as four times a year, which bear a date of issue, and are numbered consecutively, are issued from a known office of publication, are formed of printed paper sheets, without board, cloth, leather, or other substantial binding. To be entitled to entry in this class such publications must be originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry, and must have a legitimate list of subscribers, and must not be designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or circulation at nominal rates."

12. Notwithstanding this limitation the second class mail matter of the United States extends in practice to a very large proportion of the whole book matter carried, indeed such matter forms two-thirds in weight, and one-third in number of all the postal missives carried. Successive Postmasters-General of the United States have in recent reports commented upon the great loss to the department due to the low rates arising from the periodical post, and in this connection it is pointed out that the rate is claimed not only for legitimate newspapers and periodical magazines, but for books which are not in any real sense serial, though said to belong to series, for advertisement sheets, and for sample copies of newspapers and magazines which never obtain any permanent circulation. In six years no fewer than 24,304 new publications were registered in the United States for transmission as second-class matter, the object being to allow such publications to pass at the cheap rates. If in the United States an attempt to limit the special periodical post has conspicuously failed through the evasions of the rules laid down by the Post Office, and through abuses which, the postal authorities declare, it is impossible to prevent, it is difficult to see why in this country the Post Office should be any more successful in confining the periodical post within limits which would render it innocuous in its effect upon the revenue.

13. But apart from experience in the United States a consideration of the different classes of periodical publications shows the extreme difficulty of establishing any definite limitation of the periodical post, as distinct from the general book post. The first claim for admission to a newspaper rate is in respect of monthly magazines, and it is probable that such magazines are mainly in the mind of the public when the question is under discussion. But a limitation to monthly publications alone would certainly not satisfy the publishing firms and their supporters; nor is there any reason in the nature of the contents, or of the interests affected, to justify such a distinction. A quarterly issue is the minimum of frequency which has been suggested as a limit (this, it will have been noticed, is the limit in the United States), and the cheap post has been claimed as well for books in serial parts as for magazines proper. Further, amongst monthly publications are no less than twenty-one railway guides, including *Bradshaw*, the ordinary issue of which weighs over 1 lb., and the special (continental) issue over 1½ lbs. Railway guides certainly contain news of a most important character, and it would be impossible to exclude them from any periodical post. Thus it will

be seen, that within the narrowest limits, the suggested post must comprise far more than the ordinary magazine which first arises to the mind in this connection.

14. Messrs. Cassell, alone, are at the present moment issuing no less than thirty-five books in monthly parts, and four books in weekly parts. At present no attempt is made to pass even the weekly books as newspapers; but it is certain that, if the post were enlarged to include monthly publications, Messrs. Cassell, one of whose representatives is the most persistent advocate of the enlargement of the newspaper post, would insist upon the extension of the periodical post to the books they issue. And they would have good grounds for so doing, for it is difficult to say that a monthly magazine is of an inherently different character from a book issued in parts. Most of Messrs. Cassell's issues would seem to contain original matter, and a series of consecutive articles, say on *British Battles on Land and Sea*, or on the *History of England*, are certainly as much entitled to transmission at the cheap rate as a series of articles on miscellaneous subjects such as those constituting an ordinary magazine number. If, on the other hand, the issues are of standard works, then it is difficult to see on what ground a standard work in parts should be refused the means of transmission which are given to works of a similar character, but of no established value. But, if books in monthly parts are allowed to pass through the post at a cheap rate, it would be most difficult to exclude genuine magazines which differ from other magazines only in appearing less frequently. How, for example, could the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* be excluded from the periodical post, when not only the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Contemporary*, but Messrs. Cassell's *British Battles on Land and Sea* were enjoying the benefits of cheap transmission?

15. Again, if the attempt be made to draw the line at quarterly publications, it would be very difficult to say why publications appearing less often than once a quarter, but essentially of the same character as many which are issued quarterly, should be excluded from the cheap post.

16. For instance, among departmental issues, the *Post Office Guide* appears quarterly, but the *Admiralty Tide Tables*, *Ham's Customs Year Book*, and *Ham's Inland Revenue Year Book*, which probably contain information of a similar character in relation to those departments, are annuals. Amongst official lists in relation to the services and the professions, *Hart's Quarterly Army List and Militia List*,

and the *Navy List*, appear quarterly, while the *Clergy Directory*, the *Clergy List*, *Crockford's Clerical Directory*, the *Law List*, the *India Office List*, and four Medical Directories appear yearly. The *India List* appears twice a year. Again, amongst journals of learned societies many appear quarterly, some—for example, that of the Iron and Steel Institute—appear two or three times a year, and many appear yearly. Why should the Report of the British Association be excluded from a periodical post when the journal of the British Archæological Association is admitted? Amongst directories, *Boyle's Court Guide*, the *Royal Blue Book*, and the *Royal Red Book* all appear twice a year, while most directories (amongst these may be mentioned *Kelly's*) are annuals: *Whitaker's Almanack*, an annual publication, is among the publications for which Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme claimed the privilege. Railway guides, on the other hand, as we have noticed, are mostly monthly. The information contained in railway guides and directories is essentially of the same character, and there seems to be no reason why one should be admitted to the cheap post and the other excluded.

17. Thus it would seem impossible to establish any clear distinction in principle based either on frequency of appearance or on subject-matter of publication, and any line of demarcation which might be selected by the Department would land it in inconsistencies extremely difficult to justify. By degrees, if not at once, the Department would be driven to admit everything in the nature of a publication to the cheap rate applicable to newspapers. It might possibly be suggested, that a division line could be drawn between publications in paper covers and those in any kind of binding, including boards. It is probable that some of the transactions of the learned societies are issued in boards, and that difficulties would arise on this score; but, however this may be, such a distinction would merely amount to a tax upon binding, and would tend to substitute the paper covers, which are in vogue in France, for the cloth bindings in use in England. There seems to be no particular reason why the Post Office should go out of its way to encourage such a change.

18. In addition to the inherent difficulty of drawing any line between one class of publications and another, considerable inconvenience would also arise in the practical work of the Department from any attempt to apply such a distinction. At present the distinction is between newspapers and other publications, and newspapers are usually printed and published in a form which is distinct

from that of other publications. The only question which has usually to be considered, therefore, is, whether a publication in this form is, or is not, on the register. But if magazines, and other periodical publications were admitted at the cheap rate, there would be no clear difference in form between the favoured and the excluded classes of books, and any effort to enforce the observance of the distinction would, through the enormous increase in the work of examination, cause considerable trouble and large expense in all the sorting offices of the country.

19. We are, therefore, of opinion that for the purpose of estimating the loss likely to accrue to the Department the only safe course is to consider that the question referred to us involves a reduction of the book-post generally, the new rate being a halfpenny for every 8 ozs., instead of a halfpenny for every 2 oz. On this basis it is not difficult to estimate the loss to the Department on the present number of articles passing through the post. This calculation has been made and is appended to this Report. The result is to show an annual loss of £176,000.

20. This loss, however, is of little consequence, compared with that which would accrue from the vastly increased use of the book-post. The very cheap rate at which periodicals and books could be sent would inevitably lead to an immense increase in the use of the post. The very fact that the publishing firms are so anxious to have a cheap rate shows that they would extensively use it, and it is part of their case that they are at present obliged to employ carrying agencies, where, if in possession of a cheap book-post rate, they would employ the Post Office. This point is dealt with at some length in a communication from Messrs. Heywood, which is appended to this Report.*

21. In this connection also the experience of the United States may be again referred to, although there the cheap rate is not in terms applicable to all books, but only to periodical publications. As we have said, two-thirds in weight of the whole mail-matter carried by the United States' Post Office consists of so-called "second class matter." It is unnecessary to point out that the great increase of mail-matter which would be thrown on the Department would all be carried at a loss, since it is impossible to carry

* From this letter it appears that the publishers use the post only for the more difficult and, therefore, less remunerative portion of their work, and this division of work would, in the absence of a monopoly, no doubt still obtain, whatever the rate of postage.

8 ozs. for a halfpenny otherwise. The increase of matter would land the Department in great expense in many ways. Space necessary for handling, in post offices, would have to be largely increased. The provision of additional space in travelling post offices would be a matter of great difficulty, if, indeed, it were not in certain cases absolutely impracticable. On the other hand, if the travelling post offices were used only for letters and other packets paying a comparatively high rate of postage, the circulation of correspondence in the post would be seriously complicated. Rural posts would have to be mounted throughout the country, and largely increased payments would have to be made to the railway companies. In the United States the loss on the carriage of second class mail-matter in 1895 was nearly £3,800,000, and, in consequence, the United States' postal service was carried on at a heavy loss. If any such loss as £3,800,000 were incurred in the United Kingdom, the whole postal profit now made would be swallowed up. Yet it is difficult to see why a state of things which has had such disastrous results in the United States should not operate in a similar way in this country.

22. Such are the consequences which we fear would result from an extension of the newspaper post to periodicals and other publications, and we are constrained to ask why any concession of such a hazardous character should be made.

23. The present newspaper post practically established a preferential rate in favour of the proprietors of newspapers as compared with persons interested in other commercial undertakings. Were the post now being organised for the first time, it is hardly to be imagined that this advantage would be conferred by the Legislature. From an early date in the last century there was a stamp duty on newspapers, and probably it was partly at least on this account that newspapers were treated exceptionally by the Post Office. In 1825 certain conditions which had previously obtained were abolished by statute, with the practical effect of allowing all stamped newspapers thenceforth to pass by the post free of charge. Subsequently, in 1855, when the stamp duty was abolished for general purposes, it was maintained for the franking of newspapers in the post, and the free transmission thus enjoyed was extended to monthly periodicals. In 1870 the printing of newspapers and other periodicals on stamped paper was finally abolished, and the present newspaper post instituted. Parliament must be taken to have fully considered on this occasion the class of publications which should be admitted to the exceptional rate about

to be established, and the condition of publication at intervals not exceeding seven days was imposed. Why should a privilege granted on special grounds, and after full consideration, be now extended to a wholly different class of publications, when no special circumstances have occurred in the meantime to introduce any new condition, except indeed that the class of periodical publications has enormously increased? There is a clear distinction between newspapers proper and other publications. Daily and weekly issues are devoted to the dissemination of intelligence respecting current events in a degree peculiar to themselves. Periodicals appearing at longer intervals do not generally impart news in the sense usually attaching to that word. At all events, Parliament deliberately drew the distinction in question. If this distinction is given up, it is much more difficult to draw a line at any other point; and no reason has been given why a privilege granted at the expense of the taxpayer, and not in itself justifiable, should be extended at all. The Department has been asked from time to time to institute an exceptionally cheap post for the transmission of agricultural produce. There seems to be no reason in principle why such a post should be denied if an exceptionally cheap post is instituted for the transmission of printers' produce. Indeed, there is one ground on which an agricultural post could be defended the better of the two. Agricultural interests are not in a flourishing condition, whereas there are probably few trades which return larger profits than that of the publisher. This flourishing trade already enjoys the advantage of the book post, a very large concession, the rate of a halfpenny for 2 oz. not being extended to any other kind of produce save those of the printer, publisher, and stationer. If new privileges are to be granted at the expense of the taxpayer, it would seem more fair to consider the claims of other producers than to give additional advantages to a class already favoured.

24. Magazines and periodical publications can now be sent by book post at a rate of a halfpenny for 2 oz., or 4d. a lb., or by parcel post at a rate of 3d. the first lb., and 1½d. a lb. afterwards. At the same time the Post Office claims no monopoly of the transmission of such matter, and where it is more advantageous to employ newsagents the publishers are at liberty to do so. It has often been suggested that an exceptional rate should be established for periodicals sent in bulk; but, even if the suggestion did not involve a serious loss to the revenue, it is a debatable point whether the Post Office should go out of its way to facilitate direct communication

between the large publishing firms and individuals to the detriment of the local bookseller and newsagent. Even trade opinion is not unanimous on the question, the Retail Newsagents' and Booksellers' Union being strongly opposed to the proposals of the great publishing firms.

25. Having regard to the more weighty considerations to which we have already alluded, it is a minor matter what the effect of a scale of a halfpenny for 8 oz. would be upon the parcel post. Obviously much of the printed matter going at the halfpenny rate would be withdrawn from the parcel post, for the periodical post would be at the rate of 1d. per lb. with 8 oz. breaks, whereas the parcel post is at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. with an additional $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. on the initial lb. and with 1 lb. breaks. No doubt at the present time a very considerable proportion of book matter passes by parcel post, and although the Department at the lower points of the scale may make no great profit, it certainly does not incur a loss at all comparable to that which it would incur under the new scheme.

26. In view of all the above considerations, we earnestly deprecate any enlargement, with respect to frequency of publication, of the present newspaper post.

27. A cheap periodical post would, we believe, ruin the Post Office as a revenue-producing Department, without conferring any benefit upon the public at large. Not only so; positive injury would, we believe, result to the letter-writing public. We are convinced that a postal service not producing revenue would be a non-progressive service, seeing that the difficulty of obtaining financial authority for expenditure on improvements would be insuperable, when the Postmaster-General could no longer plead his revenue.

28. Although we have already alluded more than once to the experience of the United States, we are constrained to conclude by a quotation from the last Report of the Postmaster-General of the United States. Speaking of the loss arising from the post for second-class matter, he says: "A mere statement of the facts will show the nature of this increasing and appalling drain upon its (the Department's) revenues, compelling large annual appropriations from the avails of general taxation to equalise revenues to expenditures, a higher rate of letter postage than might otherwise be possible, curtailing present postal facilities, swallowing the fruits of judicious economies and better administration, and forbidding not only assured improvements in the postal service, but the tests and

experiments by which anticipated improvements can be reached." The experience of the United States should surely serve as a beacon-light to warn the British Post Office off the dangerous coasts towards which a few representatives of a prosperous trade would direct its course.

(signed) LEWIN HILL, *Chairman*.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

J. C. BADCOCK.

ROBERT HUNTER.

JAMES J. CARDIN.

T. E. SIFTON.

A. W. COATES, *Secretary*.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

INLAND BOOK POST.

Estimate of Immediate Loss of Revenue by adopting a Rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 8 oz. instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 2 oz. on a given Number of Packets.

Weight.			Present.			Proposed.		
Over.	Not exceeding.	Rates of Postage.	Per Cent.	Numbers for Year 1895-96†	Amount of Postage.	Numbers.†	Rates of Postage.	Amount of Postage.
Ozs.	Ozs.	d.			£		d.	£
—	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	77·1263	499,161,414	1,039,920			
1	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	15·7970	102,238,184	212,996			
2	4	1	3·6614	23,696,581	98,736			
4	6	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1·6681	10,795,943	67,475			
6	8	2	·8372	5,418,358	45,153	641,310,480	$\frac{1}{2}$	1,336,064
8	10	$2\frac{1}{2}$	·4979	3,222,409	33,567			
10	12	3	·2285	1,478,852	18,486			
12	14	$3\frac{1}{2}$	·0651	421,327	6,144			
14	16	4	·0398	257,586	4,293	5,380,174	1	22,417
16	18	$4\frac{1}{2}$	·0362	234,286	4,393			
18	20	5	·0134	86,725	1,807			
20	22	$5\frac{1}{2}$	·0066	42,715	979			
22	24	6	·0076	49,187	1,230	412,913	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2,581
24	26	$6\frac{1}{2}$	·0039	25,241	684			
26	28	7	·0026	16,827	491			
28	30	$7\frac{1}{2}$	·0016	10,355	324			
30	32	8	·0015	9,708	324			
32	—	9	·0053	34,302	1,286	62,131	2	518
						34,102	ϕ 3	429
—	—	—	—	647,200,000	1,538,288	647,200,000	—	1,362,009

† Excluding Foreign and Colonial.

φ Estimated Average.

Present Revenue £1,538,288

Proposed Revenue 1,362,009

Decrease £176,279

APPENDIX II.

Letter from Messrs. HEYWOOD & Co., Limited.

150, Holborn, E.C., 9th June, 1896.

Sir,—Adverting to the recent deputation to the Postmaster-General respecting the Postage on Magazines and Newspapers, we beg leave to say that—


- (1.) We are publishers of four monthly trade journals, the postage and delivery of which cost last year between £1,300 and £1,400.
- (2.) Whereas two or three years ago the whole of our circulation was through the post, the increase in weight of our journals has compelled us to seek cheaper means of transit.
- (3.) About two-thirds of our journals are now sent out through * * * carrying agencies, all considerably cheaper than book post.
- (4.) This three-fourths' portion consists of packages most easily and cheaply deliverable, including London and all the larger and readily accessible towns, among which the bulk of the circulation lies. The villages, the out-of-the-way corners, and the foreign addresses are left for the post.
- (5.) The Post Office, therefore, while getting less than half of the money we expend in this Department, has the most troublesome and costly part of the delivery assigned to it.
- (6.) Our expenditure on circulation is mainly regulated by our income, and were the rates lowered we should still spend the same amount or thereabouts, sending out more copies, and the Post Office would take the whole sum.
- (7.) Apart from the question of economy, we should gladly welcome a change in rates which would enable us to go back entirely to the post, as the efficiency of the carriers is not to be compared with the post, and much trouble and annoyance are experienced under the present system; notwithstanding which
- (8.) The amount paid by us to the carriers tends monthly to increase, and that paid to the Post Office to decrease.

We are, &c.

(signed) HEYWOOD & Co., Limited.

The Secretary,
General Post Office, E.C.

In and Around Washington City.

S the Congress of the Universal Postal Union will be held at Washington this year, I venture to present to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* a résumé of the history and growth of the city, which for more than 100 years has been the Federal capital of the United States; and to recount briefly the impressions and experiences gained during a recent visit.

Until the year 1790, the American Congress had usually held its sessions at Philadelphia. In that year, however, the question of a national capital and a permanent seat of government was placed before the senate. After much debating and jealousy among the members of the different states, a bill was passed locating the seat of government "on the river Potomac, at some space between the Eastern Branch and the Conococheague," which is about 120 miles from the mouth of the river Potomac in Chesapeake Bay. Surveyors were appointed, and the plans of a city were made out. The government buildings were to have been finished by 1800; but in that year only one wing of the Capitol (as the United States Senate House is designated) had been erected. The broad avenues and streets shown on the plans were nowhere to be seen, and, with the exception of a few clearings where wooden habitations had sprung up, the ground was covered with a wild growth of shrub. Pennsylvania Avenue, which leads from the Capitol to White House, is said to have been a deep morass covered with bushes when the government was transferred to Washington.

The advent of Congress imparted new life to the city, and it grew rapidly until, in 1814, it was invaded by the British under command of General Ross, when the Capitol, White House, the Arsenal, and many other buildings were fired. Their complete destruction was only prevented by a heavy downfall of rain. In England, it was thought that the overthrow of the Republic would follow. Further hostilities, however, ceased in February 1815, when news arrived that peace had been concluded on the 24th December 1814, by the Commissioners of both nations sitting at Ghent. The building of the city was carried on steadily according to the original plans, but progress was rather slow owing to the insufficiency of the funds granted by Congress.

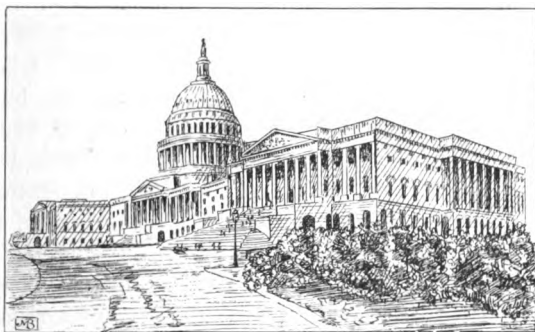
In 1863, during the civil war, the city was again threatened. But the Confederate forces were thwarted in their purpose of advancing on the city; for, by the foresight of the government, some eighty or ninety forts had been erected, thus making Washington too formidable a stronghold for attack. At the close of the war, in April 1865, great rejoicings took place, and the city was brilliantly illuminated in celebration of the peace. During the celebration, President Lincoln was assassinated in a dastardly manner. He had gone with his family to the theatre to see a play called "Our American Cousin." In the middle of the performance a pistol shot was heard, and a man immediately jumped out of the President's box on to the stage and shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis*: the South is avenged." The President had been shot, and died the following day. The murderer, Wilkes Booth, an actor, escaped on horseback into Virginia, but was discovered on the 26th April, twelve days after the crime, at Port Royal, where he was killed in a barn whilst endeavouring to avoid arrest.

During the ensuing ten years the city was allowed to take care of itself, as the government was occupied with national legislation and the settling of disputes which had resulted from the civil war. In 1871, attention was directed to the improvement of the capital and a governor was appointed over Washington and the District of Columbia, which latter comprises a territory of one hundred square miles. The land was properly drained and an elaborate system of sewerage and water supply was introduced. The broad avenues, which form such an attractive feature of the city at the present time, were paved with asphalte and planted with trees. Subsequently the governor was superseded by three commissioners, who were given absolute control of the District, and its representation in Congress ceased from that year.

The assassination of President Garfield at the Baltimore and Potomac railroad station put its mark on the year 1881. The details of this event and of the closing days of the brave President's life profoundly moved the world and are no doubt still fresh in the minds of most of my readers. A silver star has been set in the floor of the station and a tablet placed upon the wall to mark the spot where the President fell.

The city had by this time become the capital of the States, not only in name, but in reality; and it is now the foremost of American cities in matters social, political, and scientific. Four main streets or avenues, each running from the Capitol in the direction of the

cardinal points, divide the city into four parts. There are also a number of magnificent avenues, which radiate from two centres, the Capitol and the White House. The smaller streets are named alphabetically or numerically, the designation of the quarter of the city being added—thus “Tenth Street, N.W.,” “D Street, North,” and so forth. This system is so simple and straightforward, that a stranger can find any desired address without hesitation or enquiry. The main streets have a splendid service of cable trams, the fares for any distance on the system being fixed at five cents. Many of the lines give what are termed “exchange tickets,” which entitle a passenger, without extra payment, to change on to a tramline running in another direction. As there are a considerable number of branch



THE CAPITOL.

or cross lines, passengers may reach almost any portion of the city for a single fare.

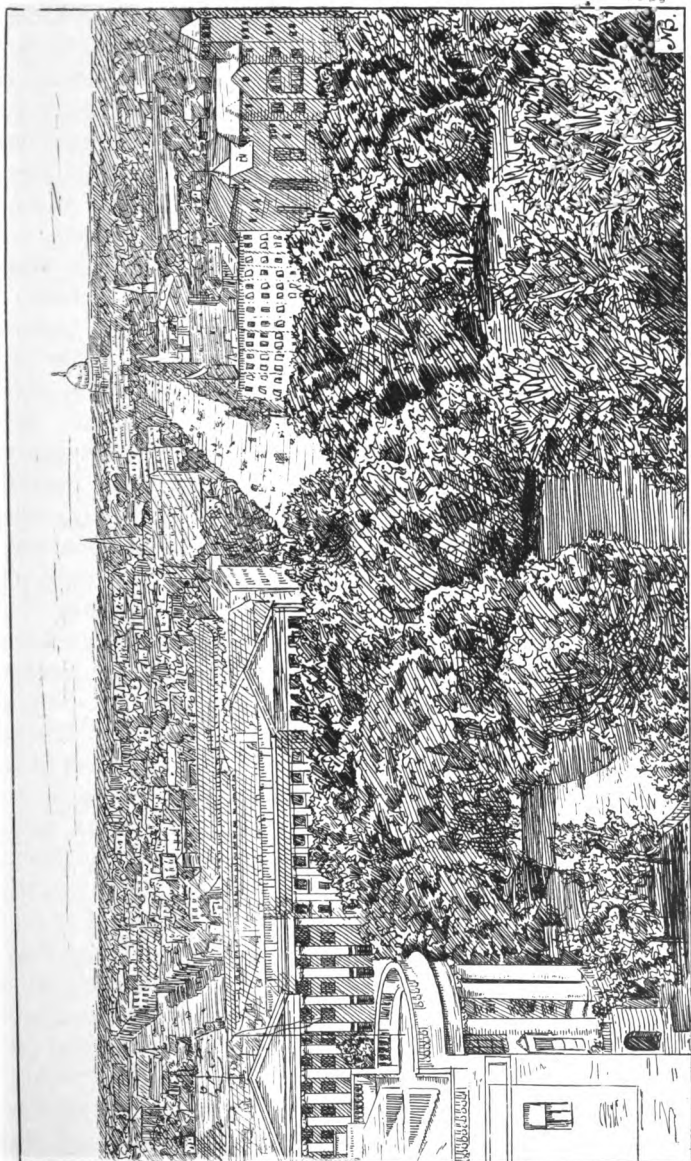
Most of the roads are paved with asphalt and are excellent for cycling. The writer was informed that there is a total length of 300 miles of road paved in this manner within the city and its precincts. The larger and more important thoroughfares are very wide and spacious. Pennsylvania Avenue, which is the main highway of the city, is five miles long and has a width of one-hundred and sixty feet. With but few exceptions the streets are well supplied with a great variety of trees; and open spaces and squares abound, in most of which are to be found memorials and statues of eminent American statesmen. Indeed, the statuary is one of the prominent features of the city. Lafayette Square, off Pennsylvania Avenue, comprises seven acres of grounds, beautifully laid out with semi-tropical plants

and flowers. A memorial to General Lafayette, the gallant Frenchman who rendered such signal service to the Americans in their war of Independence, is placed in this square.

The Capitol, with its lofty, picturesque dome, is seen in stately outline far above the foliage of the park in which it stands, and forms an imposing centre of the city. It is built on a plateau, in the midst of a park of forty-six acres. The approach to the west front is terraced with a double flight of steps, which, when viewed from a distance appear to form part of the building, and add considerably to its grandeur. The steps lead up to a terrace in front of the Capitol from which a magnificent view of the city can be obtained.

The central portion of the building is the original Capitol, and is built of Virginia sandstone, painted white to resemble marble. The two wings and the connecting corridors were built at a later date, and are composed of Massachusetts marble. A number of guides are appointed to conduct visitors through the building for a small fee. The writer formed one of a party of ten persons, each of whom paid the guide fifteen cents. We were first shown the rotunda, a circular hall ninety-five feet in diameter, and one hundred and eighty feet in height. The centre of the dome is covered by an immense iron canopy, in the centre of which is an allegorical painting representing Washington, with Freedom and Victory on each side, whilst thirteen female figures represent the thirteen original states. Six other allegorical groups form a border around the central figure. Eight large paintings, each eighteen feet in length, and twelve feet in height, occupy the walls at the base of the rotunda. One of these pictures—"The Landing of Columbus"—furnished the design for the two-cent postage stamp which was issued in 1893.

Thence we proceeded to the Hall of Representatives, which we viewed from the public gallery. The chairs and desks of the members are arranged in semi-circular rows in front of the Speaker's chair (the latter, by-the-way, resembles a pulpit rather than a chair); and the conventional mace is used as a symbol of authority, even in this go-a-head community. The Hall is lighted by means of a glass roof, and at night by hundreds of gas jets, which are placed above the glass panels of the roof. Each member has a chair and desk to himself, and altogether the Hall seems much more convenient than our House of Commons. The Upper House, or Senate Chamber, is very similar in appointment, but rather smaller.



VIEW OF WASHINGTON FROM THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING.



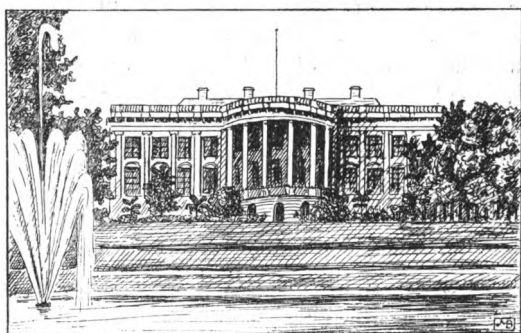
The National Memorial Hall, which adjoins the rotunda, is of a classical design. It is semi-circular in form, and supported by a colonnade of marble pillars, the capitals of which are the work of an Italian sculptor. The hall is intended to receive statues. Within it, ranged around, are the statues and busts of eminent men from the various states, each state having been invited to contribute two statues of its most distinguished citizens. An interesting feature of the hall is its peculiar acoustical properties, of which our guide gave some most extraordinary examples. We were requested to form into a line across the hall, each person to occupy one of the stone flags with which the floor is paved. The guide then withdrew some distance along a corridor, and, in a low voice, recited various historical facts. The words seemed to issue directly from the stones on which we were standing, and could be distinctly heard, but, most remarkable feature of all, every other person heard nothing whatever! In explanation of this phenomenon we were informed that every alternate stone only possesses the requisite acoustical property, the others being mute.

We afterwards ascended the steps to the gallery of the rotunda. The general plan of this gallery is much the same as the "whispering" gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral. The likeness is greatly enhanced by the fact that the whispering may be heard in precisely the same manner as at St. Paul's, and this was also demonstrated by our guide. Outside the gallery a splendid view is obtained of the city and its environs. Before descending to the ground floor, we visited the portico on which the presidents stand when taking the oath of office before a great assemblage of American citizens. A feeling of regret steals over one when bidding good-bye to the Capitol, and the vision of its grandeur and beauty, of its marble halls and stately dome, will not be readily forgotten.

White House, the famous residence of the president, is situate in a park near Pennsylvania Avenue. The park and grounds are free to the public, and open-air concerts are held there during the summer months. There are two entrance gates and a semi-circular drive leads up to the mansion. The official hours for the reception of visitors are from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. These times do not appear to be strictly adhered to, as the party of which the writer was a member visited White House on a Monday. We were ushered into an ante-room, and thence into a large reception-room; the latter is eighty feet long by

forty feet wide, and is known as the East room; the decorations are in white and gold; a set of large mirrors and several full-length portraits adorn the walls; settees and chairs are ranged around the sides, and a superior kind of matting which is used in place of a carpet completes the furniture of the room. The windows command a lovely prospect of tropical gardens, flower-beds and fountains, while away through the trees, the waters of the Potomac winding in and out of the woods, give an additional charm to the vista.

About 150 persons were present awaiting an introduction to the president. The varied costumes and nationality of this cosmopolitan gathering formed an ample subject for reflection during the short time we were kept waiting. The buzz of conversation



THE WHITE HOUSE (SOUTH VIEW).

suddenly ceased as a side door was opened, and the genial face of President Grover Cleveland appeared. The reception then began. We were formed into a line by an official, and walked past the President, who shook hands with each person, giving a word of welcome at the same time. The President was very courteous, but he must have felt relieved when the tiresome hand-shaking was over. Our party obtained permission to view the three other reception rooms, which are called respectively the Green room, Blue room, and Red room, deriving these appellations from the prevailing colour of the furniture and decorations. They are only used for private receptions.

About a mile to the south of White House, at the western extremity of the Mall, stands the Washington Monument. This is a huge marble obelisk, five hundred and fifty-five feet in height—

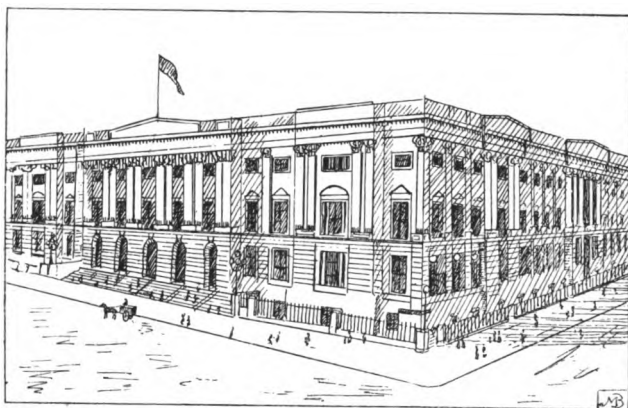
two hundred feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's—and is the highest structure of masonry ever erected. Its sharply-cut outline tapers gradually into a pyramidal top covered with aluminium. It has no openings except the doorway and eight small windows at the top, and the interior is lighted by electricity. The ascent is made by means of a lift capable of holding thirty persons; and there is also a stairway, the numerous landings of which are supplied with seats. The majority of visitors, however, prefer the lift, which is worked by steam and ascends every half hour, the ascent occupying about ten minutes. When filling up the lift preparatory to an ascent, preference is always given to ladies and their escorts. Isolated bachelors might wait indefinitely if there were not usually a sprinkling of the fair sex who are unaccompanied by members of the masculine persuasion, and who, as a rule, may be induced to take pity upon the unfortunate men. Thus, for the latter, the problem resolves itself into one of diplomacy. From the apertures at the top a magnificent view is obtained. The city lies spread out immediately beneath one's gaze, whilst further afield a grand panorama of hill and dale stretches forth for fifty miles or more, bounded on the one side in the far distance by the Blue Mountains, and on the other fading away into a dim haze towards the horizon.

Occupying the square formed by Seventh, Eighth, E, and F streets, N.W., is that universal institution, the Post Office. It is a fine building of white marble, 300 feet in length by 200 feet in width, and presents a noble front, with its marble pillars and carved capitals. The Money Order Office is situated at the corner of Eighth and E Streets, directly opposite the Post Office. There is a museum attached to the Post Office which contains postal curiosities from most of the civilised nations of the world, England contributing obliterating stamps, photographs of mail vans, &c.

The first Postmaster in America was a Dr. Franklin, who was appointed in 1774 by the Revolutionary Congress to mark their contempt for the British Government, the doctor having been disgracefully dismissed from office in England. A set of Dr. Franklin's accounts is still preserved in the postal museum. Samuel Osgood was the first recognized Postmaster-General of America, and was appointed under the Administration of Washington in September 1789. Until 1840 the majority of the American Postmasters-General served a double term of office, averaging about six and a half years' service. Since that year the Postmasters have been changed with

each Administration, holding the post on an average for two years each.

The system of appointment of Postmasters by successful candidates for Congress—called the “spoils of office” system—led to many intrigues and petty conspiracies on the part of persons anxious to secure appointments. A prominent member of Congress some years ago gave his experience on the subject, relating how several newspaper editors formed a clique to oust him at the next general election by indiscriminately and systematically blackmailing him, because he did not appoint a certain person whom they had nominated for Postmaster. Many instances of this kind of corruption came to light during the enquiry into the system. It had been



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

strongly denounced by George William Curtis, who perseveringly advocated reform in *Harper's Weekly*, until a board of six gentlemen, with Mr. Curtis as chairman, was appointed to consider the question. Congress was very slow to move in the matter, and only partial reforms have as yet been instituted.

The visitor to Washington should not miss a trip down the river to Mount Vernon, which for many years was the home of George Washington. The journey is fourteen miles by steamer. The banks of the Potomac—which is considerably over a mile wide—are thickly wooded most of the distance. On reaching the spot opposite Washington's tomb the steamers toll their bells as a token of respect to the departed hero. The mansion (if it may be termed such) is a pretty though unpretentious wooden structure, painted white to


resemble stone. Several of the rooms are preserved exactly as they were a hundred years ago, when occupied by that great soldier and statesman, George Washington. Other rooms are assigned to the preserving of various relics of the early days of Washington, and contain many interesting curiosities and manuscripts of the eighteenth century. Altogether, a very profitable and enjoyable outing may be had at Mount Vernon.

Among the many places of interest, besides those already mentioned, are the National Park, where one may wander for miles through forest glades and sylvan retreats; the Soldiers' Home; the Soldiers' Cemetery, where the grave-stones are quaintly set in long straight rows, suggestive of military order even where death reigns supreme; the Catholic University; the Treasury; the National Museum; the magnificent Congressional Library; the Corcoran Art Gallery. But the list is already long enough, and space forbids mention of the many other attractions of this delightful city.

Wolverhampton.

GEORGE H. WELLS.

Civil Servants and the Parish Councils Act.

“IVIS Romanus sum.” “He appeals to Cæsar, then to Cæsar let him go.” Next to the pride of intellect came the pride of free-born Roman citizenship with the most illustrious of all the followers and teachers of Christianity. Nor is St. Paul at all singular in this pride of citizenship and race. It is a pride that has been extant in every country from generation to generation, and in this nineteenth century is as dear to the heart of the outcast and persecuted Jew as to the heart of the native and free-born American.

In England Civil Servants, although by birth and heritage qualified for the fullest rights of citizenship, are, as Civil Servants, only allowed a partial exercise of these rights. To them candidature is denied for a seat in the highest assembly in the land. Nor is it permitted them to publicly raise their powers of eloquence, or their powers of persuasion, on behalf of the candidature of others. Theirs must be a silent vote, and into the feud of party strife they must not enter. Similarly have they hitherto been debarred from other municipal and civic employment. But with the Local Government Act, 1894—more commonly known as the Parish Councils Act—a change was inaugurated, and a wider scope given to the exercise of the rights of citizenship by Civil Servants. It is with this change that I am about to deal.

The County Council Act was a measure passed by a late Conservative Government, and, at the time it was passed, it was fully recognized that it must be supplemented by a further measure, before the machinery of Local Government could be said to be complete. So, by a revolution in the political wheel, it came about that it fell to the lot of a Liberal Ministry to carry into law the Parish Councils Act. It is, however, only right and proper to say that, although some clauses and details in both Acts were desperately fought out, neither of these Acts were regarded in themselves as party or contentious measures, but were carried through with the loyal aid and co-operation of both the great parties in the State. By these two Acts the growing wants of the times have been met, and the system

of Local Government, now that it has been extended to counties and parishes, seems to have been completed for many years to come. At the top of the ladder you have the High Courts of Parliament, next the Local Government Board, after that the County Council, then the District Council, then the Parish Council, and on the lowest rung of the ladder, last but by no means least, the Parish Meeting.

To the two new corporate bodies—the District Council which has supplanted the old Sanitary Authority, and the Parish Council—Civil Servants have been declared eligible; provided only that the work does not interfere with the proper and effectual discharge of those other duties for which the State pays.

It is of the latter of these two bodies that I am about to write, as I have held the office of chairman of a Parish Council (numbering nine councillors) for two years, and have thus been brought into close touch with the practical working of the Act. The Act, which applies only to England and Wales, has undoubtedly effected a revolution in village life and village authority. The essence of it is, that it has given over the government of the village to the villagers and has rung the death-knell of the powers of the vestry. At the meetings of the old vestry the incumbent of the parish was *ex officio* chairman of the meeting. This he still is at vestry meetings, but these are shorn of their old power. The vestry is no longer the secular as well as the ecclesiastical authority. It still appoints the churchwardens and sidesmen, and can still administer such charities as the Charity Commissioners pass as bequeathed for purely ecclesiastical purposes. But to the Parish Council is now transferred the election of overseers, assistant overseers, and waywardens.

With respect to non-ecclesiastical charities, the power the Parish Council possesses over them is considerable, but varies according to circumstances. In many of our villages the charities have been consolidated, under schemes put forward from time to time by the Charity Commissioners. But in every case where the appointment of trustees lay formerly with the vestry, the right of such appointments now lies in the hands of the Parish Council.

It will readily be understood that this Act is somewhat of a blow to the influence of the clergyman of a parish in secular affairs. To him it says in brief: ecclesiastical matters for the clergy, secular matters for the laity. For no longer does the clergyman by a sort of prescriptive right preside at Parish Meetings, this position now

devolves upon the chairman of the Parish Council. I trust I shall be pardoned for humbly expressing the opinion that, in a broad general way, the change has not to any appreciable extent lessened the expeditious and efficient way in which business is transacted.

The parochial electors, who have the power annually to vote for the Parish Councillors, are those who appear on the Parliamentary and Local Government registers. But this Act introduces us to a new addition to the electorate on the Local Government register, namely, married women who qualify independently as to property of their own. It will not escape notice, too, that the Act is stamped as one which intends that the working men shall have every facility for taking their part in the affairs, business, and government of their village. And to this end it enacts that Parish Meetings shall not be convened at an earlier hour than 6 p.m.

Another new feature is that of the compulsory purchase of land by the Parish Council for the purposes of allotments, subject to the approval of the County Council, or, failing that, of the Local Government Board. This matter of allotments is in some parishes a hard and severe bone of contention. Many cottagers are blessed with fairly long strips of gardens, and ample room in them for growing potatoes, cabbages, &c., and so have no need to go to the shops to buy vegetables. Other cottagers, however, have gardens barely large enough to hang up their washing to dry in. It is in villages where this latter element predominates that the desire for allotments creeps in.

It is of course obvious that no place can be handier to the working man for his vegetable plantation than the garden at his own front or back door. This was forcibly demonstrated when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales instructed his agent, at the time the Act came into force, to offer land for allotments to the Sandringham Parish Council for the benefit of any of the working classes on or around the Sandringham estate who might be in want thereof. No applications were received. And this was undoubtedly due to the fact that the cottages were already provided with such good gardens.

When a field has to be obtained for allotments, certain necessary requirements spring up in connection therewith. It must be in a suitable position. It must be easy of access. The land should be of good quality. The price not prohibitive. With a village quite in the country land is but seldom required for either building or market gardening purposes, and then land can be acquired for about £3 an acre. But when a village is a mile or two beyond the outskirts of a

large town, land will often rule at £5 or more an acre, and the difficulty of obtaining it in a position satisfactory to the would-be allottees is great.

If, however, there is a genuine desire for allotments on the part of *bonâ fide* labourers, some field can generally be determined upon by them and the Parish Council conjointly. Should the owner refuse to let or sell it, the Parish Council—should it see fit—can have resort to the compulsory clauses of the Act, and solicit an enquiry by the County Council. Should the verdict of the County Council prove unsatisfactory, the case can be taken to a still higher court of appeal, the Local Government Board. One further point remains for observation. The villager does not pay for his cottage and garden in advance. Whereas Parish Councils, to avoid bad debts and so protect the ratepayers' money, usually demand for their allotments a quarter's payment in advance.

The Allotment Acts of 1887 and 1890 and the Small Holdings Act of 1892 are now practically incorporated in the new Act. The Parish Councils Act is a good Act as far as it goes, but there is no doubt that the powers of the Parish Council are too restricted. In sanitary matters and rights of way it can hardly act at all. It can but represent, and call upon the District Council to act. There can be no question but that when Parish Councils have gained more experience, larger powers will be entrusted to them.

But not only does the Act require amplification, it needs alteration as well. The method of the election of the Parish Councillors at the annual meeting is unsatisfactory. So far as the separation of the electors from the non-electors is concerned, that ought to be quite safe in the hands of the overseers. But given a parish where there are 120 electors present for the purpose of selecting eight councillors, and that there are fourteen candidates, how is it possible for any chairman (as the election is by show of hands) to make sure that none of those 120 electors vote for more than the eight candidates they are entitled to. Whether done inadvertently or otherwise, by voting for more than eight candidates the enactments of the Act have been infringed. If voting by ballot prevailed, not only would this difficulty be escaped, but the bitter feelings often engendered in a Parish by a show of hands would also be avoided. As the ballot system prevails in Parliamentary and Town Council elections, it seems curious to see it—as if of set purpose—excluded from village elections, where, in order to maintain good feeling, it is so much more necessary.

Another blot, to my thinking, in the Act is the right that it gives to any one dissatisfied elector to demand a poll. This means, according to the size, etc., of a parish, an expenditure of from £8. to £15. And what a needless expense this is, when one considers that everybody can attend the annual meeting, except such as are bed-ridden, or unable to leave their homes. Moreover, these persons would be equally unable to attend a polling station.

To sum up in a general way, the Parish Councils Act has been an outcome of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835. That Act handed over to the inhabitants the government of their towns. The same principle has now been extended to our villages. On a Lilliputian scale, the chairman of the Parish Council as "Mayor" holds the highest secular dignity the village has to offer, and he is assisted in his functions by his "Aldermen," the Parish Councillors.

Parochial politics are proverbially passionate, and it is impossible to ignore the fact that in some parishes the elections are conducted on party lines. Not infrequently a compromise is effected. Sometimes the issue has to be fought out at a poll. In very many parishes, however, it is rightly recognised that parochial affairs should have nothing whatever to do with religious and political differences, and that the welfare of a village can best be conducted by Churchmen and Nonconformists, Conservatives and Liberals, meeting together on a common platform, and working together for the common good. Wherever this is done, the Act of 1894 has had the effect of drawing all classes of the community together in closer and firmer bonds of union.

In conclusion, I will only add that I have been led into giving this cursory outline of the Parish Councils Act in the hope that Civil Servants will not be slow to avail themselves of the fuller rights of citizenship that have now fallen into their hands.

Surveying Staff,
Cheltenham.

A. G. BABINGTON.

NOTE.—Since the above was written the Local Government Board has issued a circular to all Parish Councils in which, *inter alia*, they lay down that it is inexpedient a single parochial elector should be empowered to demand a poll at an election of parish councillors. In future a poll cannot be taken unless either the chairman assents, or the poll is demanded by parochial electors present at the meeting, not being less than five in number or one third of those present, whichever number is least.—A. G. B.

Some Recollections.—II.

THE rise and fall of certain places, like the rise and fall of Kingdoms, appears to be governed by some inscrutable law. Most of us are familiar with towns and districts, scattered over the country, from which the tide of commerce has ebbed, leaving them stranded high and dry. Some new process of manufacture, some new industry, elbows them aside, and they sink into oblivion. In the same way other places spring into prominence. Port Said, Aden, and Colombo have been created by our Indian and Australian trade. Forty years ago, St. Helena was on the great highway from India. Troopships and merchantmen, homeward bound from China, Madras, or Calcutta, almost invariably called there to fill up with water and provisions. Ship agents and sutlers flourished, and the Island was all life and bustle. Now, we hear as little about it as of Tristan d'Acunha. The current of trade has been deflected through the Red Sea, and St. Helena, shorn of its utility, is shut out in the cold.

At that time it was customary for H. M. Ships on the West Coast station—then, more than now, the white man's grave—to run down to St. Helena to recruit the health of their crews, and we frequently got mails from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast in this way. An old friend of mine who, among other clippers, commanded the unfortunate "Northfleet," which was run down and sunk in the Downs by the steamer "Murillo," told me a queer story about one of these mails. He had called at St. Helena, on a voyage from Calcutta, and there picked up a mail from the coast, which he stowed away in the stern sheets of his cabin. He had a splendid run of sixty days to the Channel—we can go around the world in that time now—and, in the hurry and confusion, forgot all about the mail until he was far out on the return voyage to India. What was to be done? He could not turn back to deliver the mail, as, under very heavy penalties, he was bound to do, and it would be of little use after being carted around perhaps for a couple of years. So, after many cogitations and the expenditure of much strong language (and those who knew my friend knew that he could beat a certain Field-Marshal at that), he did no better or worse than pitch the whole lot overboard; and strange to say, he never heard another word about

it. Fancy the captain of a P. & O. or Orient boat jettisoning an entire mail!

As soon as a ship, homeward bound from the East, touched soundings, and verified her position by the nature of the bottom, she shaped a course for the Lizard, and was picked up by a Falmouth pilot. These pilot cutters were a feature of Channel navigation back in the fifties, but have now almost entirely disappeared—victims to the age of steam. A large fleet of them cruized between Scilly and the Lizard on the look-out for hobbles; and it was a pretty sight to see them working to windward close hauled, or going away free with the wind abeam, in chase of some likely looking craft. If the homeward-bounder carried a mail, it was trans-shipped into the pilot cutter, and she made the best of her way back to Falmouth. Passengers were also frequently taken off, to avoid the tedium of beating up Channel in the teeth of an easterly gale. What this meant, under adverse circumstances, may be gathered from the fact that on one occasion we disposed of a mail by the "Lady Flora," landed by a pilot, and three weeks afterwards the ship was towed into Falmouth dismasted, having been caught in a gale and blown off the coast.

At the time of which I speak, our Colonies were mostly in their infancy. The Continent of Australia, now so important a part of Greater Britain, was comparatively unexplored. A fringe of population, scattered along the seaboard, represented the wealth, the progress, and the development of such thriving communities as New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. Queensland had no separate existence, and all Western Australia, now being boomed by the gold rush, was unreclaimed scrub. The islands of New Zealand, the counterpart of England in the Southern seas, were only just being colonized. Tasmania was a penal settlement. The Dominion of Canada, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was cut up into several scattered provinces fit for little else than the export of lumber; and the great North West, the future granary of the world, was given over to the hunter and the trapper. The Cape of Good Hope was but a strip of the vast African Continent. Even so short a time ago as when I dealt with the Cape mails—from 1857 to 1864—Graham's Town and King William's Town were part of British Kaffraria, and considered to be far in the interior. Natal was hemmed in by the warlike Zulus; and all the enormous territories now being opened up to commerce were in the possession of hordes of savages. Grant, Speke, Livingstone, and Stanley, had not explored

the sources of the Nile, and the Congo and the Zambesi were a sealed book. In short, the world was young; more knowledge has been crowded into the last fifty years than in two centuries before.

As these Colonies grew, and trade increased, ship-letter mails began to assume more and more importance. They were the sole means of communication; and the struggling communities we had planted out on the confines of three continents relied on this mode of conveyance for keeping in touch with the mother country. The mails varied in bulk from a few packages to thirty or forty sacks. The heaviest mails came from Australia, and as the captain of the ship was allowed one penny a letter, and one half-penny a newspaper for bringing them home, they formed, at last, a very considerable perquisite. The pilot was allowed half these rates for landing the mail, and there was keen rivalry who should first board the homeward-bounder and secure the pilotage. I have known men like the Vincents of St. Mawes and the Lowrys of Falmouth—the leading pilots in my day—jump overboard, and trust to being picked up by the ship, to be first in the field. The captain frequently sold his share of the gratuities to the pilot, the latter speculating on what the mail would produce. I have often paid over £100 to a pilot as the proceeds of a single mail. If the mail was at all within our capacity—the staff consisted of the postmistress and one clerk—we opened and disposed of it. Otherwise, it was sent forward on the old ship-letter office, strapped to the coach, giving that vehicle the appearance of a haystack on wheels.

By the way, I am not quite sure, but I presume the ship letter office has ceased to exist as a separate branch. It is a pity no one has ever written its history. Before the days of contracts and heavy subsidies, most of our foreign correspondence was conveyed by private ship, and there must be many relics of the old office worth preserving. The rate of postage was 8d. the half ounce, consignees' letters being exempt. The other rates varied from 2s. 3d. down to 10d. Nearly every European country had its own tariff. The postage from the United States, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope was 1s. the half ounce. Under this polyglot system, taxing was an art only to be acquired by long practice. I doubt if the Civil Service Commissioners themselves could teach an entrant how to strike a difficult tax. A quill pen was always used, and the knack was to strike the tax in a single flourish. I should like to see a latter-day official try his hand at it, and make the recognized tax of

2s. 3d., 1s. 10d., 1s. 9d., or 10d. Forty years ago, we could not, probably, indite a Greek ode, or determine the altitude of one of the fixed stars, but we knew how to work, and what is more, had to work, sans holidays, sans overtime, sans everything but a good heart and a clear conscience. And yet the Service to-day is not happy!

I think I have already said that, when I joined at Falmouth in 1848, the old packet office was in the throes of dissolution. With the exception of two—the Brazil and the West Coast of Africa Mails—the packets had ceased to run, and, finally, in 1850, the former was removed to Southampton, and the latter to Liverpool. Mr. Gay was the last packet agent, and, when he left, the remaining packets were handed over to the Admiralty, the late Admiral Plumbridge—then Commander Plumbridge, R.N.—having charge. When the end came, the little brigs that had done such yeoman service were dismantled, had their topsides painted drab, and joined the flotilla of incurables in Hamoaze. The old “Astrea” left her bones in Mylor Dock Yard.

The good people of Falmouth have recently been holding an exhibition of relics of the old packets, and it is proposed to erect some memorial to commemorate them. But they missed the most interesting “relic” of all—an officer who was actually employed on packet duties. My father, who is still alive, was second master of the “Pigeon,” and is the sole survivor of the officers, as, I believe, I am the survivor of any Post Office official, now on active service, who dealt with the old Packet Mails. It strikes me as being somewhat unique that now, at the end of the century, a father and son should both be “this side of Jordan” who actively participated in events which occurred nearly fifty years ago. Alas! I do not find that I have fared one whit the better for this long connection with the Service.

In my experience, extending over nearly fifty years, I have seen many phases of Post Office life, and have been brought in contact, under varied conditions, with that wonderful and unfathomable entity—the British Public. I will not go so far as to endorse Carlyle’s dictum, but every Post Office official will agree that, taken in the lump, there is no bottom to its wrongheadedness and obtuseness. I willingly bear witness to the indulgence, forbearance, and consideration shown us by individual members of the public. How prone they are to overlook our many shortcomings, and to bear with our manifold deficiencies. But this does not affect my argument

that, as a concrete mass, the aforesaid British Public tumbles into all kinds of follies—social, financial, and political—and is slow to adapt itself to change. I daresay as a Department we have much to answer for. With the multitude of duties devolving upon us, it is not difficult to pick holes, and to demonstrate that we fall short of that absolute perfection it is scarcely the gift of mortals to attain.

My earliest adventure was at Falmouth in 1851, the year of the first great exhibition. Strange to say, it bears somewhat on the employment of females, a question which, in these days of the New Woman, is assuming serious importance, threatening, in fact, to knock the male employé off his perch. With one exception, I was the only male on the establishment, and when he was absent from any cause, it was my duty to sleep on the premises to give out the North Mail despatched at two in the morning. The plan was for me to take the bags upstairs into my bedroom, and when the guard rang the bell, to throw them out of the window. (There were no articles marked "Fragile," and I had not the fear of Mr. Philips and his assistants before my eyes.) I was seriously impressed with the importance of the duty, and, the very first night, hearing the bell ring, I jumped out of bed, threw up the window, and out went the bags. I waited for the "All right," which was the guard's signal that he had the mail, but all was silent. I called to him, but there was no response. Presently the clock struck twelve. I had only been in bed half an hour, and it wanted two hours to the proper time of despatch. Here was a dilemma. I was locked into my part of the house, as the two maiden ladies, and their domestic, forming the rest of the household, did not consider it proper that a young man should have unrestricted access to the whole of the premises. The window was too high to jump from, and I could not get out. The night was dark and stormy. Peering into the gloom I could just make out the peccant bags lying tantalizingly on the ground, and I had to stand in my shirt, looking out of the window, for two mortal hours until the guard arrived. The secret of it was this:—There was a Miss D—— attached to the office, who was somewhat flighty, and at times quite off her head. She had waited till all was quiet, and then, by way of a practical joke, had pulled the connecting wire which led along the passage outside the door, separating my room from the rest of the house. Clang! went the bell over my head, producing the catastrophe described. Need I say, that ever afterwards I never parted with the bags until

the answering signal of the guard assured me that all was right.

I believe I am only confirming the records of the Department, when I say that no two classes give more trouble to the Post Office than parsons and women. I have never been able to fathom why it is. One would suppose that charity and gentleness would be their especial attributes; but I have never discovered any striking manifestation of these virtues in my dealings with them officially. Here is a specimen of "sweet reasonableness" by one of the cloth. I was called out of church one Sunday morning by the vergers, who said "I was wanted very particularly." On getting outside I found a clergyman and his wife who had arrived in the town the previous night and who had omitted to get their letters during the time the office was open on Sunday. Finding the office closed, they went to my private residence, and learning that I had gone to church had followed me there and pulled me out in the middle of the service. "Would I be kind enough to let them have their letters, which were of *so much* importance, &c." (they always are when any infringement of the rules is in question). Well, I didn't. I am one of the "mildest mannered men whoever"—I won't complete the quotation—but I am afraid I gave this Christian minister a piece of my mind which will deter him from intruding on another Postmaster in the midst of his devotions.

I had a bout with another clergyman, in which, I rather fancy, I did not come off second best. The name of this clergyman's parish bore some resemblance to another place in the district, and we had the misfortune to missend some of his correspondence. He bounced into my office one day in a towering rage and began to rate me for my sins before a whole lobby-full of people. "It was abominable," he said; "no one with any sense could commit such blunders: I will report you," and so on. I replied meekly that I was very sorry, but that mistakes would occur in the best regulated families, and that, probably, if all were known, he himself was not quite immaculate. He was not to be pacified, however, and continued to hurl anathemas at my head as the incarnation of official carelessness and stupidity. Now it happened that, two days previously, this same individual (who never made mistakes) had posted a letter to the surrogate of the diocese for a special license for a couple who wanted to be married, as the Yankees say, "right away." He had addressed the letter to the town where he was, instead of the town it was for, and I had it

amongst the dead letters waiting to go back as "not to be found." Producing it, I asked my irate friend if it was his letter, and where he intended it to go? His crestfallen look was a study for Tenniel. "Bless my soul," he said, "why it is my letter, and the people must be married to-morrow morning. Whatever am I to do? Dear, dear, I have never done such a thing before in my life" (which was a fib, for he had, many times). Anyway, the tables were turned, and the smile which passed over the faces of my audience, who had been unwilling spectators of the scene, told plainly that, for once, they enjoyed the joke at my censor's expense.

No one has ever accused me of being a misanthrope. On the contrary, I am the frailest of mortals, with a Wellingtonian reverence for a petticoat, and an almost mawkish sentimentality for a soft voice and a pair of bright eyes. But there comes a time in the lives of all of us when these weaknesses are overborne by a sense of personal dignity, and when courtesy, gallantry—nay, even a slavish adoration of the sex—must give way to a feeling of self-respect. I was at the counter one day when a lady came in and asked for a shilling's worth of stamps. She was not a Juno. Her age was of that uncertain quantity which has been defined as "something between thirty and a hundred," and she had a crabbed, sour, acidulated aspect which would have been fatal to the contents of any dairy brought within its influence. I supplied the stamps, and went on with the rest of my work, and as I was a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, having to tend the counter and get off a mail at one and the same time, there was no margin for fooling about. Presently there was another rat-tat-tat at the counter, and on going out to see what it was, I found my fair friend had been struggling to get off her gloves. Pushing the stamps and the letters she had to post rudely towards me, and in a voice which was a very good imitation of a rasp file drawn across a piece of hoop-iron, she said, "Here, put on those stamps, I don't like the taste of the gum." Now, had she been Cleopatra herself, I am afraid I should have resented the tone and manner of the request, but coming from such a quarter, it was more than flesh and blood could stand. So I told my customer that I, too, had not been educated up to subsisting on mucilage, and that as she did not "like the taste of the gum," she had better get some one with a less vitiated appetite to stick on her stamps.

I was one of the actors in the story of the sagacity of a mail-cart horse, told by Mr. Baines in his book, *On the Track of the Mail Coach*. Perhaps it will bear repeating. It happened at Truro in

the year 1853. The county was entirely devoid of railways, all traction for mail purposes being done by coach and mail-cart. Besides the two coaches running through to Plymouth, there were mail-carts serving the district west of Truro, and forming a junction with the coaches at the latter point. Beardon, the driver of one of these carts, the other party concerned, was a bit of a character. He was afflicted with an incurable disease popularly known as "a crook in the elbow," which took the form of an insatiable craving for all alcoholic fluids, from hard cider, containing enough fixed acid to take the polish off a brass knocker, to Plymouth gin, which, with its Juniper flavouring, is deemed in the West of England, drink for the Gods. Beardon started from Penzance at ten o'clock at night, and got back at seven the next morning, covering a distance of over fifty miles. It was a wild and fearsome journey. Skirting the eastern shore of Mount's Bay, swept by the full fury of the Atlantic, the road lay over Hayle Causeway, and through the then prosperous district of Camborne and Redruth. The boom of the breakers, thundering on Hayle Bar, and the distant roar of the piled-up waters of Hell's Bay, could be distinctly heard. Thousands of heads of stamps, pulverizing the ore, the produce of many mines, made night hideous with their incessant clatter. The giant arms of the pumping engines, rising and falling with measured stroke, and the stacks of the boiler-houses belching forth dense columns of smoke, gave to the scene an aspect worthy of the Inferno. In these days of strikes and Trades Union, no one man could be got to do the work, and if poor old Beardon flew occasionally to his cups to tide him over his journey, who will say that he was not more sinned against than sinning? On this particular night, Beardon appears to have been more than usually fuddled, and shortly after reaching Hayle, outraged nature must have foreclosed with that happy state of oblivion which, until the rude awakening to hot coppers and a big head, is the drunkard's paradise. The reins slipped from his palsied hands, and he fell forward against the splashboard. Bags were exchanged with Camborne, Redruth, and Scorrier, and the practice was for the respective Postmasters to hang up the outgoing bag on a hook behind the front door, which Beardon took away, leaving the inward bag in its stead. The horse was an old stager, and had done that fifty miles too many times not to know the ropes. What he thought of the loose rein, and the extra weight thrown forward on his haunches, can never be recorded; but, as the soberer animal of the two, he no doubt thought it incumbent upon him to complete the

journey, so he trotted on, stopped the regulation time at each office, and finally pulled up at Truro to the minute, an example of intelligence, bordering on reason, which I think it would be hard to beat.

When I knew Plymouth forty years ago, it was vastly different to what it is now. There were the same surroundings; the same background of granite Tors; the historic Hoe looking across to the lovely domain of Mount Edgcombe; the winding Tamar, the bubbling Plym, and the panorama of the Cornish hills. But the place could only boast forty thousand inhabitants, and the entire work of the Post Office was done by a staff of six clerks. I was one of them, and Mr. Grainger, the late Postmaster of Chelmsford, was another. We manned the counter, did the money order work, and the whole of the sorting duties. The eight hours day had not been invented. Mr. Marks, the Postmaster, a contemporary of Thomas Todd Walton, of Bristol, Paul Messor, of Exeter, and T. W. Coffin the elder, of Devonport, had just died, and had been succeeded by Mr. R. Z. Beachcroft, of the Accountant General's office. Like the fly in amber, he wondered how he got there. It goes without saying that he knew absolutely nothing of the work of a provincial office. But that does not count. I am writing from memory, but I believe Lord Canning was Postmaster-General. He had a very proper leaning to the claims of seniority—I wish there were more like him—and offered the appointment to the late Mr. Mellersh, of the Inland Branch, and on his refusing it for domestic reasons, it fell to Mr. Beachcroft as next on the list. Mr. Beachcroft was a particularly fidgety, nervous man, and was always in a blue funk about the duties. The slightest thing that went wrong was reported to him by his *fidus achates* Mr. Grainger, and old Beachy rushed down stairs foaming at the mouth, and with his words tumbling over each other. There were no safes in those days, and Mr. Beachcroft always carried the properties of the office—the stamps and the cash—up into his bedroom, and slept with them under his pillow. It was my duty to open the money order counter at 9 a.m., and I had to fetch down the cash. One morning I was drawing the cash bag out from under Mr. Beachcroft's head, when he reared up in the bed and clutched me by the throat. Presently, looking about him with a wild stare, he said: "My G——! is it you? I have had such a horrid dream. I dreamt that someone was carrying off the cash. I hope I have not hurt you." As a matter of fact he had not, but it was rather startling to one's

nerves to be garrotted thus by one's chief apparently without rhyme or reason.

I may mention a small matter which shows the risks to which counter officers are liable. One day I was taking both sides—that is issues and payments—at the money order desk, and found myself five pounds short. Five pounds was a little mint to me, and unless I found it, I should have to put myself on short commons for the next month. After a deal of casting and checking, I discovered that I had a surplus advice for that amount without the corresponding order. The order was payable to Elizabeth Murphy. Careful enquiry all over the town failed to find her, till at last, by way of a forlorn hope, someone suggested that a party of Irish emigrants had just arrived en route to Australia. I posted off to the emigration depôt, and got the superintendent to parade the whole of his lodgers. Sure enough, amongst them I recognised the payee. On asking her if she remembered my paying her the money, she said at once, "Shure your honour did, and I have the five goulden sovereigns wrapped up in the piece of paper your honour gave me." And, suiting the action to the word, she dived into some mysterious recesses of her person, and somewhere about where, in the anatomy of dolls, the wax ends and the sawdust begins, she fished up the money carefully wrapped in my precious order. It was a narrow shave, as in a few hours my voucher would have been on its way to the antipodes. While my attention was called off to some other matter, she must have picked up the order I had just paid and used it as a wrapper to enclose the money.

When anyone in the West of England speaks of Plymouth, it is generally understood to comprise the three towns—that is Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. It is difficult for a stranger to determine where one ends and the other begins. True, Devonport proper is situated the other side of the half-penny gate, and for Parliamentary purposes Stonehouse is linked to it, but, practically, it is part and parcel of Plymouth. Close to the bridge, on the Stonehouse side, is the "Prince George" Hotel, forty years ago kept by Jimmy Doell, then long past the prime of life. He had at one time been lessee of the old Devonport Theatre, and, as a consideration for surrendering the lease to his *confrère*, Mr. J. R. Newcombe, of the Plymouth Theatre, he was allowed an annual benefit. Jimmy Doell was a comedian of the type of Toole and Harry Nicholls, and the last generation of Plymouthians greatly enjoyed his quibs and cranks. Wonderful to say, Jimmy Doell still keeps the "Prince George," and

is as genial and lively as ever. He is now the oldest of living actors; and, it will be remembered, was present at the reception in honour of Mrs. Keeley, both being, I believe, over ninety years of age. In my salad days I used to frequent the "Prince George," and have many times enjoyed the society of the witty host.

On the death of Mr. Coffin the elder, in 1853, Devonport was placed in charge of Mr. Killery, one of the old corps of clerks in charge, now, I expect, pretty well extinct. At that time it included in its ranks Mr. Mulock, Mr. T. Jeffery, and many other well-known men. Killery was an Irishman, and the best of good fellows. True, he let me do the work while he drew his own salary, the Postmaster's salary, and a subsistence allowance of 15s. a day; but it was a pleasure to serve under him, and we never had the slightest difference. One day, Mr. Killery and I went up to Millbrook, a village on the Cornish side of Hamoaze, to investigate a case. Returning, we were caught in a squall, which came down off the hills with great suddenness, and in trying to go about, our boatman, who was a pensioner with a wooden leg, lost his balance, and before he could recover himself crash went the wooden leg through the bottom of the boat. The boat heeled over almost gunwale under, and for the boatman to stir an inch meant instant destruction. To use his leg as a plug and to keep him exactly in the position in which he fell, was our only chance. So seizing the tiller, I eased away the sheet of our leg of mutton sail, and as the boat paid off she made a little better weather of it, and by using our hats as bailers we managed to keep afloat. The wind, however, was dead ahead, and still blew great guns. We were unable to weather Mutton Cove, the point whence we started, and we drifted away to leeward, along the entire sea front of the Dockyard Wall to Newpassage. The spout of every building shed we passed—it rained in torrents—emptied itself upon our heads, the water running down the back of the neck and out at the boots till we were literally like drowned rats. Poor Killery never forgot that trip to his dying day, and used to say, in that rich Irish brogue which was so fascinating, "By George! we were nearly kilt then entirely."

I was at Devonport when the first pillar letter box was introduced. Indeed, there were only three receptacles for letters in the whole place. One at Newpassage, one at Pembroke Street near Mutton Cove, and one at the head office in Fore Street. The box had arrived, and waiting the sanction of the local authorities for its erection, we stowed it away in a side lobby, with the aperture

against the wall. Apparently no one but an acrobat standing on his head could get at it. For two or three weeks we were flooded with missing letter enquiries which nobody could explain; until, on moving the box, the interior was found to be half full of letters. The delectable public, in spite of a big brass plate bearing the words "Letter box" staring it in the face, had taken the trouble to go down a side street and into a private lobby in order to screw its correspondence into this unused box!

Maidstone.

J. G. UREN.

(To be concluded.)



AN OFFICIAL NEW YEAR'S CARD.

*Post Office Improvements in 1896.**

THE Post Office record of the year 1896 will be chiefly memorable for the reason that it chronicles the acquisition by the State of the *trunk wires of the telephone system*. In this matter the Department has not been allowed to have quite its own way. It desired to purchase the telephone system, as in 1870 it purchased the telegraph system, but Parliament in its wisdom has sanctioned only the taking over of the trunk wires which connect the metropolis with nearly every centre of population in the United Kingdom. This transfer has been made by the National Telephone Company, and under the agreement embodied in the Act of Parliament that company will retain entire control over the whole of its local exchange areas. At the present time there are 247 trunk telephone wires existing in the kingdom. Parliament has delegated to the Postmaster-General the duty of developing the telephone system, and for this purpose has placed at his disposal at the outset a sum of £300,000, which will, no doubt, be supplemented from time to time as public necessity may require. The use of the telephone, although a comparatively modern adjunct to the resources of civilization, has become essential to the expeditious pursuit of commercial life. Its extended adoption in this country when under the almost exclusive control of private capitalists has been remarkable, and, in view of the undoubted success which has followed the acquisition of the telegraphs by the State, it is not in the least surprising that a demand should have arisen in favour of its control, or participation in control, over telephones.

The transference of the trunk telephone lines to the Post Office began on the 4th of April last, the first wires to be acquired being those which, to speak broadly, exist south of the Thames. Since that time the work has steadily proceeded, until at the present moment the only lines which have not actually come into the possession of the Department are those connected with the extensive systems of Liverpool and Manchester, and these, it is expected, will be practically taken over early next month. This work of transference has involved an amount of labour of which the public can form but an inadequate conception. It represents a greater mileage than that

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of the telegraph lines acquired by the State over a quarter of a century ago. Nearly 30,000 miles of wires have been obtained from the National Telephone Company, and the Post Office has, in addition, constructed 20,000 miles of new telephone trunk wires. But even this vast mileage does not represent the full scope of the addition made to the work for which the Postmaster-General is responsible to the nation. Beyond providing new wires wherever they may be required upon existing trunk routes, the Department is engaged in carrying the system, by means of a new submarine cable, to the Isle of Wight, where local telephone exchanges are already in operation. In Scotland the system is being extended from Aberdeen to Inverness; in Ireland it will be carried, this year in all probability, to Limerick and to Cork; and in Wales it will soon go from Llandudno to Bangor and Carnarvon.

It will be seen that material progress has already been made in giving effect to the Act of Parliament authorizing this great transfer. Throughout the operation there has been an evident desire, on the part of the Post Office on the one side and of the National Telephone Company on the other, to achieve the best result in the most amicable manner possible. The arrangement sanctioned by Parliament inevitably involves a dual control. Less 5 per cent. which is to be paid to the National Telephone Company for undertaking the duty of collection, the whole of the charges derived from the public for the use of the trunk telephone lines will be added to the revenue of the Post Office; but, as already stated, the Company will still exercise sole control over the whole of the local exchange areas in the country, save those in the Newcastle and South Wales districts, over which the Department already exercises authority. This new branch of work will at once involve an addition of 500 persons of different grades to the permanent staff of the Post Office. The leading officials, acting by direction of the Postmaster-General—notably Mr. Lamb and Mr. Ardron in the secretarial department and Mr. Preece as well as Mr. Gavey in the engineering department—have thrown themselves with great earnestness and zeal into the labour incidental to the introduction of the arrangement. New apparatus of improved form has been designed, and the constructive operations alone have been enormous, in addition to which a large number of men have been trained for the service. In this, as, indeed, in many other matters, the National Telephone Company has rendered valuable assistance to the Post Office authorities, who have readily availed themselves of the aid of many of the

operators formerly employed by the company. Henceforth the headquarters of the Telephone section of the Post Office will be found within the large building known as "G.P.O. West," standing at the junction of Newgate Street and Aldersgate, where an extensive suite of rooms has become vacant by the removal of the secretarial staff to the new structure more recently completed in Aldersgate Street and officially known as "G.P.O. North."

One of the first advantages of the acquisition by the State of the trunk telephone lines will shortly be seen in connexion with the *Express Service* in London. Under the provisions of the agreement with the National Telephone Company the public will by telephone be able to secure a messenger for the purpose of the express delivery of letter or parcel. It is obviously convenient that the telephonic exchanges should be connected with the nearest post offices, and when such communication has been established generally any subscriber to the National Telephone Company will be able to send a message to any post office in London and to arrange for any of the services performed under the express delivery rules.

Although there is no other change to be mentioned approaching in magnitude that of the telephone trunk wire transfer, the Post Office history of the past year has been one of modest but continuous improvement, more especially in relation to the development of the *parcel post* and *money order* systems. The first alteration made in the parcel post arrangements came into operation on February 11th last, when the rates to the Argentine Republic were reduced and the limit of weight extended from 7 lb. to 11 lb. At the end of June, the parcel post system was carried to Paraguay, in South America; and on the same date the weight allowed for parcels addressed to Malta was increased to 11 lb., bringing the limit into harmony with that prevailing for inland purposes, while the rates were simultaneously reduced. Early in July the parcel rate to the Seychelles and Hawaii was reduced, and at the end of that month the weight allowed for parcels going by the sea route to Portugal, Madeira, and the Azores was increased, the rate reduced, and the system of insurance introduced. On October 1st the route for parcels to Japan *viâ* the Canadian Pacific Railway and Vancouver was opened. On November 1st the parcel post was established to the Cape Verd Islands, Portuguese West Africa, and a few days later the parcel rates to Natal were revised.

On the first day of the new year, as already announced in *The Times*, revised parcel rates for Australasia came into operation; the

limit weight was extended in the case of parcels going to Sweden ; a service by direct steamer to Chile was inaugurated ; and the system of the exportation of bonded goods was brought into force generally for the first time. Dutiable articles can in future be taken from a bonded warehouse and sent abroad by parcel post without the payment of duty. Parcels so dealt with will, in the first place, be sealed by the Customs officers, and then taken with an official form to the nearest post office, the duty of whose officers it will be to make sure that the seal is intact, as showing that nothing has been extracted from the consignment. The parcels will then be forwarded as directed, and the form retained by the Customs, as proof that the goods named therein have been liberated from bond. This new arrangement is likely to be attended with important results, and it is one for which the commercial community will be grateful to the Post Office.

The *money order system* was on March 3rd last extended to a number of places in Asia Minor and the Levant—namely, the Dardanelles, Dédéagatch, Gallipoli, Kavala, Inéboli, Lagos, and Vathy-Samos. At the beginning of April the same system was extended to Servia, and in November to the Fiji Islands. In connexion with these several extensions, the hours appointed for the transaction in Post Offices of inland telegraphic money order business were on June 16th made uniform throughout the country—namely, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. The expansion which has been witnessed in the system of transmitting money orders by telegraph is so marked that the latest official figures on the point are interesting. During the June quarter of the past year—that is, prior to the alteration mentioned—the number of telegraphic money orders issued in the United Kingdom was 40,011, representing a total amount of £129,845 ; while during the September quarter, after greater facilities of issue had been afforded, the number of such orders issued increased to 47,596, representing a total amount of £151,953.

During the year the *system of delivering telegrams, express letters, and parcels by cycle* has been much extended, concurrently with a reduction in the portorage charge for distances exceeding three miles. These advantages have been chiefly confined to rural districts, and post office servants are expressly forbidden to use cycles in the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis. Formerly, the charge made for such services by a Post Office cyclist was 6d. per mile ; but henceforth, where the distance covered is more than

three miles, the charge will be reduced to 4d. per mile. It is not proposed that the Post Office shall establish an army of cyclists in rural districts, but local Postmasters are at liberty to secure the services of cyclists upon whom they can rely, and to these persons the fee named will be handed over, without any deduction by the Post Office. In cases where it is impossible to employ a cyclist, owing to the long distance to be undertaken, the present arrangement of delivery by mounted horse messenger will be continued.

The *Express Service*, which was introduced on March 25th, 1891, has proved a great convenience, more particularly in London. The number of such services performed during the first complete month after that date was 4,904, while in the corresponding month of this year the total number of the services was 21,306. The highest record in any one month was reached in July last, when 28,000 services were undertaken, the total number of articles delivered by the express messengers being 41,882. During the last financial year the total number of express services rendered throughout the United Kingdom was 363,971, and of this number no fewer than 243,751 were performed in London, notwithstanding the fact that the work is carried on side by side, and therefore in competition with, the undertakings of private companies. The cases in which parcels intrusted to the express messengers have been lost are practically *nil*; and, although the public are not yet fully acquainted with the fact, it may be added that this corps of messengers render useful service as guides in the crowded streets of the metropolis. Without going into detail, it may be stated that the services of the boys as guides can be obtained at a large number of post offices on payment of the fee of 3d. per mile, and the experience gained shows that they perform their duty with alacrity and care.

No enumeration of the progressive steps made by the Post Office in the course of the past year could justly be concluded without an acknowledgment on the part of the public to the Duke of Norfolk as Postmaster-General, to Mr. Spencer Walpole, the Secretary of the Post Office, and to their many able departmental chiefs for the work which has been performed. The columns of *The Times* frequently bear witness to the fact that the public expect a great deal from the Post Office, and, without any pretence that all is perfect in the numerous branches of the establishment, a tribute of praise to its staff as a whole is certainly due at this season of the year.

After Office Hours.

Concerning Grievances, Flags, and Things in General.

A T a small dinner which we had the pleasure of giving to the contributors to *St. Martin's-le-Grand* in February last, Mr. Spencer Walpole said that he felt keenly the responsibility of his position as the permanent head of thousands of men and women, every one of whom he understood had a grievance. His remark called to my mind the confession one of my own colleagues made to me on this very subject. I had been expressing curiosity as to the reasons which had induced him, ever since I first made his acquaintance, to take part in so many movements which had for their object the redress of "grievances." I asked him pointedly if he had always suffered from official wrongs. His face immediately lit up with the thoughts suggested by my question, and he exclaimed, "No, for one whole week when I first entered the Service I was a happy, contented, and proud official; I thought I was getting a magnificent salary; I wondered how I could possibly spend it all; I thought my hours were easy and my prospects rosy. But on the Monday in the second week a brother officer came to me with papers in his hand; he explained to me all my grievances; he told me from what I was suffering; he explained clearly to me why I was experiencing stagnation of promotion, and he showed me exactly why my services were not receiving adequate recognition. He asked me to sign a memorial and to subscribe to the funds, and"—at this moment there came a touch of pathos in my friend's voice—"I don't know anything more except that I've been an agitator ever since." In this account of himself I have little doubt that the man was not doing either himself or his grievances full justice; but who does not sympathize with him in his recollections of those early days when one was too young to be worried about prospects, too happy in the present to care about the pounds, shillings, and pence view of life, and too generous-hearted to believe anything but good of those who rule in high places?

With some of us this happy time lasted longer than a week; with others whose motives were perhaps not wholly unselfish, the mood lasted until they themselves were passed over in the race for promotion, and they then realised for the first time the existence of "grievances." With others again the mood lingers on after one has grown old in the service and has signed many memorials, and has been passed over and otherwise neglected, and age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of these men. What age and custom do with us all, however, is to modify our enthusiasm and to increase in us the tendency to tolerate one another. I sometimes think that I would give up almost everything I have of any value to experience again the fine frenzy I was seized with in my early youth over the Bulgarian

atrocities and later still over the wrongs of Ireland. I am conscious of little alteration of opinion on these subjects, but the passion, the sentiment and the frenzy have gone, and it is as much as I can do now to crawl to the polling station to register my vote on election days. Lacordaire said on his death-bed, "I die a penitent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal," and such a confession has still my full sympathy ; but I find myself sitting on the fence more frequently than I used to do, and unfortunately more and more disposed to think of my opponents as mistaken men rather than as wilful obstructors of the advance of righteousness. The world was so easy to explain on the latter theory : it is more difficult to account for things when you admit the sanity and the good motives of those who are opposed to you. And the consciousness of a difficulty of this kind paralyses enthusiasm. It is the same with official grievances. What agitations have I not stimulated, what memorials have I not drawn up and presented to cold and unsympathetic chiefs ! Official conditions so far as my own surroundings are concerned remain much the same, but as for me I have not sufficient energy left to even head a deputation to a Controller, while as for memorials I am afraid that the only document I could sign would be one which would tabulate exclusively my own grievances. And these cover a wider field than they used to do ; they are less intense and as a result are cherished almost as luxuries which I am not greatly concerned to have redressed. But for grievances felt and cherished the world would have been the poorer by many masterpieces of literature and art. "The Book of Ecclesiastes," "The Lamentations of Jeremiah," Milton's "Areopagitica," "The Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh," all belong to this category, and "the luxury of sorrow" is known to many worthy people who have never experienced a day's real anxiety in their lives, but who have made sorrow the pivot upon which turns some of their best work. So let me keep my grievances. In the April number of the Magazine last year I remarked in an article entitled "Some Compensations of my Official Life" that official life was only endurable because of its compensations, and I know that I shall be told it is the very extravagance of paradox to add that my grievances are among my compensations. The statement of course savours of the Savoy opera :—

"And isn't your life exceedingly flat

With nothing whatever to grumble at?"

My latest grievance, I may remark, is the removal of what figured as my greatest compensation last April. For I no longer sit at a window : I am lodged in a new and spacious building, fitted up with the latest improvements, but which looks out on nothing in particular, and is removed from the familiar sounds and scenes of Queen Victoria Street. I am thrown back almost entirely on my own resources, and on what little faculty I may possess for observing and criticising my brother officers. I endeavour to bear the loss philosophically, and I have at least one consolation, viz., that on leaving the window where I spent so many pleasant hours, I have the proud consciousness that the work I was enabled to perform there has not

been unrecognized, and has already borne satisfactory results. I refer more particularly to the Heralds' College. Permanent officials are not usually sensitive to the opinions of the press, and except, perhaps, in attempting to conceal a manifest irritation at the temerity of the persons who venture to criticise them, they may be said to be impervious to pressure from such quarters. And it is probably because the Heralds' College is a survival from other times and manners, that it is so evidently anxious to do the right thing when its shortcomings are alluded to in the public journals. As a journalist I felt it my duty last April to call attention to the disgraceful condition of the flag, which on arbitrarily selected festivals adorned the College of Arms; and I also ventured upon the statement that the absence of a flag on the Savings Bank Department was to be regretted on many grounds. What is the result of my action? No flag flies yet from the Savings Bank, but the balance sheet for the College of Arms—if, indeed, they produce such very modern terrors at all—will show that two new flags were purchased for the College between April and December, 1896. The story is an instructive one, and will interest my readers: it is an eloquent testimony to the power of the fourth estate. On the day of the last royal marriage, in the summer of 1896, no flag was flying at eleven o'clock in the morning, but a few minutes after that hour, a commotion was plainly visible among the officials. Whatever was the direct cause, I do not know, though it is possible they may have experienced pangs of remorse on seeing from a certain window opposite, a hand-painted paper Union Jack fluttering in the breeze, bearing testimony to the loyalty of its owner and designer. Whatever may have been the immediate cause, the porter was seen hurriedly signing for a parcel which had been brought to the door by a man who, after delivering up his burden, mopped the perspiration off his brow and slowly withdrew. It was noticed at the time that he withdrew to the premises of the Civil Service Supply Association, Limited. In a few minutes the porter was observed on the roof unfurling a perfectly new Union Jack, of modest proportions, of still more modest quality, but a Union Jack for all that, priced in the Stores list at no less a sum than thirty shillings. But this, I must say in fairness, was only intended as a stop-gap, for the Union Jack has not been seen since. On Lord Mayor's Day at ten o'clock in the morning, before even the Garter King-at-Arms had arrived, there was flying boldly from the roof a new and handsome flag, with dragons thereon, and the familiar device of the College arms. This was a proud moment for the fourth estate; the paper flag had served its purpose and was modestly withdrawn. It was a proud day also for the Heralds, one of whom was overheard to say, "Is Mr. Bennett now satisfied?" My triumphs do not rest here, because the gate has either been oiled, or the porter has been spoken to, and the result is that you can walk past the College as the clock is striking four without the risk of being called upon to assist in the closing of its gates.

And now the College will know me no more. My work is done, and I am removed to other spheres of labour. Will the *Heralds* drop back into their sleepy old-world conditions? Having lost one powerful incentive to progress, will they forget their good resolutions and, free from the observations of impertinent journalists, drift back into their old ways? Only Time, and perhaps the next Lord Mayor's Day, will show.

I am not among those who advocate the abolition of the College on the ground that it serves no useful purpose. The power to adapt itself to modern conditions evidently exists, and who knows what might have happened had I been allowed to continue my work as its candid friend? Why, the *Heralds* now actually keep the Bank Holidays, though they still retain the old-fashioned and Catholic idea that a Holy Day is only one of an octave, and so they rarely return to work within the week!

So much for the *Heralds'* College. On the other hand, no flag, as I have said, flies from the Savings Bank, and on the new building in *Doctors' Commons*, where I am now to be found, there is not even as yet a brass plate to inform the passer-by as to the work which is going on within. The district is full of historical interest; it is sacred to many curious and romantic purposes, and already our hall porter has been troubled with visitors in the shapes of coy and demure young men and blushing maidens, who see in his red coat and smiling countenance sufficient justification for their confidence in his power to supply them with the necessary license which shall complete their happiness. There was a time when I used to be daily approached by one or other of the two old men who then acted as touts for marriage licenses. I presume that they were readers of character, and they saw before them an individual who would eventually succumb. But they have now disappeared from the scene together with many other curiosities of the London of my youth, and for this the expansion of the Savings Bank is largely responsible.

I suppose I ought not to grumble, for I work in a larger and better ventilated room; I have two principal clerks for company instead of only one, and I have other compensations. Opportunities for "copy" are to be found everywhere. I am not to be understood as implying that my chiefs are fit subjects for literary treatment, as it almost goes without saying that they are excellent officials, and their very excellences take them out of the category of human beings who lend themselves readily to the observer of character. My heart warms in a far greater degree to the poor man who, at his desk, is trying to lead with difficulty "a double life," and who perhaps in the middle of an official case, like Wordsworth's "Poor Susan," "sees a mountain ascending, a vision of trees."

I have watched such a man go deliberately to a hand-basin, wash his hands sanely and effectually, dry them with vigour and application, and then with his thoughts far away, empty the contents of the basin into his waste-paper basket. And I have seen another

man of the same temperament, on being told by a messenger that his chief wishes to speak to him through the telephone, brush his hair and change his coat before venturing into the presence of the instrument which is to bring him into communication with the great man. Such sights always refresh me. Metaphysical philosophers have sometimes questioned the existence of matter and even of personal identity, and those who care for such speculations have almost been persuaded to believe until the next tooth-ache or bilious attack has modified their attitude. I knew some years ago a charming man who for a single day was put into a position of authority, and his first duty was to return the number of men working on his section, and to account for any difference in the numbers as compared with those of the previous day. He counted up his men and he was one short; he counted again and again, and the numbers were still out. Yet everybody appeared in his place, and in desperation he reported that he was a man missing, but the particular man's identity was unknown. Of course the fact was the man had omitted to count himself, and being always more or less in the clouds, such an error came naturally to him. It was also the natural outcome of his own modesty and lack of assertiveness.

It is delightful to meet such men in these days when the majority of individuals are in a more or less feverish state of excitement to have their abilities recognized and their services rewarded. I suppose it is necessary that we should cultivate the growth of nervous, fussy, and over-cautious individuals to do the work of the State, men whose fear to take responsibility almost amounts to a disease. I suppose it is necessary that human nature should in this way be sacrificed to the needs of one's country, but it is a sad pity from the point of view of a lover of the race. A very capable critic has said that there are "some elect spirits in prose and verse possessing as by birthright a certain exquisite flow and limpidity which others lack." This is about the pithiest definition of a good prose writer which I have ever come across, and I submit that the qualities which go to make good writing are the same as should go to make up the pattern man, and that "a certain exquisite flow and limpidity which others lack" is an excellent description of a man whose antithesis is too often to be found in the Service. It is the fault, no doubt, of our training; but this charitable explanation will not hinder men of more freedom of movement, and with broader ideas, expressing sometimes a pious wish that they could shake down some of us into the fresh and vigorous thinking human beings nature intended us to be.

We are, I think, looking at official life in another way, too apt to hug to ourselves the delusion that a hard-worked Department like the Post Office should appeal to the sympathies of the British people, who we think demand full value for their money. I had a rude awakening from this delusion the other day. In a room in our building in which there were a number of officers engaged in a life and death struggle with hands, arms, and brains to post the transactions

of a previous day in the ledgers of the Department, there were two workmen employed, and in one of those long pauses which we can at least envy the working man his ability to take, the following observation was made by one to the other: "Funny chaps, these, ain't they, Bill? What they are all in such a sanguinary 'urry abart licks me." The reply of the other was uncomplimentary to us, and too strong even to be bowdlerized, but it was clear that in the opinion of these men, who are our masters, we were fools. Perhaps we are, and after a long experience in attempting to explain the rules of the Savings Bank to clergymen, military men, women of both sexes, and agricultural labourers, I feel that my ill success may be due to this fact. Some of our applicants must, however, I submit, share the honour, while others are distinctly cleverer than we are. A man of advanced years applied in our Inquiry Office for an annuity, and he was asked to provide some evidence of his age in the shape of either a certificate of birth or of baptism. He said he had no certificate of birth in his possession, but he thought he could obtain a certificate of baptism. The courteous representative of the Department told him that that would do, and the old man departed. At the end of a fortnight he returned with a certificate of his baptism. He had complied with his instructions, although the certificate showed that the baptism had only been performed the day previous. When the poor man realized that there was still a difficulty to be got over, he was most unhappy; he said he had had great difficulty in obtaining the certificate, and certainly the commercial value he appeared to attach to the rite seemed to justify the clergyman's reluctance to baptise this man "of riper years." Others of our poorer depositors set an example which it would be well if those in different circumstances more frequently followed. Among the latter class the omission to provide for the proper disposition of their money after their death often brings upon their families a great deal of trouble and difficulty. Here is the case of a poor man in which perhaps the opposite extreme is touched. He had exactly £3 7s. 4d. to dispose of, and he had prepared and signed a will extending to two pages of foolscap. He commenced with the somewhat patronizing sentence, "I recommend my soul to Almighty God," but there is little doubt that in reality an exquisite delicacy prompted this expression. His soul he recognized was a legacy which was only to be bestowed upon a willing recipient, and with the modesty of the true Christian he professed no certainty as to his knowledge in this matter.

After thus disposing of his soul, he proceeded to bequeath in detail the whole of the £3 7s. 4d. One clause will serve as an illustration of his method. "I give and bequeath to the poor of the said parish the sum of two shillings and sixpence sterling for once paid out, to be distributed to the most necessitous at the discretion of my said executor." Everything about the will bore witness to the intense seriousness of this man, and his freedom from any desire to trifle with his position; he was born for higher things, and if only men and women were dropped into the places

their characters and dispositions fitted them for, he would have had "great possessions."

It is time, however, that I brought these moralisings and "modern instances" to a close. It was my purpose simply in this article to bid a sort of farewell to my window in Queen Victoria Street, but my pen has run away with me into other directions. None the less, I miss that window terribly. In this huge building I feel lost—a mere cog in the wheels of a powerful machine. Every movement I take is regulated by orders; according to instructions I work in Carter Lane, I wash in Knightrider Street. I endeavour to recollect each morning not to enter the building in Addle Hill, its nearest and most convenient entrance for me. I live by rule; even if a distinguished visitor arranges to enter my room I am warned beforehand, so that anything on my desk which might be offensive to his eye may be removed in time, and in order that I shall have opportunity, if I feel so inclined, to change my coat, wash my hands, and brush my hair, in case he should, out of the graciousness of his soul, vouchsafe to speak a word with me. And great is the disappointment if, as so frequently is the case, after all these preparations, nothing happens. I often wish that sometimes, just for a change, I might be taken unawares; but I know that wish is not shared by less zealous and industrious officers, and so I forbear to press my inclinations. After you have been accustomed to a window, life in a big room, the conditions of which scarcely vary at all from day to day, is really a bit monotonous. Very often I feel like an American lady whom I once met in a boat on Loch Katrine, where everything was silent and peaceful. Her words were "Great heavens! I'd just give all I have in my pocket if somebody would break out and do something." When a man has had twenty-three years' service and still feels like that his case is hopeless, and the "ugly duckling" he must ever remain among the gentle and tractable brood of official chickens who surround him, and who pity him for his clumsiness and his inability to walk whole-heartedly in their ways and after their methods.

E. B.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

The Eastern and Australian Mail Services.

THE contracts for these services, the most important perhaps of all the foreign services maintained by the British Post Office, have again been entrusted to the Peninsular and Oriental Company and the Orient Company. The former Company began to carry mails for the Department to Gibraltar and some ports in Spain and Portugal more than 60 years ago, and they have carried the Eastern mails for half-a-century continuously and most satisfactorily. Ten years ago the Company secured the contract by accepting a very large reduction in subsidy; this time the inducement offered appears to have been chiefly an accelerated service, combined with a moderate reduction in cost. Two days are to be saved in the transit of the mails between London and India, four days between London and Australia, and five days between London and China. The subsidy will be £20,000 a year less than at present, and no additional payment will in future be made for parcels—a very valuable concession in view of the rapid growth of the Parcel Post. The contract will be for seven years, whereas the present contract was for ten years.

In order to carry out the new contract, which comes into operation next February, the Company have lately placed two fine new steamers in the service, one of which on her trial voyage got out to Australia about six days before she was due under the contract. Two other similar vessels are building.

Two Reports from Australasia.

THE year 1895 appears to have been a very uneventful and very prosperous time for the Queensland Post Office. Almost the only incident recorded in the body of the Report is the advent of an Electrical Engineer, in connexion with whose appointment the services of Mr. Preece are acknowledged. On the other hand, there has been the largest increase on record in the postal revenue, while in the telegraph revenue there has been a turn of the tide, an increase of nearly £4000 having taken place. A nominal reduction of expenditure has arisen from transferring from the Post Office to the Treasury half the cost of the direct steamship service between the Colony and the Mother Country, a service the use of which for mail purposes has become comparatively unimportant. The greatest development of business seems to have taken place in the Parcel Post, the number of parcels carried having risen from £81,000 to £136,000 in the year.

The Report of the New Zealand Post Office is very full of detail, and is accompanied by two excellent maps of the telegraph system of the Colony. Probably, in no colony is the postal service more complete and active, and very few at the end of the account can show a balance of revenue over expenditure of £33,000, and this although the Post Office performs for other departments of State services equal to 25 per cent. of its cash receipts, and is at the same time liberal to the public.

The chief event of the year was a great reduction in the rate for telegrams. It had been the practice to accept at half rates telegrams intended for transmission only when other business had ceased, and for delivery by post; and these so-called "delayed" telegrams were found to be displacing ordinary telegrams, the minimum price for which was 1s. In these circumstances the government decided to abolish delayed telegrams, and to reduce the charge for ordinary telegrams to 6d. for twelve words, and 1d. for each additional word, double rates being charged for "urgent" telegrams. The result has been very satisfactory, the number of telegrams sent in the first two months being 29 per cent. more than the number of ordinary and "delayed" messages in the corresponding period of the previous year, with a rise of 17 per cent. in revenue. The "urgent" telegrams at the same time increased 118 per cent., and the revenue from them 59 per cent.

A new steamer, to maintain a speed of between 14 and 15 knots at sea, is to be placed on the line to and from San Francisco; and a general improvement of the service is expected from the fact that the United States Congress has voted for the service an additional subsidy of 80,000 dollars a year. The long talked of service *viâ* Vancouver will, it is understood, be commenced in the middle of the present year.

United States Post Office—Report for 1895-6.

THIS is no doubt the last report of Postmaster-General Wilson, whose administration of the Post Office under President Cleveland seems to have been very successful. In the year under review the revenue increased at a faster rate than the expenditure; and the deficiency on the working was brought down to eight million dollars. To the discussion of the causes of the deficiency, the Postmaster-General devotes several pages. He proclaims in capital letters:—"THERE IS NO NECESSITY FOR THIS ANNUAL DEFICIT. The Department is powerless to prevent it, but a few lines of amendment by Congress to the postal laws will wipe it out and give in its place a steady surplus." The cause is of course the loss on the conveyance of printed (or, as it is termed, "second-class") matter at the rate of one-cent. per pound. Congress has again and again been appealed to to check the abuses of the existing system; but the opposition of the private interests concerned and of the Railway Companies, who would have to carry this matter at freight rates instead of at mail rates, have hitherto been successful in preventing

reform. The figures given are very striking. In the year under review the increase in the weight of second-class matter carried was 37 million pounds, more than double the increase of the previous year, and the total amount rose to 349 million pounds, or two-thirds of the whole mail matter carried; while the revenue derived from it was less than one-thirtieth of the cost of the mail service. It is calculated that the Act of 1885 establishing the one-cent. rate for printed matter has during its operation thrown upon the general taxation of the country the sum of 90 million dollars—say, £18,000,000. If this drain on the revenue could be stopped, Mr. Wilson thinks that even one-cent. inland letter postage could be established. A bill embodying very moderate proposals in the direction desired is said to be before Congress. Had the Postmaster-General not had hopes of it passing, he would, he says, have taken on himself the responsibility of excluding from the benefits of the cheap rate the serial libraries and other publications to which that rate was not originally intended to apply, leaving the aggrieved persons to seek their remedy in the law courts or otherwise.

Another reform advocated is the consolidation of post offices. Where in this country a sub-office would be established, it has been in the States the practice, founded probably upon considerations of political patronage, to set up an independent head office. In 1896 55 of these offices were converted into offices subordinate to a neighbouring larger office, and the saving of 18,000 dollars was applied to an extension of the free delivery. But Congress seems to have stepped in and for political reasons put a stop to what seems to be a useful and business-like policy.

Although the American Post Office is but just commencing, on a small scale and as an experiment, free delivery in rural districts, which is almost universal in the chief countries of Europe, it is trying in some cities and towns a most advanced measure, no less than a house-to-house collection as well as delivery. Householders have to provide letter boxes of certain approved patterns, and the postman thereupon clears the boxes of any letters posted therein at the same time as he drops into them the letters for delivery. An arrangement is even made whereby an order for stamps with the accompanying money can be placed in the box and attended to by the postman.

If the delegates to the Postal Congress to be held at Washington next month are not occupied with more important matters, they will probably be interested in examining the working of this scheme, as well as of the service of travelling post offices on tramways, which is being widely extended, and the experiments which are being made in the conveyance of mails by pneumatic tube and motor car. In such respects America may give some useful hints to Europe.

Truth defending the Post Office.

TRUTH is usually the most unsparing of critics of the Post Office, and we positively feel grateful when we find in its columns a word of protest against unreasonable complaints. "Is

Saul also among the prophets?" We reprint in full *Truth's* own words:—

"Those who desire to air grievances against the Post Office would save themselves and me trouble, if, before writing to *Truth* to complain of the operation of a rule in some particular case, they would seriously consider whether the rule is not a justifiable one. If it is, to denounce its enforcement as "red tape" is absurd. For instance, I get on an average fifty letters per annum from people who have had to pay a surcharge on post-cards in consequence of a piece of paper or card, or some such foreign body, having been attached to the post-card contrary to regulations. In the last case of this kind which I have been asked to show up, the address is on a printed slip, which has been gummed to the card—a legitimate proceeding within certain limits, but in this case the limit had been exceeded.

"Now it must be obvious to any practical man that for the public to be allowed to attach any object they please to a post-card is out of the question; and it seems to me equally obvious that the Post Office cannot possibly attempt to discriminate between objects which may be attached to post-cards and objects which may not. What denunciations of red tape we should have were that attempted! There is also an obvious reason for limiting the size of the printed label which it is lawful to attach to the address side. The Department, therefore, seems to be justified in objecting generally to anything being attached to the back, and in limiting the size of what may be attached to the front. Having made such rules, it must enforce them without discrimination. It would be out of the question to give sorters or Post Office clerks a discretion to wink at some kinds of additions to post-cards and surcharge others. Wherever you make rules you create absurdities and hardships. It is absurd that if a letter weighs one ounce to the closest nicety, you can send it for a penny, and that if you enclosed the hind leg of a flea in that same letter, the Post Office should insist on your paying an extra half-penny—50 per cent. more—just for the hind leg of a flea. Granted that this is absurd, it would be more absurd still if there were no line drawn between the penny and the three-halfpenny rate.

"Another complaint against the Post Office, which I have been asked to ventilate, is the refusal of that Department to pass as a circular a manuscript notice of a meeting, sent on a card enclosed in an envelope to a number of different persons. The gentleman who raises this question contends by Paragraph *c* in the Regulations respecting Book-Post, that any written matter not being in the nature of a letter should be accepted at the halfpenny rate. He seems to overlook, however, the fact that, further on in the same section, the rules expressly define a circular. He contends that a manuscript notice sent to different people in identical terms is not "in the nature of a letter." But it seems to me that any written communication enclosed in an envelope is *primâ facie* "in the nature of a letter," and that in order to show that, for Post Office purposes,

it is not of such a nature, you must bring it within the Post Office definition of a circular. It is clearly impossible for the Post Office to recognise every communication addressed in identical terms to several individuals as a circular. The Department cannot stop its business to sort out and compare all communications emanating from the same source, in order to ascertain whether they really are identical in terms; and, besides, unless such communications are all posted at the same time, it is absolutely impossible to compare them. The Post Office stands badly in need of criticism, but let the criticism be reasonable."

The Tweedmouth Committee's Report.

THE Committee appointed by Mr. Arnold Morley to inquire into the position and prospects of Post Office servants other than the clerical staff in the chief offices has, as all the world knows, issued its report. The report was unanimously signed on December 18th, and forwarded to the Postmaster-General. He sent it on to the Treasury on January 18th, and the Treasury gave it their sanction on March 9th. The new scheme is to come into operation on Thursday, April 1st, and two conditions are attached to their sanction by the Treasury—one that "the settlement now effected must be accepted as permanently satisfying all reasonable claims on the part of the classes included in its terms," and the other that "the annual increments of pay shall, in all cases, be dependent on the certificate of a superior officer that the conduct of the recipient during the preceding year has been satisfactory." The scheme involves an immediate cost of £139,000 per annum, and an ultimate cost of nearly £275,000. For full particulars we must refer our readers to the Report itself, or to *The Postman's Gazette* of the 16th March, which is sufficiently enterprising to publish the full text. We must content ourselves with a summary of its principal provisions.

The committee state that the charges brought against the higher officials of favouritism, unfairness, and undue severity have not been sustained. They find nothing in the conditions of the postal service to call for an interference with the electoral rights of its servants more stringent than that in other departments of the State, and the committee expresses the opinion that there should be as nearly as possible uniformity in respect of the electoral disabilities of civil servants. Nearly every class of Post Office servants which was represented before the committee asked for some modification of the present regulations under which they receive pensions on retirement, basing their claim on the exceptional hardship of the services performed; but the committee does not consider that work in the Post Office should impose so heavy a strain on its servants, or should be attended by any such conditions as to justify treatment not extended to other civil servants. In the matter of "split duties"—i.e., duties involving in the course of 24 hours more than one attendance at the Office, the committee is in favour

of the reduction, as far as possible, of the number of attendances. It is recommended as an invariable rule that split duties be so arranged that the officer performing them may enjoy during each 24 hours nine unbroken hours at his own home. There should be throughout the service a uniform payment for overtime—namely, a rate and a quarter. Seven hours' night duty should count as eight hours' day duty, and Sunday duty should be paid for at a rate and a half, work performed on Good Friday and Christmas day being reckoned as Sunday duty. The system of granting allowances for the performance of special duties is condemned. The stipulation for a probationary period of two years, with three medical examinations, when an employé enters the service, is held to be excessive, and a period of one year, with two examinations, is recommended. No case has been made out, in the opinion of the committee, for a general extension of the period of annual leave, but special recommendations are made with regard to one or two branches. The request urged on the committee that the annual leave should be granted in the better months of the year is held to be natural, but the difficulties are thought considerable, if not insurmountable. Indications are given, however, of means by which a general improvement in this respect may be facilitated.

An important recommendation is made in view of the complaints as to slowness of promotion—namely, that the usual division of the sorting or telegraph staff of an office into so many first-class and so many second-class sorters or sorting clerks, and telegraphists, should be abolished, and that the officers should proceed under certain conditions by annual increments from the *minimum* wage of their class to its *maximum*. Promotions caused by the filling up of vacancies should be made with as much celerity as possible. Further recommendations are made having special reference to particular classes of Post Office servants in London and the provinces. With regard to postmen, the first point mentioned is the system of Christmas-boxes, which is described as a bad one, deserving of abolition. The committee, however, believes that the public would disregard and render futile any attempt to put an end to the custom. Had the committee seen its way to recommend total prohibition, somewhat higher scales of wages might have been suggested for postmen. A general rule for all postmen against solicitation is recommended in order that the system may be made as little objectionable as possible. With regard to rural postmen, the *minimum* pay should not fall below 16s. a week in Great Britain. The limits laid down for a rural postmen's walk—*i.e.*, 16 miles a day on the average, and 18 miles as the absolute *maximum*, are not thought too great. As to the women employed by the Post Office, the attractions of the service appear to compare favourably with those afforded by private employers. Several fresh provisions are, however, suggested.

The report also refers to the insanitary condition of certain post offices, and the committee state that at an early stage in their

proceedings they visited and closely inspected the whole of the post office buildings at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "The new buildings opened in 1895," they report, "and the Central Telegraph Office left little to be desired, but the General Post Office East, where the postal work is carried on, appeared to us incommodious, insanitary, and overcrowded. We therefore asked the Postmaster-General to instruct Dr. Corfield thoroughly to examine this building and to report fully upon its condition. His report was only presented shortly before the final sitting of the committee, and we have therefore not had time to thoroughly consider its recommendations, which generally confirm the unfavourable opinions we had ourselves formed. We understand, however, that the Postmaster-General intends at once to appoint a small committee to consider what arrangements can be made to remedy the objections which Dr. Corfield has pointed out."

The members of the Committee were Lord Tweedmouth (Chairman), Sir Francis Mowatt, K.C.B., Sir Arthur Godby, K.C.B., Spencer Walpole, Esq., and H. Llewelyn Smith, Esq.

A correspondent writes to *The Times* with reference to the position of the report relating to Dr. Corfield's inquiry. The report is dated December 15, 1896. "Since that time," says the correspondent, "the small committee referred to has met frequently, and although its recommendations are still under consideration, it is highly probable that entirely new premises will have to be provided to meet the constantly-growing demands made upon the letter and newspaper departments of the General Post Office, the existing building known as the General Post Office East being incapable of adequate extension or improvement."

The Johannesburg Postal Service.

WE reprint the following extract from the *South African Review*, without, of course, endorsing all the opinions expressed therein :—

"We are sorry for the inhabitants of Johannesburg. Some time ago a scheme was adopted by the Transvaal postal authorities with the object of improving the existing arrangements by instituting a house-to-house delivery on the lines which prevail in England, or, indeed, in any country which has any pretence to efficient administration. Naturally, the Johannesburgers anticipated the proposed change with feelings of joy and satisfaction, but, alas, they are doomed to disappointment once more. The Raad on Monday last eliminated from the estimates the exorbitant sum of £3,000 which was asked for to continue the scheme, and so, perforce, the inconvenient 'box' system must again suffice for the rapidly increasing requirements of go-ahead commercial Johannesburg. The reason for the Raad's refusal to sanction the continuance of the new scheme is characteristic. It is pure selfishness—the outcome of a natural aversion to all things that would tend to the advancement of the country. Because the 'burghers' in the outlying districts have no such convenience, the Johannesburgers must not have a house-to-

house delivery. Really, it almost passes comprehension to understand how such narrow-mindedness can exist. We might just as well argue that because Oom Paul does not ride a 'bike,' the importation of iron horses to the Rand should be forbidden; while it reminds us also of Mr. Wolmaran's opposition to the Lydenburg Railway, when he argued, in effect, that because he was born before Lydenburg was built, the place had no right to a line. We are glad to note that the Sanitary Board has taken action and petitioned the Executive to use its influence with the Raad to get the house-to-house postal service restored, while the Raad would do well to remember that too much 'pig-headedness' at the present time will not tend to the amicable settlement of existing difficulties."



A German South-West African Postman.

THE foregoing illustration will serve to illustrate the difficulties under which mails have to be conveyed in the German South-West Africa Protectorate. The native mail carrier, who, by the way, has perhaps an exaggerated idea as to the importance of his position, was photographed en route from Keetmanshoop to the Cape Colony border. We are indebted to Mr. Ridgell, a former Cape Colonial Postmaster in Namaqualand, for this interesting picture.

The Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

A POSTAL CONFERENCE between delegates from Bloemfontein, representing the Orange Free State, and the representatives of the South African Republic, sat for several days at Pretoria during February last. The principal item discussed during the meetings was the question of the amount claimable by the Free State Government on Transvaal mails passing through its territory. According to Article 16 of the Postal Convention

of 1885, the Transvaal has to hand over one-third on the postage; that is to say, if a letter or packet on which sixpence has been paid passes through, the Free State demands twopence. The Transvaal Government wants to have this rate altered, and consequently a resolution was passed recommending the suspension of the Article in question, and its replacement by an amended one. The matter of Travelling Post Offices was also considered. At present the Transvaal controls these from Pretoria to sixty miles beyond the Free State border in the Cape Colony, Transvaal officials being employed throughout. Eight of these Post Offices are in use, one with each daily Cape mail, and one every week with the European budget. The Free State authorities wish to have some control of this system, seeing that their territory constitutes a large section of the route covered. It was resolved that the Free State Postmaster-General shall have the right to appoint an inspector, who shall be at liberty at any time to examine these T.P.O.'s as they travel through.

A London Postman, 1820.

THE engraving, reproduced on the next page, which I have come across in an out-of-the-way-corner, may possibly not be devoid of interest to those who to-day, metaphorically speaking, are sucking their milk from the same feeding bottle.

The original picture, which is hand coloured, shows a hat with a broad band of gold around it, a white stock (neck-tie), a coat of royal blue, a pink waist-coat, yellow breeches, and gaiters of French grey: a variegation sufficient to make even Solomon and the gorgeous Mr. Bumble green with envy.

The letterpress attached to the picture has such a primitive, old-world flavour about it as to be almost worthy of italics throughout. It runs as follows:—

"To a well-regulated system at the General Post Office, Lombard Street, the public are indebted for the convenience of punctually receiving communications from, and conveying them to, nearly all parts of the habitable world, at a moderate expense.

"The mails leave London every evening, Sunday excepted*, at eight o'clock, and arrive early in the morning; the contents of the bags are then sorted with surprising expedition, and delivered to the Postmen of the respective districts; it is their duty to be at the Post Office by six in the morning, and to deliver the letters between ten and one.

"As men are generally just, honest, and regular, in proportion to the necessity, the almost universal respectability of these men in those respects is readily accounted for, as the least deviation from right would be their ruin. Each Postman finds two securities of forty pounds each; their wages are fourteen shillings per week, with the perquisite of the pence given with the letters delivered between five and six, for which purpose they walk several times round their district ringing a bell."

* "The mail coaches leave London on Sundays at seven, without the mail bags."

Concerning the "perquisite" above-mentioned there is a story worth repeating. Once upon a time these men were separately questioned as to the extent of their receipts in pence from the public. As they received at least a penny with each letter collected, and a larger amount in many cases, it was well-known that most of them were millionaires in miniature. But, under the impression that the object of the Department was either to reduce their wages or to



Drawn and engraved by T. L. Busby.

POSTMAN, 1820.

Published July 1st, 1820, for T. L. Busby, by Messrs. Baldwin & Co., Paternoster Row.

apply the Income Tax, they all, with one solitary exception, considerably understated their emoluments. Shortly afterwards it was announced that the "perquisite" system was to be abolished, and the wages of the men to be raised *to the level of their declared receipts*.

Tradition has it that when this came to light the smiling was all on one side ; which indicates, perhaps, that estimable as the letter-press declares them to have been, these men as a class were sadly devoid of humour !

MANCHESTER.

H. E. GRANGER.

The Evolution of the Post Office.

A RECENT number of *La Science Française* has an article entitled *L'Origine de la Poste*, wherein the writer (M. Fournier) attempts to explain the origin of the Post Office by means of the principle of evolution. He begins by citing the historian Herodotus, from whom we learn that Cyrus was the first to organize a service of relays in his expedition against the Scythians. Hence this famous king is generally regarded as the originator of the post. To the scientific mind, however, Cyrus was but a creature of yesterday, and the establishment of relays by him marks but one step in the evolutionary process. We are accordingly bidden to disregard ancient documents and to betake ourselves in thought to the misty era of prehistoric times, when man first appeared on the earth. As soon as two men came in contact, and their intellectual development had attained to thought, they would naturally feel a desire to communicate to each other their ideas, either by cries, or monosyllables or gestures. Whatever the means may have been, they got to understand each other.

Here the writer pauses to define what the post is. It is an institution, he says, which enables each one to convey his thoughts to a correspondent. If, he affirms, we hold to this definition, which though incomplete at the present day, is nevertheless accurate in principle, we shall be forced to admit that human speech was the first agent in the development of the post. Having established this *point d'appui*, M. Fournier proceeds:—

“Suppose now that the two beings mentioned, who have succeeded in exchanging ideas, are obliged for some reason to separate, and that the one has still a desire to communicate with the other. He will be compelled under the circumstances to go to the other in order to transmit his thought by the only means at his disposal—viz., his voice. In this case he is the carrier of his own idea; he at once creates and makes use of a postal service of which he is himself the agent. It is not now contended that the postal service is created; no, the act accomplished is not due to an effort of intelligence; it is instinctive; and one is almost tempted to say springs from the domain of the brute.

“We shall now take a great step forward. Instinct disappears entirely and gives way to intelligence. This was perhaps a long time in taking place, but from the day that it did so a series of creations followed of which Cyrus was merely an imitator. We continue to make use of our two personages, and this time let us suppose them separated at a great distance, and that they are unable to visit each other. What will happen if they wish to communicate with each other now? The means would not readily occur to them, but by degrees there would dawn in one mind at least the idea of communicating his thought to a third person and of asking him to convey it to his friend.

“Therein is the origin of the post. This individual who, a stranger to the two others, has received a message and conveyed it to the one

for whom it is intended, may be used again by the second person to convey a message back to the first. From the day when man discovered the method of fixing his ideas either on wood or stone, the messenger, who would no longer be required to retain the message in his memory, could accept others; and should a continuous correspondence between two points be found needful, he could occupy himself exclusively in supplying that need. Those for whom he did this would attend to his wants—that is to say, they would employ him as a permanent courier and accord him payment for his services. This is simply what Cyrus did, save that, instead of one individual, he employed a hundred, in order to avoid a delay otherwise inevitable. Is he then the 'inventor' of the post? No—not any more than Morse is the inventor of the Telegraph. His great merit is to have organized a service which existed before him, though only in an embryonic state.

"We have been led to propound this theory of the origin of the Post Office by the study of the means of communication in practice at the present day. (Of course we speak only of the communication of ideas.) The suppositions made may be found existing around us in actuality; we put them into practice without suspecting that 20,000 years ago, perhaps more, man, scarcely emerged from the animal state, already employed like means of communication. These means we have multiplied; some of them we have modified; but such of them as we have inherited from the first superior being worthy to be called man we preserve still, and shall continue to preserve; for science is powerless to break the chain which binds human kind to nature."

Birmingham.

ROBERT H. MATTHEWS.

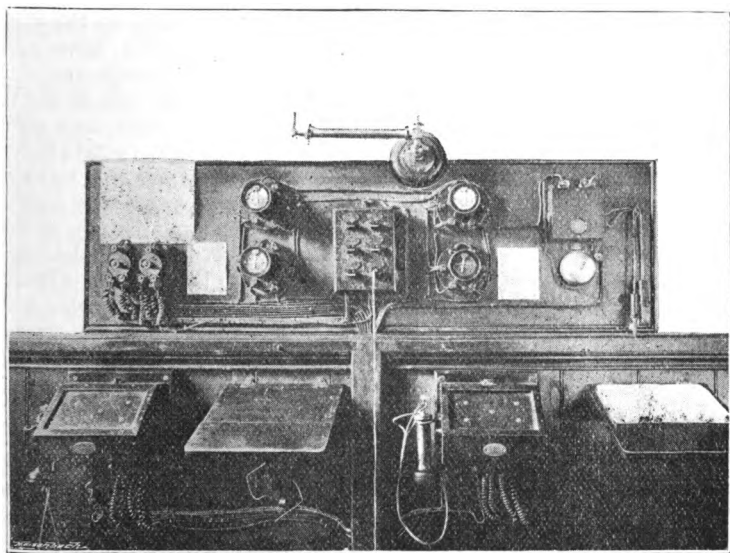
Telegraphs in Persia.

THE work of a telegraphist of the Indo-European Telegraph Department of the Indian Government is sometimes exciting enough to afford incidents for a sensational novel. The report for the past year gives the following account of what one telegraphist has to put up with:—"The line between Teheran and Kurrachee was only blocked once, when a party of raiders broke down a standard and carried away three lengths of wire. . . . But if communication through Persia was maintained almost unbroken, the officials were occasionally subjected to inconvenience owing to the lawlessness prevailing in the provinces. More than once clerks or their servants were robbed by brigands, and on one occasion the clerk at Abadeh had to play the part of mediator between an unpopular Governor and a mob of disaffected persons. His office was surrounded by a great throng of malcontents, who, strangely enough, were led by a High Priest. This ecclesiastical dignitary threatened to incite the populace to riot unless the Governor was deposed. The clerk promised to see what he could do, and he managed to induce the Governor to flee from Abadeh by night. Next day an official order deposing the fugitive arrived from Teheran, and the wrath of the High Priest and his followers subsided."

Telephones *versus* A.B.C.'s.

WE are indebted to Mr. H. J. Penney, late of Oakham, and now Postmaster of Malton, for the following:—

The A.B.C. has in its day rendered excellent service both for public and private purposes; but there is no doubt that before long it will—where it still exists—be superseded by the telephone. Many people have argued that telephones can only be worked satisfactorily on lines built specially for them. That such is not always the case has been proved by the success with which, for upwards of the past four years, they have been worked between Oakham and its Telegraph Sub-Offices. Of the four local lines, all of which consist



of single wires, three are built of iron and one of copper; and notwithstanding that one of the iron lines crosses the Midland Railway, along which run two trunk lines, one of telegraph the other of telephone wires, the induction is very slight and the wire is always workable.

In August, 1892, the whole of the A.B.C.'s in use at Oakham were withdrawn and telephones substituted, the three circuits being joined up at the Head-Office on a small Exchange Switch and worked with one telephone. Since then telephone communication has been extended to three other Sub-Offices so that at the present time there are four circuits with nine Sub-Offices in all, and these by aid of the switch are concentrated on one telephone. There is a second telephone which is required only in the case of pressure or breakdown.

After considerable experience with both instruments, I must claim the following advantages for the telephone. It is cheap, a telephone

set being about one-third the cost of an A.B.C. It is simple and can be learned with ease. The cost of maintenance is small, as there is but little in the telephone which is likely to get out of order; whilst as regards the A.B.C. the cost of maintenance increases in proportion to the number of instruments in a circuit. It occupies a smaller space and requires a smaller staff for its working. It secures prompt attention; accelerates the transmission of messages; and, by aid of the switch, enables Sub-Offices to be placed in direct communication with each other, thus avoiding the necessity of sending local messages to the Head-Office for re-transmission.

Postal Work in British Central Africa.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B., made the following reference to the work of the Post Office in British Central Africa:—"We have now eighteen post-offices in the protectorate, and an average monthly movement of 29,802 letters and newspapers. We are just about to establish a money-order system. It is interesting to note, as a good result of missionary teaching, the extent to which the postal service is used by the natives themselves, who directly they are able to write in their own language have a passion for correspondence and a childish pleasure in affixing postage stamps thereto. Nearly all the telegraph clerks working on the African Transcontinental line are negroes and natives of the country, chosen from the mission schools. . . . Who encircled the whole continent with telegraph cables, and conceived the carrying out of the bold project of traversing Africa from south to north by telegraph wires? Who put the first steamers on the Niger, on the Zambesi, on the Congo, on the Nile, on the Gambia, on almost every navigable river? Englishmen. It is in no spirit of boasting that I recount all these achievements, but to silence those who would take advantage of moments of reflux and depression to endeavour to make us believe that all our work in Africa has been for harm and for no profit."

The London to Paris Telephone.

Londoner.—Ailoe! Ailoe!

Parisian.—Allô! J'y suis.

Londoner.—Qu'aïce que vouu dite?

Parisian.—Hein?

Londoner.—Qu'aïce que vouu dite?

Parisian.—J'ai dit: j'y suis.

Londoner.—"Dji swoui?" Qu'aïceque cé voulé dirre!

Parisian (aside).—Butor d'anglais, va! . . . (*aloud*). Vous ne comprenez pas?

Londoner.—Noâ. Tèché pàaler plou distainc-temong!

Parisian.—Ah! par exemple! Voilà que vous allez me donner des leçons de diction française, maintenant!

Londoner (aside).—What is that idiot and heathen of a Frenchman jabbering about? (*aloud*). Jé né saye pâ cé que vouu aivé dit; may

voaci cé que jay avé a dirr e vouu. Jé avé besoang vènte ceinq mil livrre de traît sour Pèri. Congbieng. . . .

Parisian.—Hein ? Répétez. Mais de grâce, un peu moins vite. Articulez mieux ou nous n'en sortirons jamais.

Londoner.—Quaïce que vouu dite ?

Parisian.—Ah ! tenez. Il vaut mieux que je vous parle votre horrible langue anglaise. Ai dos no unedèrstand ze vords you spik. . . . Spik mor clir, if you plise, Sir !

Londoner.—Jè comprenay plou diou tou. Jay connè pâ lay italieng.

Parisian (aside).—Ah ça ! ah ça ! il barougouine de plus en plus, cet animal ! (*aloud*). Enfin, monsieur que me voulez-vous ? Vous voyez bien que je ne saisis pas un mot de russe. Servez-vous de la langue française, au moins, puisque vous ne comprenez par l'anglais.

Londoner.—Môsiu, je ne say pas cé que vouu dite, may je croa vouu minesioultay ? Ay côm vous ne comprenay pâ lé françay, têché allay au écôl.

Parisian.—O ma tête ! ma tête ! Que me chante encore ce baudet de la Tamise ! N'aurait-il pu bûcher un peu Noël et chapsal, ou Ollendorff avant de

Telephone Officer.—Allons ! allons ! messieurs vos trois minutes sont écoulées. Je coupe la comminucation.

Londoner.—Arrêtay ! arrêtay ! Je n'ay pâ encoure cômmonçay. Cête stioupid ignorang dé Françay avé pâ comprenay.

Parisian.—Minute ! minute ! M. l'employé ! ne coupez pas : ce triple sot d'Englishman n'a pas su s'expliquer. Attendez ! . . .

The Officer.—Les trois minutes sont écoulées. Je coupe.

The Londoner and the Parisian depart grumbling at one another ; the one says, "O mossieu ! côme voater naitiong ay bayte ! Vous ayte ung pâple ridicieul." The other, "Oh ! ces grotesques Anglais ! Comment s'entendre jamais avec ces encrassés insulaires. Ze fools ! . . . —(From W. Huisman's De Post- en Telegraafwereld.)

In Praise of Delay.

WE have read odes to almost every virtue and vice, but it has been a new experience to us to come across, in the *Westminster Gazette*, an ode "To Delay." We are quite sure that many of our colleagues will appreciate the poet's sentiments. It is true Shakespeare is against us—"Defer no time : delays have dangerous ends"—but even Shakespeare sometimes nods. We prefer the philosophy of the Westminster poet.

TO DELAY.

Daughter of Time, but ne'er his thrall !

True helpmate of a sound decay,

Balm to vexed minds, but most of all

Dear to official souls, we hail thy power, Delay.

Thy sister, Explanation, bears
 A two-edged sword, and oft hath smit
 The scrivening wretch who, unawares,
 Hath penned a false or foolish tale for lack of wit.
 Not so thou comest ! None hath heard
 Thy voice, but lo ! when ills betide,
 To safe results, without a word,
 Borne on thy noiseless wings, thy grateful votaries glide.

Economystic.

(*With an apology to our contemporary.*)

THE Money Market, Bank returns, and other things statistical,
 To some may be exciting, but to me they're cabalistical.
 My face must be a study for your festive physiognomist,
 When, lacking correspondence work, I'm conning my *Economist*.
 What *does* this mean, for instance, touching Government Securities ?
 I dare say much to many men—to this one nonsense pure it is.
 Or let me leave financial things and monetary oddities,
 And turn my scrutinising gaze to "Prices of Commodities."
 "The market where pig-iron is sold has just developed buoyancy."
 I'm glad ; but soon comes painful news extinguishing my joyancy,
 For "Tapioca is depressed !" I wonder what the reason is,
 And whether its unhappiness depends on what the season is.
 What's next ? "Pretroleum oil is *firm*." Now this is too ridiculous !
 Why ! Editor, you are a wag, and put it in to tickle us !
 Page after page I read, and wonder what on earth you're driving at.
 Do other readers reach the same conclusions I'm arriving at ?
 My puzzled face a study is for any physiognomist :
 Oh give me something else to do than read this damned *Economist*.
A. A. P.

Mr. Percy James.

MR. PERCY JAMES, whose portrait we present, and whose appointment to the Postmastership of Carlisle has recently been gazetted, is a son of the late Mr. Henry James, sometime Surveyor of the Southern District of Ireland, and of the North Western District of England. He joined the Post Office Service in April 1868, as a clerk in the Receiver and Accountant-General's Office, so that he has nearly 29 years' service. After serving in the Savings Bank he was transferred to the Secretary's Office in 1869, and took part in the transfer of the Telegraphs. He joined the Provincial Post Office Branch in 1875, afterwards serving for two years as Assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Fawcett when Postmaster-General. As a member of the Home Mails Branch he assisted in the Establishment of the Parcel Post, and finally settled down in the Buildings Branch, where he has remained since 1891.

It will be seen that Mr. James's experience of official matters has been varied and extensive. He has also been a Volunteer Member

of the Committee of the Athletic Association, and in November 1895, was instrumental in establishing an Institute for boy messengers employed in the Secretary's Office, Registry, &c. Under his guidance, as Secretary of this Institute, a library has been formed, a swimming club started, and numerous gymnastic appliances provided for the use of the boys. To mark their appreciation of his efforts on their behalf, the boys presented him with a silver inkstand on the 15th March; and this grateful recognition of his services will (as he feelingly expressed it himself) remain one of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life in the Secretary's Office.



MR. PERCY JAMES.

On Monday, the 22nd March, he was presented, by some old colleagues in the Buildings Branch and other friends, with a handsome dining room clock bearing a suitable inscription as a token of their regard and esteem, and of their good wishes for his success in the new sphere of work now opening before him.

The late Halton Pacha.

WE much regret to record the death of Halton Pacha, which took place quite suddenly at his residence, Cairo, on the 31st of January. Walter Halton was the eldest son of Mr. W. F. Halton, of the R. & A.G.O. Like his father, he entered the Post Office at an early age, and soon made his way to the front. London, however, did not suit him, and his health began to fail. He suffered much from pleurisy, and his medical advisers recommended a change of climate. The Egyptian Post Office was at this time (1880) in a very bad financial condition, and Halton was selected to reorganise it—a task which, as Postmaster-General, he speedily accomplished, turning an annual deficit of some thousands into a surplus of £27,000. About this time he received the title of Bey, and afterwards that of Pacha.

On the Sunday previous to the bombardment of Alexandria, in company with his younger brother, he had been to his farm a short distance from the city. On his return the place was found to be in an uproar. The Egyptians, with mischief in their faces, were making prisoners of several of the Europeans and hurrying them to the police station and other places of confinement; and not one of these came out alive. The brothers, however, managed to escape, and during the bombardment of the city remained, in company with the present Assistant Postmaster-General, Charteris Bey, throughout that thunderous day on the breakwater, verily "between two fires," the shot and shell from either party passing over their heads. Halton was, it is said, the first (though at least fifty men claim the honour) to land after the engagement. He found that his house had been ransacked by the mob and his wine cellar poured into the street;



HALTON PACHA.

the only article of furniture left whole was a marble timepiece standing on the staircase. Of those whom he had previously seen hurried into the police station, not one came out alive. The bodies of the dead were being dragged through the streets. It was, he afterwards told a friend, a sight he would never forget as long as he lived.

Subsequently, in the Nile and Suakim campaigns of 1884-85, his military postal arrangements were carried out with great energy and regularity in the face of serious obstacles. "In 1889," writes a correspondent of the *Standard*, "he was appointed President of the Railway Administration, and here again, under his control, the revenue made head in leaps and bounds; but this time, in hundreds of thousands. Halton Pacha has died in harness. The Egyptian Budgets of the last five years owe him a debt of gratitude for his quiet success and resolute industry. His country also owes him her regret. He carried her pride of rectitude and probity into the two

Egyptian Administrations which he conducted, till the uprightness and just dealing of Halton Pacha—and hence of Englishmen—was common talk with native and foreign subordinates alike. Even that most difficult of difficult officials, Monsieur Prompt, his French colleague on the Railway Board, a master of the technique of civil engineering, took Halton Pacha's advice and word as things he must respect. The Egyptian Post Office and the Egyptian railways were, in the seventies, cosy dens of corruption and extravagance. They are to-day exemplary Administrations—they have been reorganised and remodelled by an exemplary servant of England and the Khedive."

A Plucky Wandsworth Postman and his Wife.

ON Friday evening, February 19th, at the Lavender Hill police station, before a large gathering of members of the V division and friends, Mr. Newman, a postman of the Wandsworth district,



R. T. NEWMAN.



MRS. R. T. NEWMAN.

was presented with a silver-mounted walking stick, in recognition of assistance rendered to Police Constable Barrett on December 4th last. One of the policeman's comrades had been stabbed in the face and rendered unconscious by a ruffian. Mr. Newman, at great personal risk, went to his assistance, and Mrs. Newman, with rare courage, helped the constable by keeping back the crowd until the assailant was safely secured. Her umbrella was broken in the struggle, and a gold-mounted substitute was therefore presented to her by the police in recognition of her services. An umbrella was also presented to a Mrs. Brown who assisted in the encounter. The stick presented to Mr. Newman bore the inscription: "Presented to R. T. Newman for assistance rendered to the Battersea police, 4th December, 1896." Mrs. Newman's umbrella was inscribed: "Presented to Mrs. Newman for assistance to the Battersea police

4th December, 1896." We congratulate our colleague and his wife on their efforts in the cause of order and humanity, and we have great pleasure in publishing their photographs. Mr. Newman's official record is: Auxiliary Postman, 22nd November, 1886; Postman, 15th October, 1888. He is 29 years of age.

James Player—"The Teetotal Postman."

JAMES PLAYER, "the Teetotal Postman" as he was called, was born at Malmesbury, on the 25th of August, 1815, and he died on January 19th, 1897. For forty-three years he was employed as a rural messenger carrying the mails daily between Malmesbury and Sherstone, a distance of six miles. In addition, he



JAMES PLAYER.

followed the trade of a shoemaker, but his chief claim to our notice is the success he met with as a temperance orator. On the 4th January, 1842, he signed the pledge of total abstinence, and from that date almost to the day of his death he was a vigorous worker in the cause. We learn from a short notice of him in *The Temperance Worker*, that he possessed special qualification for the work, "undaunted courage, strong will, great determination, combined with keen wit, clear voice, good command of language and argumentative powers not often excelled." He attracted large audiences, and was popular with his opponents. "Often when other speakers failed to obtain a hearing, rough men shouted 'We'll hear Player.'" Moreover, he was a careful student of history and of Shakespeare. He died at the age of 82 years, having earned few honours, and having suffered pecuniarily from the advocacy of his principles. But

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C. H. HONEYSETT.
(*Henley-on-Thames.*)



W. J. LONG.
(*Kirkby Lonsdale.*)



J. LITTLE.
(*Chichester.*)



A. T. A'VARD.
(*Windsor.*)



A. CLARK.
(*Kidderminster.*)



P. SMITH.
(*West Hartlepool.*)



A. E. GOSS.
(*Colne.*)

he leaves behind him the reputation of a thoroughly good fellow, and not a few Post Office men are proud to have been able to speak of him as a colleague.

The New Postmaster-General of Rhodesia.

MR. G. H. EYRE, Chief Clerk in the Administrative Branch of the Cape Colony Postal-Telegraph Department, who has recently been appointed to the Postmaster-Generalship of Rhodesia, entered the Imperial Service in July, 1875, and was transferred to the Cape Government Telegraphs in 1882. His capabilities and ripe experience render him eminently fitted for the important position he has taken up.

Prior to his departure for Salisbury, Mr. S. R. French, C.M.G., Postmaster-General of the Cape Colony, on behalf of his Administrative Staff, presented Mr. Eyre with a valuable gold watch as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his *confrères*; and in bidding him farewell referred in eulogistic terms to the yeoman service he had rendered to the Service in general, and the Head Office in particular.

A further presentation of a gold albert chain was made to Mr. Eyre by the Controller and Staff of the Circulation Branch, Cape Town, amongst whom he had formerly served as Superintendent.*

Mr. A. Clark.

A PUBLIC meeting of the principal residents of the Matlock postal district was held at the Baths Assembly Room, Matlock Bath, on the 13th February, to make a presentation in recognition of the services rendered the town and locality by Mr. Arthur Clark, who ended twenty years as head-postmaster at Matlock, that day. There was a representative attendance, the chair being filled by Mr. F. C. Arkwright, J.P., C.C., of Willersley, who was supported by Mr. H. Cooper, the hon. secretary of the Presentation Committee, and other gentlemen.

The presents comprised a gold English lever watch, bearing in the inside the following inscription:—"Presented to Arthur Clark by his numerous friends in the Matlock Bath Postal District. February, 1897." There was also a purse containing 63 new sovereigns, and an excellent oil painting, by Mr. H. H. Cubley, of Matlock Dale. To Mrs. Clark the presentation committee gave a handsome tea and coffee service, of Queen's plate. Speeches were made by the Chairman, the Vicar of Matlock, and others, and Mr. Clark's services to the town and district were spoken of in the highest terms. Mr. Clark in thanking his friends said he came to Matlock twenty years ago, knowing not a single thing about postal duties, indeed, at that time he had never been inside a Post Office, except to purchase a stamp or some other postal commodity. He had mastered the work very quickly and he was proud to think he was considered a success by those best qualified to know—the inhabitants of Matlock. Mr. Clark has been transferred to Kidderminster.

* A portrait of Mr. Eyre appeared in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, Vol. IV., p. 446.

Mr. F. E. Evans.

ON the 31st January last Mr. Evans, retired from the position of Superintending Engineer of the South Midland District, after over 46 years service. Mr. Evans joined the old Electric Company in June 1850, in a clerical capacity. He afterwards served as an Inspector under the old Magnetic Company; and at the time of the Transfer he was acting as District Secretary to the Universal Private Telegraph Company in Manchester. Soon after the Transfer he was appointed Superintendent of the Birmingham Section of the North Western District, and shortly afterwards was selected by Mr. Graves as his Chief Assistant in the Divisional Engineers' Office. In the reorganization that took place in 1878, he was made Superintending



F. E. EVANS.

Engineer of the South Midland District, one of the largest, if not the largest, in the Kingdom.

Mr. Evans is held in high esteem and respect by all who know him. His staff regret having to lose so genial and kind-hearted a chief, and they trust that he may enjoy for many years his well-earned leisure.

Our Dinner.

ON the 10th February last we gave a dinner to our leading contributors and supporters. The chair was taken by Sir Robert Hunter, and the guests included Sir Philip Magnus, Messrs. John Macdonell, Spencer Walpole, J. C. Lamb, C.B., C.M.G., W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S., J. Ardron, John Philips, F. A. R. Langton, F. J. Beckley, E. Bennett, A. F. King, S. Engall, Sharland, James, Long, Housden, Ferard, Norway, Rogers, Carlyle, Scott Stokes, Garland, Preston, Horne, Bruce, Ogilvie, Adams, Mackay, Howard, and Pelham. "The Queen and Royal Family" was proposed by Sir Robert Hunter; "The Post Office" by Sir Philip Magnus, and responded to by Mr. Walpole; "The Magazine and

its Contributors " by Sir Robert Hunter, and responded to by Mr. E. Bennett ; " Literature and Science " by Mr. Housden, and responded to by Messrs. John Macdonell, and W. H. Preece. " The Chairman " was proposed by Mr. Lamb. Mr. A. G. Ferard and Mr. James contributed songs, and Mr. Long a recitation. Mr. Engall presided at the piano.

The dinner was one of the most successful entertainments of the kind we have had in connection with the Magazine, and the presence of so many men of light and leading was no slight encouragement to the new management. Our thanks are especially due to Sir Robert Hunter, who has been the Magazine's best friend for some time past, and who has helped us to weather several storms. He made an excellent chairman, and in proposing the toast of " The Magazine," congratulated us on being in smooth waters, and on the fact of our wide circulation. He also said that since the amusing element had been taken out of the Postmaster-General's Report, the Magazine supplied a real want. He thought a large institution like the Post Office was entitled to a Magazine of its own. Mr. Walpole in responding for " The Post Office " made a very interesting speech. He said that in the days of his youth he had often dreamed of the time when he might be known as " a man of letters "; but never in his wildest imaginings did he think of the sense in which his ambitions might eventually be realized, and that he would be known to many of his countrymen as a man who looked after the letters of other people. He should always be proud of his connection with the Post Office. He knew they had critics, and that evening he would not refer to them, as the Editor of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* had adopted a very salutary regulation that discussions on current questions of policy were forbidden in the Magazine, and he did not wish to be reckoned as an offender. He often felt the painfulness of his position in being at the head of a department where such vast numbers of good and able men were in the habit of looking to him to see that justice was done in the matter of promotion. It would be a pleasant thing if he could induce the Treasury to double all their salaries, but in the absence of such an heroic measure, he could promise them to deal with each case with sympathy and impartiality. When he read the long list of applicants for a Postmastership or other post, he sometimes could not help applying the following text to his position :—" There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many ? " Mr. Housden, as he always does, made an interesting and amusing speech in proposing " Literature and Science," and Mr. Preece's speech in response was full of good things. He said that Mr. Housden had spoken slightly of cookery as a science, and he could not agree with him. He knew there were in existence some nations who not only toasted their guests, but feasted on them as well ; but in this country cookery had taken more excellent forms. On the subject of science Mr. Preece related some amusing answers which had been given at examinations. A child was asked for a

definition of water, and the answer was "Oxygen and Cambridge"; of electricity, and the answer was "Something to do with the Telegraph"; and of magnetism, "Something to do with rhubarb."

The fact that the evening was so great a success inclines us to think that another winter we might repeat the experiment we tried with such good results in 1893, of a big dinner open to all Post Office men in town and country. There is no doubt that in the Magazine we possess the best machine possible for working and advertising such a dinner, and if we thought that the idea was acceptable to the Office as a whole, we should be only too pleased to put it into form. It seems a pity that we do not have such meetings more frequently.

The Power of the Penny.

WE print the following with pleasure, as showing what can be accomplished by means of a "one penny a week" subscription:—

NOTTINGHAM POST OFFICE BENEVOLENT FUND.

BALANCE SHEET FOR 1896.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Subscriptions:—			Annual Subscriptions:—		
Postmaster, Clerks, and Stampers	23	16 9	Nottingham Dispensary ...	2	2 0
Postmen	23	16 8	Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children	1	1 0
Balance brought forward from 1895	35	14 9	Nottingham Convalescent Homes	3	3 0
			Eye Infirmary	1	1 0
			Samaritan Hospital	2	2 0
			Women's "	2	2 0
			General "	5	5 0
			Children's "	2	2 0
			Lenton Orphanage	1	1 0
			Rowland Hill Fund	2	2 0
			Life Boat Fund	2	2 0
			Nottingham Nursing Association	2	2 0
			Gratuity to Mrs. Pyniger ...	2	0 0
			Guardian Cripple Fund ...	1	1 0
			*Gratuities to Postmen ...	8	5 6
			Balance in hand (see Special Account)	45	16 8
Total	£83	8 2	Total	£83	8 2

* Particulars of this amount—£2 of which will be refunded—can be obtained from the Secretary.

G. MARSHALL, *Secretary.*
J. APPLEBY, *Treasurer.*
F. WOOD,
W. W. PLACE, } *Auditors.*

SPECIAL ACCOUNT

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	45	16	8	The following amounts have been voted by the Com- mittee, and will be <i>paid</i> <i>in January</i> , 1897 :—			
				Nottingham Dispensary ...	5	5	0
				Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children	1	1	0
				Nottingham Convalescent Homes	3	3	0
				Eye Infirmary	1	1	0
				Samaritan Hospital ...	2	2	0
				Women's "	2	2	0
				General "	5	5	0
				Children's "	2	2	0
				Lenton Orphanage ...	1	1	0
				Rowland Hill Fund ...	2	2	0
				Gordon Boys' Home ...	1	1	0
				Nottingham Nursing Asso- ciation	2	2	0
				Balance in hands of Treasurer after making Payments voted	17	9	8
Total	£45	16	8	Total	£45	16	8

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

IN Newcastle-on-Tyne (writes "HADRIAN,") we have a Choral Society which is largely recruited from the Post Office Staff. The members number 160, and with but few exceptions have been trained by a young musician, Mr. J. R. Andrews, of the Engineer's Staff. On the 2nd of March the second concert of the second season was given in the Town Hall, and every seat was booked. *The Newcastle Chronicle* says of this concert that it was "successful from every point of view. The part songs were charmingly given, and in the more sustained effort necessary in Allon's choral ballad, 'May Margaret,' which was the *pièce de resistance* of the programme, the strength and quality of the choir were exhibited to excellent advantage. Gaul's 'Daybreak' was ably rendered, and Hecht's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' was given with great vigour and fire and was enthusiastically encored. The part song, 'Robin Adair,' arranged by Cantor for male voices, was exquisitely harmonized, and so pleased the audience that they demanded its repetition." Already the Society has obtained a good standing in our music-loving and critical city, and we feel sure that Mr. Andrews will, with his enthusiasm and talent, guide it to a still higher standard of excellence.

The late Mr. Whiting.

MR. WELLER, Assistant Superintendent at Brighton, writes to us to say that he is afraid some of our readers may think from a sentence in Mr. Carey's article which appeared in our last

number that the late Mr. Whiting, Postmaster of Brighton, was a cold-blooded individual, and he assures us such was not the case. We can assure him in return that Mr. Carey never intended to create such an impression, and, indeed, all who knew Mr. Whiting are aware of his kindness of heart and geniality. Mr. Weller tells us a story of his late chief, which show that at any rate he was not a man to be trifled with.

"Mr. Whiting was a thorough Englishman, and knew how to show fight at the proper time. An amusing story used to go round the office of how in his early days at Brighton he caused the rapid and undignified exit from the public office of a man who had given considerable trouble to the clerk at the counter. The clerk, as a last resource, appealed to Mr. Whiting, and the man was requested to leave the office; but he defiantly and abusively refused. Mr. Whiting (who, it was said, understood the use of the 'gloves') thereupon leaped over the counter, and the man vanished like a cat chased by a dog."

Post Office Total Abstinence Society.

A CONVERSAZIONE in connection with the annual meeting of the Post Office Total Abstinence Society was held in the rooms of Sion College on Wednesday, the 17th March. There was a good attendance, representative of all sections of the Service. The proceedings opened with a reception by the President (Mr. John Ardron) and three of the Vice-Presidents (Messrs. W. D. Herbert, H. Mayfield, and A. H. Salmon). The remaining Vice-Presidents (Miss Shove, M.B., and Messrs. E. Compton and W. J. Cooper) were unfortunately unable to be present. A short musical programme followed, in the intervals of which the President gave a brief address, urging that this "record year" should be marked by a general advance on the part of the Society, and the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer (Messrs. F. J. Brown and J. C. Wilson) read their annual statements. The former showed that the Society had, on the 31st December last, twelve branches in London and thirty-eight in the Provinces, with a total membership of 2,700. The adult membership had increased during the year, though the junior membership had somewhat declined. Many of the branches were manifesting renewed energy, and certain fresh departures were in contemplation which would, it was hoped, greatly increase the influence and usefulness of the Society. The Treasurer's report showed a small balance in hand. After refreshments, which were served about 8.30, Dr. Paramore delivered an interesting address on the benefits of total abstinence from the medical point of view. More music ensued, and a most successful gathering was brought to a close soon after ten o'clock with the hearty singing of the National anthem.

Odds and Ends.

WE offer our congratulations to Mr. J. C. Lamb, C.B., C.M.G., now *Second Secretary*, and to Mr. J. J. Cardin, *Controller* and *Accountant-General*.

SOME of the songs of Edward Capern, the postman poet, are well suited for music. Miss Boundy, in her setting of "The Duckling" and "The Mill, the Rill, and the Bee,"* two songs for children, has caught the spirit of the writer, and the result is very pleasing. The melodies and accompaniment are simple, as befit the themes, but they are, in every sense of the word, musicianly. These two "junior unison songs" will, no doubt, be popular, both with teachers and children.

* * *

WE understand that the arrangements for the forthcoming meeting of the United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Service Benevolent Society, in London, are progressing favourably. The dinner to the delegates, at the Holborn Restaurant on the 1st June, is to be presided over by Mr. J. Cameron Lamb, C.B., C.M.G., and a large and representative gathering will, no doubt, assemble to do honour to a Post Office Institution which has rendered such beneficent service to all ranks during the twenty-one years of its existence. The business meeting during the day, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, is likely to have Mr. John Ardron as its chairman. We believe the reception committee contemplates a continuance of its hospitality to the delegates on the 2nd June.

* * *

ON Wednesday, February 17th,* a gathering of the Lincoln Post Office officials and their friends was held at the Assembly Rooms, Lincoln, and the occasion was taken advantage of by Mr. Sydney Beckley to bid his friends and colleagues farewell on being transferred to Eastbourne. Mr. Beckley in his speech expressed his regret at leaving the place where he had spent many happy days, and he said there would always be a corner of his heart for his remembrance of the eleven months he spent in Lincoln. He also sang two songs, "I Fear no Foe" and "Off to Philadelphia."

* * *

MR. W. J. ANTILL, Postmaster of Hordle, near Lymington, claims to be the only man ever born under the roof of the old Temple Bar in its single chamber over the central arch. His mother was caretaker at Child's Bank, and in the same room where he was born many of the bank's important archives were afterwards deposited.

* * *

WE take the following telegraph story from *The Torch*:—"I recently heard the following story at my club about the present Archbishop of Canterbury. This prelate, who often travelled, and who found his bill for telegrams rather too heavy, hit upon a capital scheme for reducing expenses. One day his chaplain was astonished to receive the following cryptogrammatic telegram:—

'John's Epistle III., 13 : 14.'

* "The Duckling," "The Mill, the Rill, and the Bee," words by Edward Capern, music by Miss K. Boundy. London: Novello, Ewer & Co.

Completely mystified, he turned to the text indicated, and read as follows: 'I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee; but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name.' The Bishop, instead of investing in a costly code book, had adopted the simple plan of using the Bible for the purpose of condensing into five words a communication which contained forty-five!"

* * *

MR. ALFRED PARSONS, the new A.R.A., was formerly and for some time a clerk in the Savings' Bank Department.

* * *

ASAGACIOUS HORSE.—On the 30th January, when the Swindon mail-cart was due at the local Post Office, the officials were surprised by the arrival of a driverless vehicle, and it was at once assumed that some accident had happened. It was subsequently ascertained that while the driver went into the Post Office at the village of Aldbourne to leave the mail bags the horse started off and ran the whole distance, seven miles, into Hungerford, delivering the mails safely at the Post Office. The man arrived in another conveyance about half-an-hour afterwards.

* * *

THE ACADEMY is responsible for the following story:—"A letter addressed 'Mark Twain, God knows where,' was recently delivered to Mr. Clemens at his residence in London after following him from America round the world. The senders were Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Francis Wilson. The astuteness and patience of the Post Office must sometimes strike alarm to the publishers of directories."

* * *

AT the Teignmouth Literary and Debating Society's Meeting held on Friday, the 19th February, Mr. W. H. Walton (the President) gave an interesting address on "The Post Office and its work," pointing out the immense growth of the business undertaken by the Department, especially as regards letters and parcels, telegrams, money orders, postal orders, and the savings bank, quoting figures from the Postmaster General's annual report. The lecturer also dealt with the circulation of letters, and concluded by referring to some of the amusing complaints which had come under his notice during his period of service, which exceeded twenty-seven years.

* * *

AGRUESOME BUT GENUINE REQUEST.—Mr. H. S. Carey, Secretary's Office, London, will be glad to receive any information of or local traditions respecting Post Office people who have been hanged.

EXPRESS DELIVERY.—Mr. C. E. Congdon, the acting Postmaster of Kuysna, South Africa, sends us the envelope of a letter which was posted at Kuysna on November 29th, 1882, and addressed to J. Joseph Bawie, Quotshoorn. The Postmaster of the latter office endorsed it "try Plattenberg Bay," at which place the letter was delivered to the addressee on February 24th, 1896, having been on the road thirteen years and three months. The distance from Quotshoorn to Plattenberg Bay is 121 miles. Mr. Congdon considers that this beats the record; but we fancy the Mother Country has at times proved capable of even greater things than this.

* * *

ON March 5th, Mr. Spencer Walpole presided at the annual meeting of the Post Office Clerks' Benevolent Fund, held in the Library at the General Post Office North. The Chairman said that the Duke of Norfolk wished to express sincere regret at not being able to attend the meeting, owing to pressing business in the House of Lords. The annual Report, presented by Mr. T. M. Plucknett (hon. secretary), stated that a substantial increase had again taken place in the number of subscribers, 1332 officers being now enrolled. A considerable number of the new subscriptions were from the lady clerks and the Accountant General's Staff. The total income amounted to £456, and a balance of £100 was carried forward. In moving the adoption of the Report, the Chairman congratulated the members on the satisfactory character of the year's work. The Report was adopted.

Errata.

WE regret that in the report of the Post Office Chess Club, which appeared in our last issue, an unfortunate error occurred. The gentleman whose name we furnished as Mr. W. M. Gatha, and whom we described as leading the teams and playing very well individually, is no less a person than Mr. W. M. Gattie of the Surveyor's Staff. We offer him our apologies.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. BOYS, Eudunda, South Australia.—We are very much obliged to you for the press cuttings you send us from time to time. If we don't make use of them all it is not because we don't appreciate your thoughtfulness.

QUETTA AND TZOMO.—We are much obliged for manuscripts to hand.

* SOME OFFICIAL CARDS



From the INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE POSTAL UNION.



From J. CLEUGH, POSTMASTER-GENERAL, SIERRA LEONE.

Compliments of the Season

From J. DAVIS, Postmaster, Samoa.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Secretary's O....	Ardron, J. ...	Asst. Secretary ...	1864 ; S.O., '70; Prin. Clk., '86
" " ...	Marshall, L. A.	Prin. Clk. ...	1873; 1st Cl. Clk., '93
" " ...	Beckley, F. J....	1st Cl. Clk. ...	1876; 1st Cl. Clk. (Old Est.), '89
" " ...	Pelham, F. P. ...	Asst. Clk. ...	1871; Copyist, S.O., '73
" " ...	Langlois, A. M.	" ...	Copyist, War O., '72 ; S.O., '87
" " (Registry)	Smith, W. L. A.	Asst. Registrar ...	Clk., Lr. Div., S.B., '83; Clk., S.O., '94
Surveyor's O....	Ramsay, R. ...	Surveyor's Clk. ...	1885; Clk., S.O., '94
" " ...	Freeling, F. L....	" " ...	1886; Clk., C.E.B., '92
" " ...	Makepeace, F....	" " ...	1886; Clk., C.E.B., '92
Postal Stores	Day, A. C. ...	Sup'r. ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '74 ; Est. '75; S.O., '93
Dept.	Landray, W. S.	Clk. ...	Tel., S.W.D.O., '85 ; E.C., '86 ; Paper Keeper Registry, '88 ; Jnr. Clk., P.S.D., '94
" "	Fewings, R. J....	" ...	1890; 2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '92; Jnr. Clk., P.S.D., '95
" "	Parsons, A. A....	Jnr. Clk. ...	2nd Div. Clk., R. & A.G.O., '92 ; Clk., S.O., '96
" "	Smith, F. ...	" ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '88 ; 2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '92
" "	Bartington, W....	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '82; Resigned, '88 ; Tel., C.T.O., '91
" "	Kingham, A. T.	" ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '90 ; 2nd Div. Clk., '92
" "	Hull, H. H. ...	" ...	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '91
" "	Curtis, W....	Storekeeper ...	1874; Over., '83; Storeman, 1st Cl., '91 ; Asst. Storekeeper, '93
" "	Holloway, W. ...	Asst. Storekeeper ...	1868 ; Over., P.S.D., '81 ; Storeman, 1st Cl., '91
" "	Johns, E. ...	1st Cl. Storeman ...	1876; 2nd Cl. Storeman, '91
" "	Martin, H. A. ...	2nd Cl. Storeman...	1892; 3rd Cl. Storeman, '94

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Postal Stores Dept.	Faulkner, J. W.	2nd Cl. Storeman...	1892; 3rd Cl. Storeman, '95
" "	Fenfold, J. ...	" " ...	1892; 3rd Cl. Storeman, '95
A. G. D. ...	Biggs, G. ...	Over. of Sr.-Trs.	1871; Tr., '75; 1st Cl., '76; Asst. Over., '90;
" ...	Headworth, C. J.	" "	1870; 1st Cl. Tr. '79; Asst. Over., '92
" ...	McCarthy, M....	Asst. Over. of Sr.- Trs.	1877; 2nd Cl. Tr., '79; 1st Cl., '81
" ...	Bobby, W. B. ...	" "	1873; 2nd Cl. Tr., '75, 1st Cl., '82
" ...	Kirby, T. A. ...	" "	1877; 2nd Cl. Tr., '77; 1st Cl., '83
" ...	Blomfield, G. C.	1st Cl. Tr. ...	1880; 2nd Cl. Tr., '84
" ...	Selby, L. ...	" ...	1880; 2nd Cl. Tr., '84
" ...	Johnson, W. E.	" ...	1880; 2nd Cl. Tr., '85
" ...	Shears, C. W. ...	1st Cl. Sr.-Tr.	1883; 2nd Cl. Tr., '90; Sr.-Tr., '96
" ...	Waller, W. C. ...	" "	1882; 2nd Cl. Tr., '90; Sr.-Tr., '96
" (P.O.B.)	Miss A. F. Sayers	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1887
" ...	" L. C. Gilardi	" ...	1888
" ...	" A. M. Grove	" ...	1889
E. in C.O.	Woods, J. W. ...	Super. Engr....	L.K.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super. Engr., '92
" ...	Lapham, T. W.	Asst. Super. Engr.	Tel., C.T.O., '85; Insp., E. in C.O., '85; 1st Cl. Engr., '91
" ...	Hitch, W. E. ...	2nd Cl. Engr. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '83; S.C. & T., Gt. Yarmouth, '88; Relay Clk., Lr. Sec., E. in C.O., '92
" ...	Sullivan, J. W.	" "	Tel., Waterford, '76; Cork, '76; Resigned, '77; Tel., C.T.O., '89
" ...	Turner, E. ...	" "	Tel., L'pool, '88; Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Jefferyes, G. C...	" "	Tel., Cork, '85; Jnr. Clk., 2nd Cl., E. in C.O., '91; 1st Cl., '94
" ...	Crotch, A. ...	Relay Clk. (Lr. Sec.)	Tel., Norwich, '83; 1st Cl., '94; Relay Clk., Lr. Sec., E. in C.O., East Dean, '96
" ...	Kitchen, H. ...	" " " " East Dean	Tel., N'wc'stle-on-Tyne, '89
" ...	Richardson, J. ...	1st Cl. Jnr. Clk. ...	Tel., Glasgow, '85; Jnr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95
" ...	Renshaw, A. S...	" "	Tel., Manchester, '87
" ...	Ramsay, M. ...	2nd Cl. "	Tel., Aberdeen, '90
" ...	Hart, A. B. ...	" "	Tel., Cambridge, '93
" ...	Ashton, H. E. ...	" "	Tel., Glasgow, '94

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C. of S.O. ...	Clementson, J. J.	2nd Cl. Test Clk. ...	Tel., N'wc'stle-on-Tyne, '76; C.T.O., '82; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	Wheeler, C. W...	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '79; 1st Cl., '89
" ...	Henley, F. L. ...	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '81; 1st Cl., '91
C.T.O. ...	Fielder, W. ...	Senr. Tel. ...	1874; Tel., C.T.O., '76; 1st Cl., '86
" ...	Hall, G. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1883
" ...	Lambert, G. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Day, G. E. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Chapman, H. W. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Nelson, J. H. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Rolfe, W. J. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Broadway, R. H. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Simmons, C. G... ..	" ...	1884
" ...	Turner, W. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Russell, J. A. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Miss M. H. Greer	Matron ...	E.T.Co., '54; G.P.O., '70
" ...	" M. A. Watts	Supr. (Hr. Scale) ...	E.T.Co., '64; G.P.O., '70
" ...	" E. J. Black.	" " ...	E.T.Co., '62; G.P.O., '70
" ...	" S.S. Dowdey	" " ...	E.T.Co., '64; G.P.O., '70
" ...	" E. P. F. Moore	" " ...	E.T.Co., '65; G.P.O., '70
" ...	Miss E. J. Boxall	Asst. Super. (Hr. Scale)	E.T.Co., '69; G.P.O., '70
" ...	" M.E. Rymill	Asst. Super. (Hr. Scale)	1871; Asst. Super., Lr. Scale, '85
" ...	" M. J. Dag-nall	Asst. Super. (Lr. Scale)	1870; 1st Cl. Tel., '81
" ...	Miss J. Souter ...	Asst. Super. (Lr. Scale)...	1870; 1st Cl. Tel., '82
" ...	" E. Grout ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
" ...	" A. Wyatt ...	" ...	1884
" ...	" E. M. Etchells	" ...	1884
" ...	Miss A. A. Kitts	" ...	1884
L.P.S.D. (Cirn. Off.)	Canon, F. G...	Over. ...	1880; 2nd Cl. Sr., '83; 1st Cl., '91
" ...	Wiles, A. E. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1883; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Price, C. W. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Petrie, R. H. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Bryant, H. J. ...	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
" ...	Witham, T. A... ..	" ...	1886; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
" ...	Archer, A. ...	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
" ...	Thornton, J.H.N.	" ...	1883; 3rd Cl. Sr., '85; 2nd Cl., '87
" ...	Smith, C. F. ...	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
" ...	Humphrey, F. A. W.	" ...	1883; 3rd Cl. Sr., '85; 2nd Cl., '87
" ...	Clarke, C. E. ..	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D. ... (Cirn. Off.)	Boone, A.	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1883; 3rd Cl. Sr., '85; 2nd Cl., '87
" ...	Tozer, A. E. G.	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
" ...	Dowdeswell, A.E.	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
E.C.D.O. ...	Hone, J. ...	Insp. Up. Sec. ...	1861; Sr., '68; Super., '81
" ...	Thompson, J. ...	Senr. Cn. & Tel. ...	1873; Sr., '76; 1st. Cl Cn. & Tel., '79
" ...	Miss G. A. Crabb	3rd Cl. Super. ...	1870; Asst. Super., '90; 4th Cl., '93
" ...	" C. M. A. Mayes	" ...	1871; 4th Cl. Super., '94
" ...	Miss E. M. Pepper	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1886
W.C.D.O. ...	Tilling, C. J. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Hibbitt, J. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Palmer, W. T.	" ...	1885; 3rd Cl. Sr., '87; 2nd Cl., '90
S.E.D.O. ...	Moody, A. G. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
S.W.D.O. ...	Good, T. S. ...	Insp. ...	1871; 2nd Cl. Sr., '73; 2nd Cl. Over., '85; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Gates, F. ...	1st Cl. Over.	1872; 2nd Cl. Sr., '74; 2nd Cl. Over., '88
" ...	Stuart, A. W. ...	" " ...	1873; 2nd Cl. Sr., '76; 2nd Cl. Over., '88
" ...	Marr, T. ...	" " ...	1870; 2nd Cl. Cn., '72; 2nd Cl. Sr., '78; 2nd Cl. Over., '90
" ...	Hambrook, H.W.	2nd Cl. " ...	1880; 2nd Cl. Sr., '84; Writing Asst., '88; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	McDonald, A. G. J. W.	" " ...	1880; 2nd Cl. Sr., '85; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Hull, J. T. C. ...	" " ...	1882; 2nd Cl. Sr., '85; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Watts, S. ...	" " " ...	1882; 3rd Cl. Sr., '85; 2nd Cl., '86; Writing Asst., '87; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Forrester, G. F. .	" " ...	1881; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Rixon, J. ...	" " ...	1873; Lobby Officer, '78
" ...	Baker, J. ...	" " ...	1873
" ...	Shepherd, G. R.	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1884; 3rd Cl. Sr., '87; 2nd Cl., '90
" ...	Miss S. A. L. Christie	1st Cwn. & Tel. ...	1886
W.D.O. ...	Sharp, J. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Miss J. Holland .	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1886
N.W.D.O. ...	Duffield, A. F.	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Miss F. G. Lacey	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1885
Padd. ...	Morley, H. ...	2nd Cl. Over. ...	1879; 2nd Cl. Sr., '83; 1st Cl., '90;

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Birmingham ...	Jones, E. R. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1886
" ...	Bostin, S. F. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1883
" ...	Osborne, T. R....	" ...	S.C. & T., Bletchley Str., 1882; Tel., B'gham, '83
Bradford ...	Wilkes, A....	" ...	1877
Bristol ...	Tippett, F. G. V.	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1885
Chester ...	Howle, W. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C., '76; 1st Cl., '90; Clk., '91
Coventry ...	Williams, A. J. F.	" ...	1874; Clk., '91
Darlington ...	Hodgson, A. ...	Clk. (P.)... ..	Tel., '76; S.C., '80; 1st Cl., '91
" ...	Tennant, G. H.	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1883
Exeter ...	Titherley, F. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1873; Clk. (P.), '87; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '94
" ...	Roper, A. H. ...	Super. (P.) ...	1868; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Gill, H. R. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1880; 1st Cl. S.C., '86; Clk., '91
" ...	Ash, J. H. ...	Clk. (P.)... ..	1878; 1st Cl. S.C., '85
" ...	Baker, A. W. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1887
Halifax ...	Mountain, A. ...	Super. (T.) ...	U. K. T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70
Hastings ...	Miss E. A. Honey- sett	Asst. Super. ...	1883; 1st Cl. S.C. & T., '92
" ...	Miss A. Dodge...	" ...	1885; 1st Cl. S.C. & T., '92
Hexham ...	Turnbull, C. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Morpeth, '89
Hull... ..	Thomas, R. J....	Clk. (P.)... ..	1878; 1st Cl. S.C., '88
" ...	Simpkins, F. J. C.	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1885
Lancaster ...	Hodgson, J. T. ...	Clk. ...	1887
Leeds ...	Miss E. M. Hol- royd	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1883
Leicester ...	Miss E. M. Oakey	" ...	1893
Liverpool ...	James, R. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1859; Clk., 61; Asst. Super., 1st Cl., '81; Super. (P.), '90; Ch. Super., '93
" ...	Fairgray, T. S. .	Ch. Super. (P.) ...	Tel., 1870; Clk., '81; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., 85; 1st Cl., '90; Super., '93
" ...	Graham, J. P. ...	Super. (P.) ...	Clk., Gl'sgw., '69; Liver- pool, '71; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '89; 1st Cl., '91
" ...	McDonald, J. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1872; S.C., 1st Cl., '73; Clk., '89; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '93
" ...	Alston, H. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (P.)	1865; Clk. (P.), '89
" ...	McDougall, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1881; 1st Cl. S.C., '87
" ...	Sim, J. H....	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1883; 2nd Cl. S.C., '86
" ...	Miss M. W. Smith	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1888
Manchester ...	Cuthbert, W. P. .	" ...	1883
Newmarket ...	Calver, W. ...	Clk. ...	1874

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Newport (Mon.)	Miss S. E. M. J. Smoothey	Asst. Super. ...	1873; 1st Cl. Tel., '87
Oxford ...	Graham, R. ...	Ch. Clk....	1862; Clk. (P.), '83; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Packford, H.A.T.	Clk. (P.) ...	1884; 1st Cl. S.C., '94
" ...	Lovesey, H. T.	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1884
Shrewsbury ...	Inch, W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., Trowbridge, '86; Liskeard, '88; 1st Cl. S.C., Shrewsbury, '89
" ...	Morris, T. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1886
Southampton ...	Coombes, H. ...	Super. (P.) ...	1870; 1st Cl. S.C., '74; Clk., '88; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Wearn, H. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1875; Clk., '90
" ...	Phillips, J. ...	Clk. " "	1877; Clk., '91
" ...	Courtier, C. F. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1881; 1st Cl. S.C., '90
" ...	Moss, F. ...	" "	1881; 1st Cl. S.C., '90
" ...	Lucas, W. C. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	S.C. & T., Newmarket, '89; 2nd Cl. S.C., Southampton, '90
" ...	Naylor, J. P. ...	" "	1890
Stafford ...	Storey, W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1884; 1st Cl. S.C., '90
" ...	Hulme, J. E. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1886
" ...	Faulkner, G. ...	" "	1887
Stockport ...	Smith, E. B. ...	Clk. ...	1885
Taunton ...	Williams, A. G. ...	1st Cl. S.C. & T. ...	1883
Windsor ...	Denyer, A. ...	Clk. ...	1887

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen ...	Milne, J. ...	Asst. Super (P.) ...	1874; 2nd Cl. S.C., '76; 1st Cl., '87; Clk., '91
" ...	Burnett, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1885; 1st Cl. S.C., '95
" ...	Cowie, A. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1881; 2nd Cl. S.C., '86
" ...	Smart, A. G. ...	" "	1887
" ...	Mitchell, J. Mc. H.	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1885
Edinburgh ...	Knight, H. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1870
Glasgow ...	Ward, P. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1871; Clk., '90
" ...	Fleming, W. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	1873; Clk., '90
" ...	Pearce, W. R. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	Exeter, '72; 1st Cl. Tel., Glasgow, '75
" ...	Cameron, J. ...	" "	1874; 1st Cl. Tel., '75
" ...	Fleming, A. ...	" "	Kirkcaldy, '70; 1st Cl. Tel., Glasgow, '75
" ...	Armour, W. ...	" "	1874; 1st Cl. Tel., '75
" ...	Gillespie, J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '81; Tel., '84
" ...	Miss M. Reid ...	Super. ...	1872; 1st Cl. Tel., '74; Asst. Super., '86
" ...	" F. Gray ...	Asst. Super. ...	1879
" ...	" C. Cree ...	" "	1879

IRELAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Belfast	Miss M. S. Lee .	1st Cl. Tel.	1892
Cork	„ M. McGrath	„ „ „ „ „ „	1885
Dublin (Acct's. Off.)	McAllister, J. ...	1st Cl. Tr.	1884; 2nd Cl. Tr., '86
Kingstown ..	Bell, J.	Clk.	1863; S.C. & T., '72

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A. G. D. ...	McCarthy, C. D.	2nd Cl. Tr. ...	1879; 2nd Cl. Tr. '82
"	Miss M. Ellis ...	1st Cl. Clk. ...	Clk., S.B., '77; R. & A.G.O., '81; 1st Cl., '86
"	* ,, D.M. Dixon	2nd Cl. Sr. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '93; Sr., R. & A.G.O., '93
R.L.O. ...	,, K. Dollman	1st Cl. Retr. ...	1874; 1st Cl., '77
"	,, M. H. Somers	2nd ,, ...	1874
S.B.D. ...	Wakefield, W. ...	2nd Div. Clk. ...	1863; Genl. Body, '67; Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '90
"	Pemberton, W. R. H.	"	1868; Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '90
"	Miss J. Brown ...	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	1881
"	* ,, G. E. Champion	"	1894
"	* ,, A.C. Wakelin	"	1894
"	* ,, M. M. Dickson	"	1895
C.T.O. ...	Smith, W....	1st Cl. Tel. ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; 1st Cl. Tel., '77
"	Farndale, J. ...	"	E. & I.T. Co., '69
"	Mewes, A. W....	"	1882; 1st Cl., '94
"	* Lewis, W. H. ...	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1886
"	* Kelly, D. J. A. .	"	1890
"	* Miss R. L. Bell .	"	1894
"	* ,, E. C. Taylor	"	1894
E. in C.O. ...	Evans, F. E. ...	Suptg. Engr. ...	U.P.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Suptg. Engr., '78
"	Graves, A. ...	2nd Cl. Tech. Off.	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Tech. Off., '82
"	Kelly, P. ...	1st Cl. Engr. ...	M.T. Co., '55; G.P.O., '70
Cir. Off. ...	McMahon, H. J.	Super. ...	1853; Asst. Super., '79; Super., '92
"	Read, F. E. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1853; Asst. Super., '87
"	Pearce, R....	1st Cl. Over....	1856
"	Clark, F. W. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1874; 2nd Cl. Sr., '78; 1st Cl., '86
"	Hewkin, S. F. .	"	1856
"	Lambourn, J. ...	"	1878; Sr., R.L.B., '81; 1st Cl. Cir. Off., '90
"	* Bond, J. C. P....	2nd Cl. Sr. ...	1894
"	* Foster, A. J. ...	"	1893
"	Newlove, F. J....	"	1883; 2nd Cl. Sr., '87
E.C.D.O. ...	* Miss E. B. Campbell	2nd Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1891
W.D.O. ...	Miss C. E. Clark.	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel.	1883; 1st Cl., '92
"	* ,, K.E. Bygrave	2nd Cl. ,, "	1891
E.D.O. ...	Cumming, E. A.	1st Cl. Over. ...	1869; 2nd Cl. Over., '81; 1st Cl., '91

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E.D.O. ...	*Collins, F. J. ...	2nd Cl. Sr. ...	1891
S.E.D.O. ...	*Spooner, W. C. ...	" ...	1892
S.W.D.O. ...	*Tomkins, A. W. ...	" ...	1890
" ...	*Ruffie, F. D. ...	2nd Cl. Cn. & Tel. ...	1890

ENGLAND and WALES.

Aylesbury ...	Payne, E. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Bedford, '61; Aylesbury, '64; Pmr., '73
Birmingham ...	Bloomfield, H.D. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1855; 1st Cl. S.C., '71
" ...	Bondfield, E. J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	E.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Tel., Birmingham, '76; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	Spokes, J. W. ...	" ...	1871; 1st Cl. Tel., '86
" ...	*Sitch, A. E. ...	2nd Cl. " ...	1891
Burt'n-on-Trent	Hopkinson, W. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., York, '53; Ch. Clk., '81; Pmr., Doncaster, '87; Burton-on-Trent, '92
Croydon ...	*Wood, P. C. J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1889
Derby ...	Smith, A. J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	E. & I.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; 1st Cl. Tel., '71
Farnborough ...	Mrs. C. M. Dean	Pms. ...	1879
Leeds ...	Dickinson, T. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1860; Clk., '62; Asst. Super., 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Miss G.M.Crouch	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1883; 1st Cl., '91
Leicester ...	*Booth, T. ...	2nd Cl. S.C. ...	1893
Liverpool ...	Davidson, T.W. ...	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1885
" ...	Miss M.A.Connor	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884; 1st Cl., '96
Manchester ...	Barnes, J. D. D.	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1871; Clk., '74; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90; 1st Cl., '94
" ...	Cooper, F. W. ...	Asst. Super., 1st Cl. (P.)	1864; Clk., '72; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '85; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Jarvis, T. H. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; 1st Cl. Asst. Super., '88; Super., '90
" ...	Miller, G. ...	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T.)	M.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
Middlesbrough	Brooks, G. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., Derby, '48; T.P.O., '55; Pmr., Blackburn, '79; Middlesbrough, '85
Newc.-on-Tyne	*Maule, J. D. ...	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1890
Newport (Mon.)	Edwards, T. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E. & I.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Clk. (T.), '87; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '95
Nottingham ...	Exelby, T. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	E. & I.T. Co., '60

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Oxford	Arnall, T....	Pmr.	Asst. Super., I.B., '51 ; Pmr., Oxford, '72
Plymouth	Avery, M. ...	2nd Cl. S.C....	1865; S.C., '69
Pontypridd	Castle, E....	Pmr.	Newport, Mon., '56 ; 1st Clk., '65; Pmr., Pontypridd, '93
West Hartlepool	Smith, C. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1873
Whithy	Miss A. Jefferson	,,	1874

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen	*Miss J. A. Wood	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1891
Edinburgh (Accts. O.)	Milton, A. McV.	Counterman ...	1873; Sr. & Tr., '78 ; 1st Cl. Tr., '87; Cn., '90
Edinburgh	Adamson, W. ...	Clk. (P.)	1868; 2nd Cl. Sr., '75 ; 1st Cl., '85; Clk., '91
"	*Brown, A....	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1894
"	*Miss J. B. Glass	"	1891
"	*,, A. B. Younger	"	1890
Glasgow	Mercer, J....	Asst. Super., 2nd Cl. (T)	U.K.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90
"	Anderson, J. S.	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1876; 1st Cl. Tel., '84
"	Sindon, W. L....	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1885
"	*Miss McD. Robertson	,,	1891

IRELAND.

Athenry	Mrs A. M. Rushe	Postmistress ...	1866
Cork	Griffin, G....	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	B. & I.M.T. Co., '68 ; S.C. & T., Cork, '70
Dublin (Accts. O.)	Wilkinson, G. ...	2nd Div. Clk. ...	1876; Clk., Lr. Div., '78; 2nd Div., '90
Dublin	Miss J. Doherty	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1891

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Surveyor's Off.	Steer, T. ...	Stationary Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Reigate, '87; Stationary Clk., S.E. Dist., '93
M.O.O. ...	Payne, C. E. W.	2nd Div. Clk. ...	Boy Clk., '91; 2nd Div., '95
" ...	Sampson, J. M.	2nd Cl. Paper Keeper & Sr.	1867; Messr., '71; 2nd Cl. Paper Keeper & Sr., '78
S.B.D. ...	Miss M. Madden	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	1895
C.T.O. ...	Attersall, J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super.	M.T.Co., '63, G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '90
" ...	Barnes, C. E. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	Southampton, '77; 2nd Cl. Tel., C.T.O., '82; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	Hedgethorne, F. ...	" ...	1880; 1st Cl. Tel., '91
" ...	Robinson, H. B. ...	" ...	1878; 1st Cl. Tel., '87
Circn. Off. ...	Pereira, H. C. ...	Inspr. ...	1860; Over., '70; Insp., '74
" ...	Marks, W. F. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1873; 2nd Cl. Sr., '76; 1st Cl., 81
" ...	Reynolds, E. F. ...	" ...	1879; 2nd Cl. Sr., '82; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Latchford, A. ...	2nd Cl. Sr. ...	1891; 2nd Cl. Sr., '93
W.C.D.O. ...	Collins, F. ...	2nd Cl. Cn. & Tel.	1885; 3rd Cl. Sr., '87; 2nd Cl. Cn. & Tel., '89
Birmingham ...	Wight, J. F. ...	Pmr. ...	Clk., M.O.O., '62; Pmr., W.C.D.O., '88; Birmingham, '91
Carlisle ...	Porter, J. ...	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1874
Darlington ...	Rutherford, T. P. ...	" ...	1894
Manchester ...	Jackson, J. T. ...	2nd Cl. S.C. ...	1873; 2nd Cl. S.C., '90
North Shields ...	Hindhaugh, E. ...	Clk. ...	1875; Clk., 91
Petersfield ...	Osgood, J. ...	S.C. & Tel. ...	1885
Port Talbot ...	Miss M. Thomas	" ...	1891
Taunton ...	Dimbleby, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. & T. ...	1880; Manchester, '81; Taunton, '82; 1st Cl., '96
Edinburgh ...	Barber, W. J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1873; 2nd Cl. Sr., '74; 1st Cl., '87; Clk., '92
Glasgow ...	Hall, G. W. ...	" ...	1877; Clk., '90
" ...	Miss C. Hendry	2nd Cl. Tel. ...	1887
Perth ...	Farquhar, G. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	1858; Ch. Clk., '89
Stranraer ...	Inglis, J. M. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1885
Dublin ...	Wylie, H. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1877; 2nd Cl. Sr., '81; 1st Cl. S.C., '89
Cork ...	Daly, F. W. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1873; 1st Cl. Tel., '91

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Atherstone	Keeping, G. J. ...	S.C. & T., Winchester; Pmr., Micheldever Stn.
Banbury	Bull, A.	Tel., Brighton; 1st Cl. Tel., Margate; Ch. Clk., Redhill; Pmr., Reigate
Birmingham	Hetherington, W. A.	Clk., S.O.; Sur. Clk.; Asst. Sur.; Sur.; Pmr., Brighton
Bexhill Stn., Hastings.	Chapman, W. H. .	Sr., Paddn.; S.W.D.O.; Writing Asst.; Paper Keeper, Registry S.O.
Brentford	Read, A. R.	2nd Cl. Sr., Cir. Off.; 1st Cl. Sr.
Brighton	Gibb, G. H.	Clk., Dundee; Tel. Instr.; Sur. Clk.; Asst. Sur.; Pmr., Dundee
Carlisle	James, P.	Clk., R. & A.G.O.; S.B.D.; Clk., S.O.; 1st Cl. Clk. (Old Est.)
Dartford	Ekins, J. P.	S.C. & T., Deal; Ch. Clk., Redhill
Droitwich	Sudell, A.	M.T. Co.; S.C. & T., Blackburn; Clk., Blackburn
Eastbourne	Beckley, S. H. ...	Boy Clk.; 3rd Cl. Clk., S.B.D.; R. & A.G.O.; 2nd Cl. Clk.; Pmr., Kingston-on-Thames; Pmr., Lincoln
Emsworth	Mrs. S. A. Bell ...	—
Farnborough	Bromwich, J. G. ...	E. & I.T. Co.; Clk., Burton-on-Trent; Pmr., Knutsford
Hawkhurst	Newman, G. M. ...	S.C. & T., Hawkhurst; Ch. Clk.
Henley-on-Thames ...	Honeysett, C. H. .	2nd Cl. Tel., C.T.O.; 1st Cl. Tel.; Senr. Tel.; Pmr., Wallingford
Jarrow	Frith, J.	Pmr., Brentford
Kendal	Chapman, C. S. ...	M.T. Co.; S.C. & T., Kilmarnock; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Galashiels
Kidderminster	Clark, A.	Pmr., Matlock Bath
Knutsford	Brydon, J.	2nd Cl. Sr. & Tr., Edin.; 1st Cl.; Pmr., Bridge of Allan
Launceston	Duff, W. F.	E. & I.T. Co.; 1st Cl. Tel., Plymouth
Lincoln	Millard, M.	Bath; Clk., L'pool; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl.; Asst. Super., 1st Cl.; Pmr., Woolwich
Luton	Woodley, A.	S.C., Rochdale; S.C. & Tel., Workington; Ch. Clk., Bolton
Malton	Penney, H. J. ...	Tel., S.E.; C.T.O.; 2nd Cl., C.T.O.; 1st Cl., C.T.O.; Pmr., Oakham
Matlock Bath	Davenport, J. ...	E. & I.T. Co.; Tel., Ashton-under-Lyne; S.C.; Clk.; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Atherstone
Middlesbrough	Birnie, J.	Clk., Bolton; Pmr., Burnley
Newquay	Rice, F. J.	2nd Cl. Tel., Southampton; 1st Cl. Tel.
Oakham	Buckman, H. G. ...	Tel., Nottingham; 2nd Cl. Tel., C.T.O.; 1st Cl. Tel.
Oxford	Twiss, A. E.	Clk., M.O.O.; Clk., S.O.; Pmr., Lincoln; Pmr., Carlisle
Pershore	Mrs. E. Dash ...	—

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Petersfield	Cottrall, W.	Cn., London; S.W.; Sub-Pmr., Wimbledon
Redditch	Terry, G.	Clk., Normanton; Ch. Clk., Wakefield
Reigate	Ashwell, A. T.	Sr., London; Pmr., Malton
St. Helens	Twist, C. C. R.	S.C., Liverpool; 2nd Cl. Tel.; 1st Cl. Tel.; Pmr., Colne; Pmr., Hawkhurst
Stockton-on-Tees	Ward, W.	Clk., Coventry; 1st Clk.; Ch. Clk.: Pmr., St. Helen's
Stoke-on-Trent	Taylor, W.	E. & I.T.Co.; Ch. Clk., Inverness; Pmr., Perth
Stratford-on-Avon	Miss L. F. Bourdeaux	—
Tring	Wood, F.	E. & I.T.Co.; 2nd Cl. Tel., Exeter; 1st Cl. Tel.; Pmr., Launceston
West Hartlepool	Smith, P.	M.T.Co.; Tel., Swansea; S.C. & T.; Clk., Newp't, Mon.; Super.; Pmr., North Shields
„ „	Butcher, O. K.	Clk., Ipswich; Pmr., Pembroke Dock; Pmr., Luton
Weston-super-Mare	Smith, P.	M.T.Co.; Tel., Swansea; S.C. & T.; Clk., Newp't, Mon.; Super.; Pmr., North Shields; Pmr., West Hartlepool
Windsor	A'Vard, A. A. T.	Tel., Brighton; Clk., Hastings; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Tonbridge
Woolwich	Gibson, J.	Clk., Carlisle; Ch. Clk., Sunderland; Pmr., Stockton-on-Tees
Bridge of Allan	Roberts, H.	S.C., Wolverhampton
Dundee	Bryson, W. K.	Clk., Kirkcaldy; Ch. Clk., Inverness; Pmr., Kilmarnock; Pmr., Perth; Pmr., Greenock
Galashiels	Hoare, B.	Clk., Kingston-on-Thames; Ch. Clk.
Greenock	Melsom, H. J. J.	Tel. Instr., N. Wales; Pmr., Llandudno; Pmr., Canterbury
Perth	Thomas, B.	Clk., Swansea; Ch. Clk., Swansea; Pmr., Windsor
Wishaw	Henderson, J. M.	Tel., Glasgow; 1st Cl. Tel.
Kilrush	Mrs. M. Walsh	—

ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; Ch., Chief; Clk., Clerk; Cn., Counterman; Cwn., Counterwoman; Engr., Engineer; Est., Established; Insp., Inspector; Instr., Instructor; Jnr., Junior; Messr., Messenger; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Prin., Principal; Pmr., Postmaster; Retr., Returner; Sr., Sorter; S.C., Sorting Clerk; S.C. & T., Sorting Clk. and Telegraphist; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; Sur., Surveyor; T., Telegraphs; Tel., Telegraphist; Tr., Tracer.



Commission
des
Paris



Internationale
Postes
1863



Hauschildt

1. VANDAL, FRANCE.
2. LOWENTHAL, AUTRICHE.
3. FASSIAUX, BELGIQUE.
4. THIMISTER, BELGIQUE.
5. L. DE LURCY, COSTA RICA.
6. MARTIN LEVY, DANEMARCK.
7. SICK, DANEMARCK.
8. CTE. N. DE TAJO, ESPAGNE.
9. J. KASSON, ETATS-UNIS.
10. MOHLE, ETATS-UNIS.
11. MAURIN, FRANCE.
12. DESENNE, FRANCE.

13. F. HILL, GDE. BRETAGNE.
14. REA, GDE. BRETAGNE.
15. PAGNI, ITALIE.
16. AGOSTINI, ITALIE.
17. HOFSTEDE, PAYS BAS.
18. D'ANTAS, PORTUGAL.
19. METZNER, PRUSSE.
20. J. BAURING, SANDWICH (ILES).
21. KERN, SUISSE.
22. JEANRENAUD, SUISSE.
23. ROSING, VILLES ANSEATIQUES.

(See page 277.)

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

JULY, 1897.

The Post Office in the Reign of the Queen.

IT was on the 21st June, 1837, that we received the order of the Queen's most excellent Majesty in Council "that the Postmaster-General do give the necessary directions for conveying the letters signed by the Privy Council to the Sheriffs and Magistrates of the several Counties, Cities, and Corporations, &c., with all the care and speed that conveniently maybe upon the present occasion." The "letters" were the proclamation of the accession of Queen Victoria.

Strangely unfamiliar to us is the Post Office which received that order, but it is not without a link with our own times. Less than a year before had died Sir Francis Freeling—the old secretary—who had entered the service in 1785, within a year of the starting of the first mail coach, but already John Tilley, who is still among us, was a clerk in the Secretary's office of eight years' standing; no railways carried the mails from London, but since 11th November, 1830, the mails had been carried by railway between Liverpool and Manchester: it was doubted whether steam packets could cross the Atlantic, but they were running in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

From London to Holyhead the night mail coach took 27 hours; to Falmouth, 29 hours; to Edinburgh, 43 hours; and to Thurso, 108 hours. At Falmouth stood Her Majesty's packets, paid for by the Admiralty, and prepared to sail at varying intervals on their tedious voyages, but Lieutenant Waghorn, regarded for about a decade as a crank and a bore, had at last persuaded the Government that the natural road to India was by the Mediterranean, the Isthmus of Suez, and the Red Sea.

The rate for a single inland letter was 4d. for 15 miles, 6d. for 30 miles, 7d. for 50 miles, and so on up to 1s. for 300 miles, and another penny for each additional hundred miles; in certain places only was there a local penny post, and in London there were two-penny and threepenny posts.

The postage rates to foreign parts were amazing; it cost 10d. to send a letter to France, 1s. 8d. to Germany, and so on until we reach 3s. 6d. to South America.

Need we wonder that letters were few? Newspapers went free by post to the extent of $44\frac{1}{2}$ millions a year, franks were 7 millions, and ordinary letters only reached $77\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

The gross revenue of the Post Office was £2,339,738 and the expenses were £698,632, leaving a paltry profit of £1,641,106 for the Exchequer, and each person in the kingdom received on an average only five packets a year by post.

Money Orders were issued as a private business by some of the Staff, but the number was certainly less than 60,000 a year; Post Office Savings Bank there was none, but the Trustee Savings Banks held deposits of between nineteen and twenty millions sterling.

But the great changes were coming fast. On the 3rd July, 1837—in the second week of Her Majesty's reign,—a mail was conveyed from London to Liverpool and Manchester in $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and a highly placed Official—then at Liverpool—burst into a hymn of praise. "This is the first time in Europe so long a journey was performed in so short a time, and if some very few years ago it had been said 'a letter could be answered by return of post from London the idea would have been treated as chimerical, and yet at eight last evening was I in London and this letter will reach there to-morrow morning.' The secret was this: the mail was carried by coach from London to Birmingham, and there put on the railway which was open to Liverpool and Manchester.

In little more than fifteen months a travelling Post Office was running, and the line was open to London, and on the 1st October, 1838, the first mail went through from London to Liverpool. To finish the struggle between the mail coach and the railway I look forward to 1846, and see the last of the old London mail coaches arrive—from Norwich and Newmarket—on the 6th January, and then leave the road for ever.

Going back to 1838, and passing from the railway to the steamship, we find the "Sirius" starting for the first steam-driven voyage across the Atlantic on the 31st March. Her mail was not a

heavy one; it consisted of 352 letters and 87 papers, but it deserves to live in history.

The next epoch-making sea-borne mail was that of the 1st October, 1845, from Bombay, under the care of Lieutenant Waghorn; it reached Suez on the 19th October, and London on the 31st October, at 4.30 in the morning, and the "overland route" had made its position secure.

I must not dwell too long on the changes in the Inland Service between 1838 and 1845. Those were the days of Rowland Hill. In December, 1838, the Postmaster-General took over the Money Order business, and charged 6d. for the smallest orders, and in 1839 the number of orders rose to 188 thousand.

In 1839 passed the Act of Parliament under which were made the famous reductions of postage, and the modern Post Office began. On the 5th December the rate went down to 4d. the half-ounce, and on the 10th January, 1840, to 1d. the half-ounce; the number of letters rose to 169 millions a year, and the old historic "franking" system was abolished.

Postage stamps, Mulready envelopes, and adhesive labels, came into being, and the angels must have wept over the frauds and follies yet to be in the days of collectors and their attendant forgers.

In 1841, on the 6th January, came in the Registration of letters, at the moderate fee of 1s.; and no fewer than 60 registered letters a day left London in that year.

In 1848 started the Book Post,—for the benefit of Education and Literature, as Sir Rowland Hill said,—at a rate of 6d. a pound, to be reduced seven years later to 1d. for four ounces; and then, out of the Crimean War, sprang up the system of Foreign and Colonial Money Orders.

Time would fail me to tell of the extension of the Posts, at home and abroad, during all these busy years. Statistics are for the Postmaster-General's report, not for this magazine, and I say as little as I can of the piling up of millions of everything.

But in 1861 began the epoch of the Savings Bank, and the star of Rowland Hill began to pale before the rising sun of Scudamore. This is not the place to trace the history of that wondrous bank, with its far-reaching effects upon national wealth and national character. But I may note how it began to shift the centre of gravity of the Post Office, and to displace the mails from their place of pride. For I think there can be no doubt that the Scudamore period is the "great divide." Before it were the Mails, but behind it were

the new creations—the Savings Bank, and the Telegraphs—with all the future they implied.

In 1863 began the old Sample Post, at the rate of 3d. for four ounces, but this post, after vicissitudes, died out in 1871, and was not re-established until October, 1887, and now, on Jubilee Day, it dies again.

In 1865 began the Post Office Annuities and Insurances, and then history takes a jump to the great days of the “seventies.”

The Telegraphs are the work of the Queen’s Reign. In her first year the first experimental telegraph was erected in the North of London, and from that time forth one year has certified another of new inventions. The Electricians have nearly abolished time and space; they have created the modern newspaper, and—alas!—the modern nerves; they have ordained for man the endless torture of the telephone, and the excitement of betting on the tape; above all, for my present purpose, they have revolutionized the Post Office. From 1870 dates the dualism of the perfect Post Office Servant, who has taken away one hand from the primeval mail bag to clutch at the wire of the new era.

But the Telegraph did not monopolize the “seventies.” Postcards started on their way in October, 1870, the book post went down to its present rates, the new newspaper post started, and, in 1871, Money Orders were sold for a penny. On the 9th October, 1874, the signature of the Postal Union Treaty at Berne marked the beginning of a new conception of international communication. From that time to this the nations of the world have sought for their ideal of a single and universal postal territory, and they have nearly found it. Mother Country and Colony, Continent and Island, New Civilizations and Old Empires have joined in the postal pact, and the equivalent of 25 centimes has become the standard postage rate of the world.

I have but to chronicle that in 1878 Registration Fees fell to 2d., and then began the “eighties.” If the “seventies” tell of Scudamore, the “eighties” tell of Fawcett. “Thrift” and its developments are too long a story, but I may speak of Postal Orders, which started in 1881, and now reach 67 millions a year; and then I come to the Parcel Post, which started inland in August, 1883, and crossed the seas in 1885. Everybody knows the parcel post; its history is summed up in three words, “bulk, baskets, and Baines.” It crowded out the Offices, and it restored the Mail Coaches; it made Christmas a nightmare, and it helps to make the village shop a

desert, and now, on Jubilee Day, it makes a new departure—and good luck go with it.

Telephones, Telegraph Money Orders, and Express Letters go to complete the tale. I bristle with figures and dates like Haydn's Dictionary, and Whitaker's Almanac, and behold the half is not told.

Where in my story are the Postal Train and the Cunarder, the Wheatstone Automatic and Signor Marconi? These are the work of the Queen's Reign, and we may look around,—like John P. Robinson on the world—and say, we make them go. To ourselves, we are a discontented phenomenon; and to others, an indispensable nuisance; we despise the little work our fathers did just sixty years ago, but we covet the idleness with which they did it; we spend our time in marvelling at an age of progress, and we forget how we have been told that, “an age of progress” is but “an age of prigs.”

H. S. CAREY.



1900

EVOLUTION. A DREAM BY OUR OWN
JUBILEE POSTMAN.

Signalling through Space without Wires.

[*Being the Friday evening discourse delivered before the Royal Institution on the 4th June, by MR. W. H. PREECE, C.B., F.R.S., Electrician to the Post Office.*]



SCIENCE has conferred one great benefit on mankind. It has supplied us with a new sense. We can now see the invisible, hear the inaudible, and feel the intangible. We know that the universe is filled with a homogeneous continuous elastic medium which transmits heat, light, electricity, and other forms of energy from one point of space to another without loss. The discovery of the real existence of this "ether" is one of the great scientific events of the Victorian era. Its character and mechanism are not yet known by us. All attempts to "invent" a perfect ether have proved beyond the mental powers of the highest intellects. We can only say with Lord Salisbury that the ether is the nominative case to the verb "to undulate." We must be content with a knowledge of the fact that it was created in the beginning for the transmission of energy in all its forms, that it transmits these energies in definite waves and with a known velocity, that it is perfect of its kind, but that it still remains as inscrutable as gravity or life itself.

Any disturbance of the ether must originate with some disturbance of matter. An explosion, cyclone, or vibratory motion may occur in the photosphere of the sun. A disturbance or wave is impressed on the ether. It is propagated in straight lines through space. It falls on Jupiter, Venus, the Earth, and every other planet met with in its course, and any machine, human or mechanical, capable of responding to its undulations indicates its presence. Thus the eye supplies the sensation of light, the skin is sensitive to heat, the galvanometer indicates electricity, the magnetometer indicates disturbances in the earth's magnetic field. One of the greatest scientific achievements of our generation is the magnificent generalisation of Clerk-Maxwell that all these disturbances are of precisely the same kind, and that they differ only in degree. Light is an electromagnetic phenomenon, and electricity in its progress through space follows the laws of optics.

By the kindness of Prof Silvanus Thompson I am able to illustrate wave transmission by a very beautiful apparatus devised by him. At one end we have the *transmitter* or oscillator, which is a heavy suspended mass to which a blow or impulse is given, and which, in consequence, vibrates a given number of times per minute. At the other end is the *receiver*, or resonator, timed to vibrate to the same period. Connecting the two together is a row of leaden balls suspended so that each ball gives a portion of its energy at each oscillation to the next in the series. Each ball vibrates at right angles to or athwart the line of propagation of the wave, and as they vibrate in different phases you will see that a wave is transmitted from the transmitter to the receiver. The receiver takes up these vibrations and responds in sympathy with the transmitter. Here we have a visible illustration of that which is absolutely invisible. The wave you see differs from a wave of light or of electricity only in its length or in its frequency. Electric waves vary from units per second in long submarine cables to millions per second when excited by Hertz's method. Light waves vary per second between 400 billions in the red to 800 billions in the violet, and electric waves differ from them in no other respect. They are reflected, refracted and polarised, they are subject to interference, and they move through the ether in straight lines with the same velocity, viz., 186,400 miles per second—a number easily recalled when we remember that it was in the year 1864 that Maxwell made his famous discovery of the identity of light and electric waves.

Electric waves, however, differ from light waves in this, that we have also to regard the direction at right angles to the line of propagation of the wave. The model gives an illustration of that which happens along a *line of electric force*, the other line of motion I speak of is a circle around the point of disturbance, and these lines are called *lines of magnetic force*. The animal eye is tuned to one series of waves, the "electric eye," as Lord Kelvin called Hertz's resonator, to another. If electric waves could be reduced in length to the forty-thousandth of an inch we should see them as colours.

One more definition, and our ground is cleared. When electricity is found stored up in a potential state in the molecules of a dielectric like air, glass or gutta-percha, the molecules are strained, it is called a *charge*, and it establishes in its neighbourhood *an electric field*. When it is active, or in its kinetic state in a circuit, it is called a *current*. It is found in both states, kinetic and potential, when a current is maintained in a conductor. The surrounding neighbourhood

is then found in a state of stress forming what is called a *magnetic field*.

In the first case the charges can be made to rise and fall, and to surge to and fro with rhythmic regularity, exciting *electromagnetic waves* along each line of electric force at very high frequencies, and in the second case the currents can rise or alternate in direction with the same regularity—but with very different frequencies—and originate *electromagnetic waves* whose wave fronts are propagated in the same direction.

The first is the method of Hertz, which has recently been turned to practical account by Mr. Marconi, and the second is the method which I have been applying, and which for historical reasons I will describe to you first.

In 1884 messages sent through insulated wires buried in iron pipes in the streets of London were read upon telephone circuits erected on poles above the housetops, 80 ft. away. Ordinary telegraph circuits were found in 1885 to produce disturbances 2,000 ft. away. Distinct speech by telephone was carried on through one quarter of a mile, a distance that was increased to $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile at a later date. Careful experiments were made in 1886 and 1887 to prove that these effects were due to pure electromagnetic waves, and were entirely free from any earth-conduction. In 1892 distinct messages were sent across a portion of the Bristol Channel between Penarth and Flat Holm, a distance of 3.3 miles.

Early in 1895 the cable between Oban and the Isle of Mull broke down, and as no ship was available for repairing and restoring communication, communication was established by utilising parallel wires on each side of the Channel and transmitting signals across this space by these electromagnetic waves.

The apparatus connected to each wire consists of—

- (a). A rheotome or make and break wheel causing about 260 undulations per second in the primary wire.
- (b). An ordinary battery of about 100 Leclanché cells, of the so-called dry and portable form.
- (c). A Morse telegraph key.
- (d). A telephone to act as receiver.
- (e). A switch to start and stop the rheotome.

Good signals depend more on the rapid rise and fall of the primary current than on the amount of energy thrown into vibration. Leclanché cells give as good signals at 3.3 miles distant as $2\frac{1}{2}$ H.P. transformed into alternating currents by an alternator, owing to the

smooth sinusoidal curves of the latter. 260 vibrations per second give a pleasant note to the ear, easily read when broken up by the key into dots and dashes.

In my electromagnetic system two parallel circuits are established one on each side of a channel or bank of a river, each circuit becoming successively the primary and secondary of an induction system, according to the direction in which the signals are being sent. Strong alternating or vibrating currents of electricity are transmitted in the first circuit so as to form signals, letters and words in Morse characters. The effects of the rise and fall of these currents are transmitted as electromagnetic waves through the intervening space, and if the secondary circuit is so situated as to be washed by these ethereal waves, their energy is transformed into secondary currents in the second circuit, which can be made to affect a telephone and thus to reproduce the signals. Of course their intensity is much reduced, but still their presence has been detected though five miles of clear space have separated the two circuits.

Such effects have been known scientifically in the laboratory since the days of Faraday and of Henry, but it is only within the last few years that I have been able to utilise them practically through considerable distances. This has been rendered possible through the introduction of the telephone.

Last year (August, 1896) an effort was made to establish communication with the North Sandhead (Goodwin) lightship. The apparatus used was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Evershed and Vignoles, and a most ingenious relay to establish a call was invented by Mr. Evershed. One extremity of the cable was coiled in a ring on the bottom of the sea, embracing the whole area over which the lightship swept while swinging to the tide, and the other end was connected with the shore. The ship was surrounded above the water line with another coil. The two coils were separated by a mean distance of about 200 fathoms, but communication was found to be impracticable. The screening effect of the sea water and the effect of the iron hull of the ship absorbed practically all the energy of the currents in the coiled cable, and the effects on board, though perceptible, were very trifling—too minute for signalling. Previous experiments had failed to show the extremely rapid rate at which energy is absorbed with the depth or thickness of sea water. The energy is absorbed in forming eddy currents. There is no difficulty whatever in signalling through 15 fathoms. Speech by telephone has been maintained through 6 fathoms.

Although this experiment has failed through water, it is thoroughly practical through air to considerable distances where it is possible to erect wires of similar length to the distance to be crossed on each side of the channel. It is not always possible, however, to do this, nor to get the requisite height to secure the best effect. It is impossible on a lightship and on rock lighthouse. There are many small islands—Sark, for example—where it cannot be done.

In July last Mr. Marconi brought to England a new plan. My plan is based entirely on utilising electromagnetic waves of very low frequency. It depends essentially on the rise and fall of *currents*



MR. MARCONI.

in the primary wire. Mr. Marconi utilises electric or Hertzian waves of very high frequency, and they depend upon the rise and fall of electric force in a sphere or spheres. He has invented a new relay which, for sensitiveness and delicacy, exceeds all known electrical apparatus.

The peculiarity of Mr. Marconi's system is that, apart from the ordinary connecting wires of the apparatus, conductors of very moderate length only are needed, and even these can be dispensed with if reflectors are used.

His transmitter is Prof. Righi's form of Hertz's radiator. Two spheres of *solid* brass, 4 in. in diameter, are fixed in an oil tight case of insulating material, so that a hemisphere of each is exposed, the other hemisphere being immersed in a bath of vaseline oil. The use of oil has several advantages. It maintains the surfaces of the spheres electrically clean, avoiding the frequent polishing required by Hertz's exposed balls. It impresses on the waves excited by these spheres a uniform and constant form. It tends to reduce the wave lengths—Righi's waves are measured in centimetres, while Hertz's were measured in metres. For these reasons the distance at which effects are produced is increased. Mr. Marconi uses generally waves of about 120 centimetres long. Two small spheres are fixed close to the large spheres, and connected each to one end of the secondary circuit of the "induction coil," the primary circuit of which is excited by a battery thrown in and out of circuit by a Morse key. Now, whenever the key is depressed sparks pass between the spheres, and oscillations are set up of extreme rapidity. The frequency of oscillation is probably about 250 millions per second.

The distance at which effects are produced with such rapid oscillations depends chiefly on the energy in the discharge that passes. A 6in. spark coil has sufficed up to four miles, but for greater distances we have used a more powerful coil—one emitting sparks 20 in. long. It may also be pointed out that this distance increases with the diameter of the brass spheres, and it is nearly doubled by making the spheres solid instead of hollow.

Marconi's relay consists of a small glass tube four centimetres long, into which two silver pole-pieces are tightly fitted, separated from each other by about half a millimetre—a thin space which is filled up by a mixture of fine nickel and silver filings, mixed with a trace of mercury. The tube is exhausted to a vacuum of 4mm., and sealed. It forms part of a circuit containing a local cell and a sensitive telegraph relay. In its normal condition the metallic powder is virtually an insulator. The particles lie higgledy-piggledy, anyhow in disorder. They lightly touch each other in an irregular method, but when electric waves fall upon them they are "polarised," order is installed. They are marshalled in serried ranks, they are subject to pressure—in fact, as Prof. Oliver Lodge expresses it, they "cohere"—electrical contact ensues, and a current passes. The resistance of such a space falls from infinity to about five ohms. The electric resistance of Marconi's relay—that is, the resistance of the thin disc of loose powder—is practically infinite when it is in its

normal or disordered condition. It is then, in fact, an insulator. This resistance drops sometimes to five ohms, when the absorption of the electric waves by it is intense. It therefore becomes a conductor. It may be, as suggested by Professor Lodge, that we have in the measurement of the variable resistance of this instrument a means of determining the intensity of the energy falling upon it. This variation is being investigated both as regards the magnitude of the energy and the frequency of the incident waves. Now such electrical effects are well known. In 1866 Mr. S. A. Varley introduced a lightning protector constructed like the above tube, but made of box-wood and containing powdered carbon. It was fixed as a shunt to the instrument to be protected. It acted well, but it was subject to this coherence, which rendered the cure more troublesome than the disease, and its use had to be abandoned. The same action is very common in granulated carbon microphones like Hunning's, and shaking has to be resorted to to decohere the carbon particles to their normal state. Mons. E. Branly (1890) showed this effect with copper, aluminium, and iron filings. Prof. Oliver Lodge, who has done more than any one else in England to illustrate and popularise the work of Hertz and his followers, has given the name "coherer" to this form of apparatus. Marconi "decoheres" by making the local current very rapidly vibrate a small hammer head against the glass tube, which it does effectually, and in doing so makes such a sound that reading Morse characters is easy. The same current that decoheres can also record Morse signals on paper by ink. The exhausted tube has two wings which, by their size, tune the receiver to the transmitter by varying the capacity of the apparatus. Choking coils prevent the energy escaping. The analogy to Prof. Silvanus Thompson's wave apparatus is evident. Oscillations set up in the transmitter fall upon the receiver tuned in sympathy with it, coherence follows, currents are excited, and signals made.

In open clear spaces within sight of each other nothing more is wanted, but when obstacles intervene and great distances are in question height is needed—tall masts, kites, and balloons have been used. Excellent signals have been transmitted between Penarth and Brean Down, near Weston-super-Mare, across the Bristol Channel, a distance of nearly nine miles.

Mirrors also assist and intensify the effects. They were used in the earlier experiments, but they have been laid aside for the present, for they are not only expensive to make, but they occupy much time in manufacture.

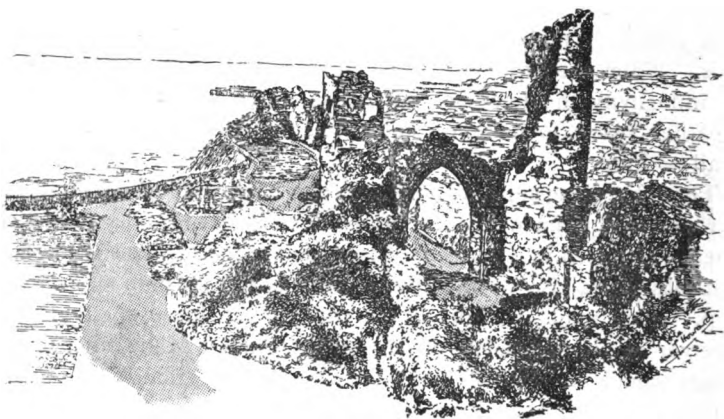
It is curious that hills and apparent obstructions fail to obstruct. The reason is probably the fact that the lines of force escape these hills. When the ether is entangled in matter of different degrees of inductivity the lines are curved as in fact they are in light. Weather seems to have no influence; rain, fogs, snow and wind, avail nothing.

There are some apparent anomalies that have developed themselves during the experiments. Mr. Marconi finds that his relay acts even when it is placed in a perfectly closed metallic box. This is the fact that has given rise to the rumour that he can blow up an ironclad ship. This might be true if he could plant his properly tuned receiver in the magazine of an enemy's ship. Many other funny things could be done if this were possible. I remember in my childhood that Capt. Warner blew up a ship at a great distance off Brighton. How this was done was never known, for his secret died shortly afterwards with him. It certainly was not by means of Marconi's relay.

The distance to which signals have been sent is remarkable. On Salisbury Plain Mr. Marconi covered a distance of four miles. In the Bristol Channel this has been extended to over eight miles, and we have by no means reached the limit. It is interesting to read the surmises of others. Half a mile was the wildest dream.

It is easy to transmit many messages in any direction at the same time. It is only necessary to tune the transmitters and receivers to the same frequency or "note." I could show this here, but we are bothered by reflection from the walls. This does not happen in open space. Tuning is very easy. It is simply necessary to vary the capacity of the receiver.

It has been said that Mr. Marconi has done nothing new. He has not discovered any new rays; his transmitter is comparatively old; his receiver is based on Branly's coherer. Columbus did not invent the egg, but he showed how to make it stand on its end, and Marconi has produced from known means a new electric eye more delicate than any known electrical instrument, and a new system of telegraphy that will reach places hitherto inaccessible. There are a great many practical points connected with this system that require to be threshed out in a practical manner before it can be placed on the market, but enough has been done to prove its value and to show that for shipping and lighthouse purposes it will be a great and valuable acquisition.



*My District.**

MY district is of no commercial importance whatever. It has no "works" or manufactories that I know of, and its only "mills" are windmills. I wonder if any of my readers have ever been up a windmill? I once spent the best part of an afternoon in one, and my head has been full of poetry ever since. Happily for my friends, I have kept it there! My windows at home command two windmills, and when the westering sun drops into the sea behind one of them, it would require a Turner adequately to depict the scene. But this is a digression. My district was not always so uncommercial as it is to-day. At one time it was the seat of the early English iron industry, and the name of one of my sub-offices implies iron. But this was when iron was smelted by means of charcoal, albeit, the district supplied the Admiralty of that day with most of its guns, and to this day it is rich in the wrought ironwork of past centuries. Of course the ore is still there in abundance, and should the much-talked-of "Kent Coal Fields" come to anything, we may yet witness the devastation of the North of England and West of Scotland in our pleasant landscape.

If my district has no commerce, it has a history of which it may well be proud. The Romans possibly, the Saxons certainly, occupied it; while the conquering Normans have left an indelible mark upon

* The illustrations are by Mr. Henry J. Howard, of the Secretary's Office, G.P.O.

it. My office nestles under a hill whose ruined castle is supposed to date back for more than a thousand years, having been commenced at least in Saxon times. The Conqueror, no doubt, added to it considerably, for the famous Bayeux Tapestry sets forth that he ordered a castle to be "dug" there, and the picture of a castle on the summit of a hill would seem to imply that there was already an older fortification in existence there. Henry I. used this castle as a Palace, and it was from its walls that King John, in 1200, issued his claim to the sovereignty of the seas, requiring all foreign vessels to strike their topsails to his flag. It was from the surrounding hills, if we may believe the late Sir George Airy, that the Triumvir. saw the native forces in armed array; and when Cæsar describes the place he reached on landing as "A narrow inlet of the sea, shut in by heights, from which weapons could be discharged upon the shore beneath," it is not difficult to trace just such a spot within a few hundred yards of the Post Office. Immediately behind one of my branch offices is to be seen the "Conqueror's Stone," a rude unshapen slab, which, according to tradition, was used by William the Conqueror as his breakfast table, after landing on the coast a few miles further west. But there is an opposing legend that the stone is the veritable block which was placed over the body of Harold when he was buried on the sea shore, according to the Conqueror's instructions: "Let his body be buried on the strand where he gave command, and let a stone be placed over it."

Let us walk a few miles across the marshes, and check the accounts at the Sub-Office of Anderida. Counting stamps and postal orders under the shadow of walls raised by the Romans, excites the imagination in no ordinary degree. If they had Posts in those days, it is certain they had neither stamps nor postal orders, and it is doubtful whether they had Postmasters. But they understood the art of building, and in the famous Castle of Anderida we have one of the finest specimens of their work. Here is a magnificent fortress, whose outer walls enclose an area of ten acres, and still stand to the height of twenty feet or more. Within is a small fortification, moated on the north and west, and of quadrangular form, with round towers, which was formerly entered by a drawbridge. Strange and varied have been the scenes which this old castle has witnessed. Here it was that, some twenty years before the Norman Conquest, Sweyn, the son of the famous Godwin, came to meet his father, and entrapped and murdered his cousin Beorn; and hence it was that William embarked a few months after the invasion to re-visit his

dominions in Normandy. The castle was bestowed on the half-brother of William, Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, who repaired the fortress and added the Norman portions inside the Roman walls. The castle has withstood many a siege, and several illustrious personages have been kept in durance vile within its walls, notably Joan of Navarre and Edward, Duke of York. The crumbling martello towers, which line the coast at this point, stand out in strange contrast to the massive walls of this grand old fortress, which has braved both battle and breeze for a thousand years and more. The towers are being gradually blown up, and one of them has recently given place to a Post Office ! “To what base uses,” &c. !



Some miles inland from Anderida lies the fateful field of Senlac, and “the spot where Harold fell.” Never do I visit the Post Office which takes its name from the great historic event of Saturday, the 14th of October, 1066, without feeling that I am treading on the most interesting spot in all England. Here is the grand old abbey which William built in fulfilment of the vow he made to his followers on the eve of battle :—“I make a vow that upon this place of battle I will found a suitable free monastery for the salvation of you all, and especially of those that fall, and this I will do in honour of God and His Saints, to the end that even as I shall be enabled to acquire for myself a propitious asylum, so it may be freely offered to all my followers.”

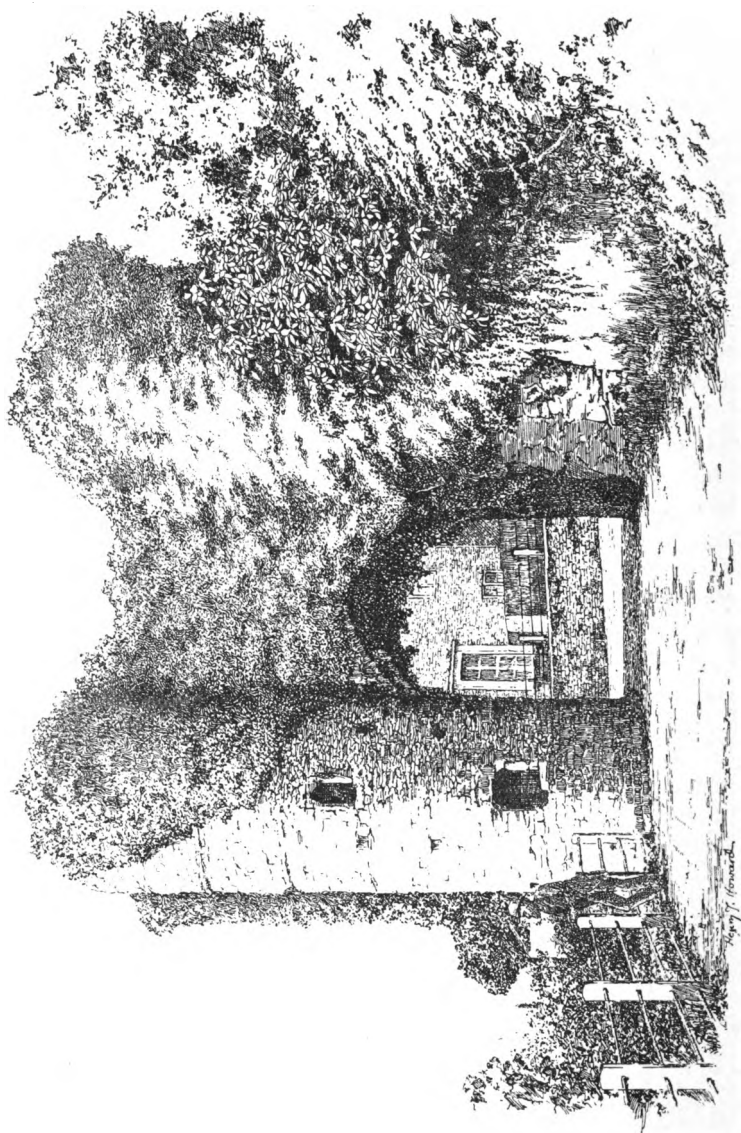
The foundation-stones of the high altar of the abbey have, during late years, been discovered ; and we may place our feet on the very spot where Harold stood with England’s banner waving over him ;

where, when the battle was joined, he defended himself to the utmost; where the fatal arrow came down upon him; where he "leaned in agony on his shield"; and where at last he was beaten to the earth, and with him the Saxon banner was beaten down, like him, never to rise again. Immediately in front of the high altar stood the brave Kentish men, "whose right it was to strike first whenever the King went to battle"; and round Harold himself stood the men of London, "whose privilege it was to guard the King's body, to place themselves around it, and to guard the standard." Says Sir Edward Creasy in his thrilling volume on the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*:—"There are few battles the localities of which can be more completely traced; and the whole scene is fraught with associations of deep interest. But the spot which, most of all, awakens our sympathy and excites our feelings, is that where Harold himself fought and fell. The crumbling fragments of the grey altar-stones, with the wild flowers that cling around their base, seem fitting memorials of the brave Saxon who there bowed his head in death; while the laurel trees that are planted near, and wave over the ruins, remind us of the Conqueror, who there, at the close of that dreadful day, reared his victorious standard high over the trampled banner of the Saxons, and held his triumphant carousal amid the corse of the slain, with his Norman chivalry exulting around him."

What a thrill one experiences as these historic spots are pointed out, and how one goes back in imagination eight hundred years and more to fancy himself gazing on the forms of Harold, and Gurth, and Leofwine, and "Duke William," and Tosteins Fitz Rou le Blanc, and Rogier de Mongomeri, and the rest of these war-like heroes of the Conquest. Senlac, or "field of blood," must ever stand out as the scene of the most sanguinary conflict ever witnessed in these realms. But how peaceful it all looks to-day! The last time I visited the spot, I witnessed a sunset there such as is very seldom to be seen in these latitudes—a sunset which enables one to believe in Turner's pictures, and to appreciate the rejoinder he made to a lady who said that she never saw such effects in Nature as he produced on canvas: "No, madame, but you wish you could." The grand old abbey is the favourite residence of one of England's noblest ladies, who has written nobly about it, and her son, a whilom Prime Minister of these realms, whom I can claim both as a countryman and a townsman, is a frequent visitor there. Peace, not war; courtesy, not conquest, is the prevailing note in this historic corner of England to-day.

By way of contrast to the Abbey, let us next visit one of the modern mansions of the district, situated but a mile or two away. Here, a noble Lord, son of one of the greatest "Captains of industry" England has produced, and presently governing one of our Australian Colonies, has built himself a lordly residence, whose name recalls the Conquest. It stands on high ground, and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, and the whole of the Channel from the South Foreland to Beachy Head. So that it overlooks every spot traversed by the army of the Conqueror, from the landing-place in the Bay of Anderida to the battle-field of Senlac. For a modern house, it is probably unsurpassed anywhere in England, its noble octagonal tower, with prospect balcony and lofty stone spire, giving it a most commanding appearance from whatever side it is viewed. Internally, it is magnificently fitted and decorated; and its Pompeiian room and picture gallery have earned for it the distinction of the show place of the district. Curiosities—natural, artistic, and antiquarian—abound on all sides; while the grounds, which are adorned by a handsome bridge, are full of trees and shrubs of the rarest and most beautiful varieties, some of the latter being of quite a sub-tropical character. The lordly proprietor of this magnificent estate has travelled much, as all the world knows, and we see evidence of this in the many interesting objects with which the mansion is crowded. At no great distance is another mansion of considerable antiquity, standing in a beautifully wooded park. The house contains several relics of Charles I., notably the shirt in which he was beheaded, his watch, and the sheet in which the body was wrapped. There is, or was, also a fine collection of historical manuscripts and other objects of deep interest to the historian and antiquarian. It was here that the last iron furnace of the district was worked, the last casting having been turned out so recently as 1809. In various reigns, notably in those of Elizabeth and Charles I., public attention was called to the destruction of the trees for these furnaces. Fancy any such cause being allowed to operate to the restriction of industry in our utilitarian and destructive times! Retracing our steps in a homeward direction, we may traverse the ridge along which the Normans streamed in battle array on their way to Senlac; and we may, if time permit, look in upon Mr. Augustus Hare, and inquire by what strange chance the statue of Queen Anne, which used to adorn (?) the front of St. Paul's, now stands in his beautiful park.

I can almost throw a stone out of my district into what is probably the quaintest, prettiest, most ideal village in all England. This



[To face page 269.

village is the "survival" of a once great port, whose bay was the rendezvous of the fleets of England, and whose commerce was so extensive that Queen Elizabeth bestowed upon the place the name of "Little London." What with the ravages of the sea, and the ravages of the French and Spaniards, the town was ultimately destroyed, although not without being gallantly defended in a naval engagement in 1350, when the English fleet was commanded by the King in person, assisted by Edward the Black Prince. A new town was built on a higher and more favourable site; but the sea, which destroyed the old town by its presence, ruined the new one by its desertion, and, towards the close of the fifteenth century, it began to fall into decay, and has gradually subsided into a mere village. But such a village as, for beauty of situation, picturesqueness of outline, quaintness of story, is not to be found in these islands. Seen on a summer evening, with the westering sun shining out of an Italian sky, and playing on the blue waters beyond and below, and with another "city set upon a hill" in the distance, our village may claim to rank with the goodliest spots on God's beautiful earth. It is flanked by three noble gateways, under the shadow of one of which, in a cottage smothered in roses and clematis, our most popular actress is wont to spend her all too brief leisure. Here, too, is a noble church, dating back to the thirteenth century, whose predominance over any other building in the village is, as has been finely said, "the predominance of gentleness and sweetness, and the melancholy graces of decay." There are also the ruins of a monastery in a spot so secluded that one almost expects to see abbots and monks walking about under the shade of the fine trees which surround the picturesque old ruin. Altogether, this is a charmed and charming spot, little visited by the vulgar herd, or even by the enterprising sightseer. Visit it when you will, it seems to be "always afternoon" there; and, as Coventry Patmore finely says, it "breathes, and has breathed for a hundred years or more, the very atmosphere of the abode and landscape of the 'Sleeping Beauty.'"

My district has its "rising watering place," with a noble Earl at its back—literally at its back; for he resides at a quaint old manor house situated on the rising ground behind, where he has recently entertained Royalty and the Lord Mayor. Hard by is the old church, partly Norman and partly early English, the former portion supposed to date from about 1070, the latter about a hundred years later, and the whole edifice supposed to have been about 450 years in building. Alas! it is "restored" now, and illuminated by

the electric light ! There is a curious sculptured stone embedded in the south wall, which Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, has pronounced to be "Saxon, not later than the eighth century." Behind the church, on a wooded eminence, is the site chosen by a retired Ambassador for the home of his declining days, and a modern mansion will soon rise to crown the "hinterland" of our brand new townlet 'by the sea," the old village and manor house nestling between. Thus do ancient and modern get mixed up in these utilitarian days of ours, when no spot is sacred or safe from the desolating grasp of the building fiend. A pleasant drive from this spot brings us to a scattered village, where the Post Office is kept by two old ladies — mother and daughter — whose united ages are getting on for a century and a half. The elder lady is a courtly old dame, who always grasps me warmly by the hand when I make my inspectorial visit, and dutifully inquires after my cough. When I was there the other day, she was sorely distraught, being in the midst of spring cleaning, and having, as she phrased it, a great many "heats" in the fire. She has lived in the same house for nearly sixty years, and has very seldom slept out of it. Of course, she remembers both the birth and accession of the Queen, but I hardly think she will venture to London on Jubilee Day, although the village will have its own rejoicings in a small way. And so will nearly all the villages in "My District."

R. W. J.



Indo-Anglian Literature.



ANY of the postmasters of small village offices in India have such a superficial knowledge of the "Queen's English," that their official communications would probably appear extremely odd to persons unacquainted with the whimsical vagaries of Baboo-English. Here are some choice specimens of the above literature.

The Superintendent of the Mozufferpore Division received this epistle from the Sub-Postmaster of Majorganj :—

“(Registered) No. 323. Dated 4/10/84.

“Sir,—I becomes mad please send a hand sharp.

“I have the honour to be

“Sir

“Your most obedient Servant

“H——

“Sub-Post Master.”

The next day it was followed up by this lucid explanation :—

“No. 324. Dated 5/10/84.

“Sir,—I am very much thanks and beg to report that this morning my enemy is going down to Mozufferpore in the Police line for whose I was afraiding here.

“I hope that should your honors will graciously please to excuse me with your charitably as I have reported to send for a hand, at present is no req^d. I am quite well now and can do my work with facility.

“I have the honor to be,

“Sir

“Your most obedient servant

“H——

“Sub-Post Master.”

The following communication was received from the Sub-Postmaster of Guria :—

“No. 28. Dated 4/9/84.

“I have the honour to inform your kind notice that Amar Singh the village postman of this post office complained against us in the out post of Guriah for the inquiry of his 8 Rs. 8 ans. 4 Pies stolen, upon which the constables and police officers of the said Chouki (or

out post) besieged the post office whole night and investigated the post office according the request of the postman in morning. But nothing of the thing stolen he wished to be inquired was found in post office.

"Sir ; If the post office will be investigated in this manner according these villans false compliments, and we shall be blamed how the government service will be performed by us, for our disregard ?

"Therefore we hereby report against the man hoping that your kind notice will be pleased look after us and apply such measurements by which such kind of men may not live in post offices, because the post service wholly lies on faith.

I remain always

Sir

Your most and most obedient servant

A — P —

S. P. M. Guria."

The four next specimens are from a pamphlet on *Indo-Anglian* literature, published in Calcutta, for private circulation. The first is an application for employment in the Telegraph Department :—

"Sir,—I pray please to give me some action for I am very poor boy I have no one to help me even so father for it so it seemed in thy good sight, you give the Telegraph Office, and another work what is your wish I am very poor boy, this—understand what is your wish you my father I am your son this—understand what is you wish.

"Your Sirvent,

"P — C — B —."

The next is an office note :—

"Office cat, by reason of death of rats, daily growing lean. Will Superintendent please increase the contingent allowance for her restoration to stoutness.

This is an appeal in a "fine" case. "Your Honor may be right, I may be wrong, I may be right and Honor wrong, let Honor give me back the fine and then at day of resurrection when all hearts will be open if I am wrong, I will most gladly, Sir, return your Honor the money."

The following needs no explanation :

"4, Okhil Mistries' Lane,

"April 3.

"My dear Sir,—Though drugged bellyfully I cannot shake off the fever. It appears every other day and has made me weak. To-

morrow is a period. If I can escape this attack I shall attend office day after. I therefore pray that you will grant leave of absence for two days more.

“ Ever obediently yours,
“ P—— C——.”

The following is a report from an Inspector regarding postal arrangements for the march of the VIth Bengal Cavalry :—

“ No. 320.

“ To The Superintendent of Post Offices,
“ Mozufferpore,

“ Bagaha the 21/10/84.

“ Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your No. 2788 dated 6th current and to state that I shall depute two overseers of Bettiah line to accompany with the Regt. No. 6 from Segowlie up to Modhoobarie under Champarun Dist. with clear instructions and the Sub-Postmasters through whom the cavalry will pass have been instructed to keep the necessary stamps, &c. Most probably I shall also personally go to Segowlie on the 18th and see the Adjutant and arrange the overseers to go with the Regerment.

“ N———,
“ Inspector.”

A Sub-Postmaster having returned from leave, neglected to read the circulars that were issued during his absence. When the head office reported that the man was not carrying out the newly issued instructions, the following explanation was given :—

“ No. 29.

“ To the Superintendent Post Offices,
“ Mozufferpore Division.

“ Dt. Jointpore P.O. the 3rd/5/84.

“ Sir,—In obedience to your letter No. 446 Dt. 29th ultimo I have the honour to explain that the reason of entering the amount „/8/, in daily account instead entering in direct postage column is due to the simple fact, that I was gone home on leave and the circular 104 in which the instruction are made was reached here in my behind. I was not acquainted well with the circular No. 104 ; but when I saw same time duly corrected the daily account and forwarded to the Head Office.

“ I have the honour to be

“ Sir

“ Your most obdt. Sn.

“ R—— L.

“ S.P.M.”

The following also refers to a "fine" case :—

"From S.P.M. Bhatwalia.

"No. 265. Dated 16/1/87.

"Sir,—Your No. 6923 dated 15/1/87. Thanks to God of your kind favour that the fine annas /8/ have been made on poor Creature without justice the God and your honour will take a good judgment about it and also I have to say as my sweetest heart performs the duty, the Almighty Creator will know. Such it manages and and sorry to say that I dont know what God as written in my fate which I get in this age but I am in a great expectation by your lordship.

"Your most st.

"B———,

"S.P.M."

The Sub-Postmaster of Jhandaha was called upon to explain why he had not signed a money order issued by him. This reply was given :—

"To the Superintendent

"Mozufferpore.

"No. 350. Dated 16/1/1887.

"Honored Sir,—In returning to your No. 6837 I beg to request that my father's presence was required in criminal court at Gya as he was falsely convicted by some of his enemies. The thought of his losing honor at being fined or imprisoned by the court and the strong headache which I felt that day made me somewhat epileptic in my bodily sistem and would not allow to recover my senses which were three sheets in the wind, before closing mail which I did any how or other were the causes of this my sad first and unwittingly comitted mistake. Sir, I have done it but never in my sense but in a hurry. My officers never met with any such mistake before this. I work always carefully as much as I can since am serving in the department. You would not have met with this gross mistake had not these mental as well as bodily diseases attacked me on a sudden. I am your Servant please deal due justice considering my aforesaid case.

"I have &c.

"A — P——."

This is a report from the Sub-Postmaster of Baghi :—

"No. 5. Dated 8/4/1888.

"H. Sir,—In returning your No. 149 of D^t 4/4/88 I have the honour to inform you that this office received the V. P. article No.

830 without received on 16/3/88. Then I your poor sot prepared a attested copies of receipt and then I sent it to Bariarpur for delivery for this I beg to inform you that I have sent an extract copy of error book about V. P. article No. 830 in office of Inspector Post Offices on 17/3/88 with this office No. 171.

"I have &c.

"N——— L———."

The Sub-Postmaster of Bhatwalia having been fined for bad work, sent this reply :—

"No. 5. D^t 5/4/88.

"Sir,—I have corrected the Registered List and attested with my initial an enclosure to your No. 79 D^t 1/4/88. I am willing to undergo any punishment you give me, for they will be useful to me in future. Patrons should not save their rods for spoiling their children.

"I have &c.

"K———."

The following error report was received from Pupri Sub-Post Office :—

"Against Durbhunga mail line.

"Mail arrived at 9 a.m. instead 4 a.m.

"Sometimes I have been made a report against the above line for receiving the mail at proper time, but the overseer (Mohamed Asgur Hussain) of that district could not bring making the time as proper—the overseer should to be visited once in a month in their line, but this man never been visited during my duty. This agitation of the overseer is very bad. I therefore solicit to say that, you will please write him to stand as his duty in future.

"REASUT HUSSAIN."

Among the different things the Postal Service has to contend with in such a large tract of country as British India, the variations of climate are not the least, as the next report will show :—

"No. 303. Hindubagh. D^t 10/12/92.

"Sir,—Please attention to my report No. 297 D^t 3/12/92. I beg explanation that the Ice falled very much—about thighs on 2nd and 3rd instant between Hindubagh and Khanozai and road was stoped. man and horse did not travel on same dates. This is not fault of sowars but god's wish, and mail Quetta was received me on 4th Instant.

"I beg &c.

"D———."

An error report against Shabrig Sub-Office was :—

An ordinary parcel No. 500 originally posted from Charing Cross, Lahore, was delivered to G. Humfress, whereas it was addressed by the sender as B. Humfress.

The explanation of the Sub-Postmaster was :—

“G. Humfress and B. Humfress are both wife and husband to each other. They dont object to the delivery of the parcel to their address to any one of them.”

Let me close these specimens of composition with a report in which the Sub-Postmaster of Shabrig complains of the too familiar conduct on the part of the *ophidia* order of creation.

“No. 90. D^t 20/6/95.

“Sir,—I beg to report since 4 or 5 days last 3 serpents each about 5 feet long were often seen about the Post Office building. They were noticed many times by public and when they tried to kill them they fled away. At last they made their permanent residence under the bridges of the stream lately in use but now diverted into another channel, and used to sit down immediately outside the door in the stream in the day-time till they were seen and then they crept under the bridge. Day before yesterday while I was going to open the telegraph office at 20.30 one of the serpents was sitting at the door and prevented my going in for a few minutes. Fearing this constant danger to the Post Office establishment and public and that I may have to answer for not taking immediate precautions I have in anticipation of your sanction caused the bridges put off and the stream covered with earth. I have spent Rs. 2 two only on the above work for which I beg to send a receipt for favour of your sanction.

“I have &c.

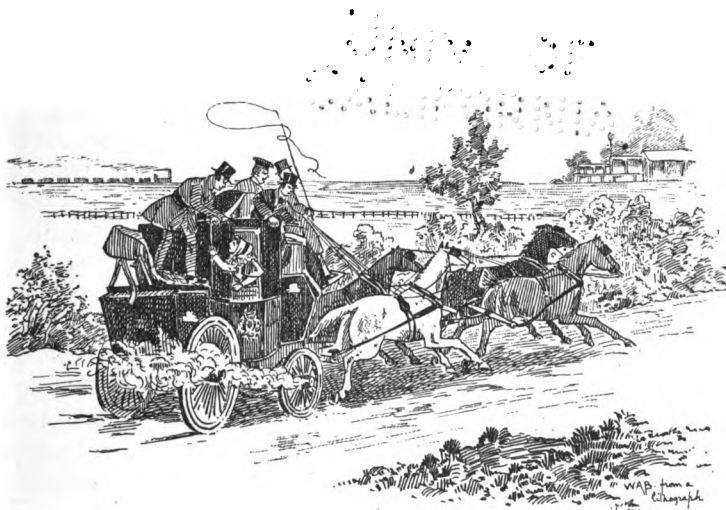
“O—— R——.”

ANGAREION.

Quetta.



The Mail in a flood:—"Keep on this side or you will get in the ditch!"



Wheel on fire. Springing them up to meet the train.

We are indebted to Mr. G. R. Etherton, ex Postmaster of Worthing, for the loan of the lithographs from which these drawings are made.

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The Washington Postal Congress.

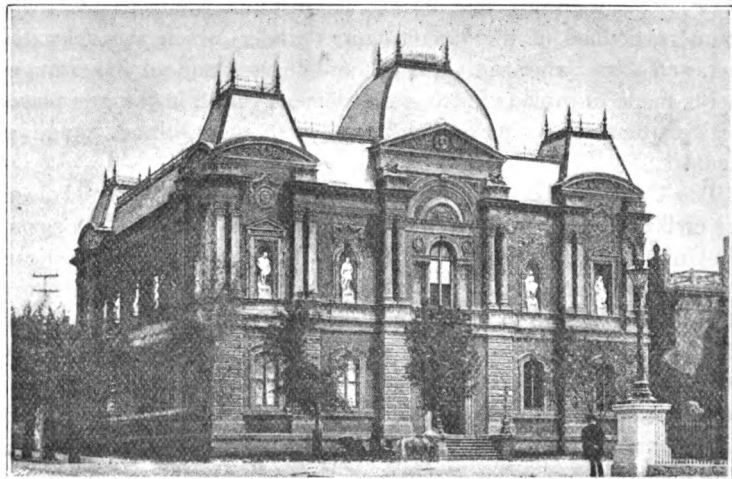
ALTHOUGH the complete results of the deliberations of the Postal Union Congress, which met at Washington during May and June last, have not yet been made public, we think that it may interest our readers to give them some particulars of the circumstances under which the delegates met, and some American views of the delegates, and of the arrangements made to provide for their amusement. But, in the first place, a few particulars relating to the Union itself may with advantage be given.

The Universal Postal Union now embraces practically the whole of the civilized world. The credit for suggesting its formation belongs to the United States. On the 4th of August 1862, Mr. Blair, the American Postmaster General, addressed a letter to Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, asking him to invite a conference of the postal authorities of Europe and America to meet at a time and place to be selected by them, to recommend to their governments the adoption of international postal regulations, a uniform standard of weights, rates, and conditions, and a uniform basis for sea and land transit charges, etc. The invitation was accepted and the first meeting of the epoch-making "Commission Internationale des Postes" was held at Paris in May 1863. Delegates were present representing Great Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Netherlands, the Hanseatic cities, Switzerland, the Sandwich Islands, and Costa Rica. After a general discussion and a foundation laid for future work, the conference adjourned. Through the kindness of Mr. Buxton Forman we are enabled to publish portraits of the members of this historic Committee.

Six years later, the postal administration of Germany issued proposals for an international Congress; but, through complications arising from the Franco-Prussian war, matters remained in abeyance until September 1874, when what is known as the First Postal Union Congress met at Berne. The first treaty was signed in October of that year; the countries represented being the several countries of Europe, the United States, and Egypt. The second Congress of the Union was held at Paris in May 1878, the third at Lisbon in February 1885, and the fourth at Vienna in May 1891.*

* See *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, vol. ii., p. 18.

The recent Congress at Washington was the fifth. Its opening meeting was held on the 5th of May, and we cannot do better than quote the description of the event as furnished by the luxuriant pen of the reporter of *The Washington Evening Star*. The brilliancy of the meeting, as described by the writer, suggests a gathering of the Primrose League rather than an assemblage of Post Office Officials.



THE OLD CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

"The Universal Postal Congress began its sessions at the old Corcoran Art Gallery this morning shortly after 11 o'clock. The delegates began to gather long before this hour, and assembled in the room to the left of the entrance on the first floor. They made a striking and picturesque group. The majority of the gentlemen were attired in full dress, with white gloves, but a number of them wore military uniforms with side arms. The profusion of decorations worn by the delegates was as notable as the insignias were brilliant and beautiful. Jewelled stars, gem-incrusted circlets, and a large variety of other emblems significant of the honours conferred upon their wearers by potentates and governments, were displayed. Some of the delegates wore as many as a dozen decorations of this character hanging pendent from brilliant ribbons around their necks, pinned to coat lapels or bosoms, or held by broad, bright scarfs that encircled their bodies. The Danish and Italian representatives were attired in military uniform, heavily embroidered with gold, and the Russians wore velvet cloaks with many silver buttons, while golden spurs hung at the heels of their patent leather riding boots. The Japanese wore the military uniform

of that empire, and the Corean and Chinese representatives were attired in the court dress of the nations they represented.

"Postmaster General Gary and Assistant Postmaster General Heath arrived after most of the delegates had assembled, and were cordially greeted. City Postmaster Willet was also present for a short time. Great attention was paid to Gen. Batcheller, the premier delegate of the United States and president of the congress, and to Capt. N. M. Brooks, chief of foreign mails, under whose supervision the preparations for the congress have been made. The conversation among the delegates buzzed in a dozen different languages, the little groups of delegates from the same country talking together in their native tongues, but quickly using French when addressing their remarks to others. Everything possible had been arranged for the convenience of the visitors. Lists of the delegates, with their city addresses as far as could be ascertained, were distributed; and on the tables were copies of the plan of the 'Grand Salle des Seances,' as the main hall where the congress is held is called. The position of each desk was denoted and the names of the delegates who occupy them printed across the face.

"Shortly after 11 o'clock a line was formed and the delegates proceeded to the grand salle. The scene here was a memorable one. Had the handsome desks been removed the gathering would have given one the impression of an assemblage for a social function of the most distinguished character. The exquisite decorations and furnishings of the apartments, the crimson hangings of the walls, with the brilliant colours of the coats of arms and the flags of the nations represented in the congress arranged above them; the green foliage plants that were massed in the corners, and the gleaming and scintillating jewels of the decorations, and the flashing gold of the uniforms, made a picture whose beauty could be but faintly conveyed by a description in words.

"Postmaster General Gary rapped the assemblage to order. He occupied the central desk on the raised platform beneath the overhanging canopy, above which a golden American eagle proudly spread its pinions. To the right of the Postmaster General was M. Höhn, director of the Universal Postal Union, and to the left was Gen. Batcheller. Mr. Rosewater sat at Mr. Höhn's right, and ex-Postmaster General Tyner at the left of Gen. Batcheller."

The Postmaster-General's Address.

Postmaster-General Gary said :

"Gentlemen: I tender you a hearty greeting in the name of the United States of America, and welcome you to the capital of this great and growing nation.

"Whatever conduces to the spread of intelligence, the encouragement of the arts of peace, the enlightenment of the people of all countries, the extension of commerce and the consequent cementing

of fraternal ties between the nations, meets with the commendation of the people in whose behalf I extend this welcome.

"You come as the messengers of peace and good will, as the visible embodiment of international comity, as the advocates of international commerce, as the bearers of friendly messages between communities widely separated yet closely united; and I salute you as the representatives of advanced and advancing civilization. Before you depart for your respective homes, we hope to bring you into closer communication with our people, among whom you will find the former citizens and subjects of all the nations of the earth and their descendants. Scarcely a delegate is here to-day who may not receive a cordial and hospitable welcome from natives of his own country, and some of you may find your own countrymen almost as numerous as you left at home.

"We desire also that you may bear away with you a more complete knowledge of our domain, which extends across a continent three thousand miles, embracing almost every variety of climate; of a country of boundless resources, of infinite fertility, of varied manufacturing interests, and containing a prosperous and happy population of over seventy millions of people. We want to afford you an object lesson of the marvellous growth of communities founded mainly during the past century, which support a postal system comprising more than 70,000 offices and 200,000 employees, supplying mails for and despatching them over 170,000 miles of railroad, 12,000 miles of steamboat service, and by other minor routes of service, aggregating in all 460,000 miles of post routes, and handling a total in the year 1896 of 5,693,719,615 pieces of mail matter. Thus we place even the small and remote communities in direct communication with one another by means of postal facilities. By carrying back to your homes the knowledge that all these millions of people are anxious to establish the closest social and business relations with each of the countries you represent you will convey some idea of the value of the maintenance and perfection of the system you have met to promote.

"It is quite appropriate that this, the fifth congress of the International Postal Union, should be held in the United States, and at the capital of our nation, for it was here that the suggestion creating this body originated.

"Postmaster-General Blair, on August 4th, 1862, in a communication addressed to Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, proposed an international conference of postal delegates to recommend

measures looking to the revision, simplification and uniformity of its international postal arrangements; and the Department of State submitted the proposition to the governments of Great Britain, France, Prussia, Sweden, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy and Ecuador. Favourable responses were received from all the governments named, and at Paris, on the second Monday of the following May, the first international conference assembled.

“Out of this idea of an international conference grew the larger idea of a permanent Universal Postal Union, and the first congress of this union met in the hall of the national senate of Switzerland in September, 1874. The treaty creating this union went into effect on the 1st of July, 1875.

“In congratulating our government and our people upon being the host of this, probably the body most representative of all the civilized nations of the earth that has ever assembled, I can, therefore, express our profound pride that the idea creating this union originated with us. The Universal Postal Union is young in years, but phenomenal in successes and achievements. It is the outgrowth of separate treaties between different national organizations, each compact differing in some essential respects from all others.

“Only twenty-three years ago, in the city of Berne, at the foot of the Alps, the delegates from a few administrations met and laid deep and solid the foundations of this union. The founders of the institution are fast passing away, only a few remain on this side of the boundaries of time who have personal recollections of its inauguration, and soon there will be left only the scattered and incomplete records of the different administrations to tell the story of how one of the grandest projects of the century was conceived and born.

“We are rapidly approaching the realization of the dream which was outlined in the colossal enterprise, for there is reason to believe that by the time this congress adjourns, the sun in its daily circuit through the heavens will not rise upon a civilized people nor set upon an organized government which is not included in the wise and beneficent jurisdiction of the Universal Postal Union.

“Thus you meet under happy auspices. Representatives from countries not in the Union, notably those from China and Corea, are present and ready to join your brotherhood, participate in your deliberations and become co-workers with you. Would that the representatives of the several governments which constituted the component parts of the infant union, the men whose genius shines

through every written page of your early history, and whose influence is everywhere visible in the beneficent labours of their successors, could be present to enjoy the almost full fruition of their hopes and aspirations !

“ Most of them have crossed the dark river and now rest under the shade of the other shore. Since the congress of Vienna, official notices of the death of some of its honoured members have been sent out by the international bureau at Berne, such conspicuous names as Hofstede, director-general of posts and telegraphs of the Netherlands ; of Lund, the late director-general of the posts of Denmark ; of Sir Arthur Blackwood, secretary of the General Post Office at London ; of Eugene Borel, the accurate, scholarly, accomplished and efficient director of the international bureau at Berne, and of Dr. von Stephan, the imperial director of the posts of Germany, a man of wide learning and wisdom and exceptional mental resources, the Bismarck of the post.

“ Thus briefly alluding to the virtues of your former co-labourers and friends, I am tempted to quote from the touching tribute paid by Dr. von Stephan at the opening of the Vienna congress to those of his former associates whose deaths had just been announced :

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘at the moment we are about to inaugurate our labours, permit me to follow a sacred usage in calling to mind the names of our fellow-labourers and friends who since the congress of Lisbon have by the inscrutable decree of Providence passed beyond the confines of this life.’ Then, after a brief eulogy of the honoured dead, he closed with the suggestion that ‘on their tombs let us lay the wreath of remembrance and friendship.’

“ So, let us bring to-day to his grave and to the graves of those whom he, too, would have delighted to honour, the fragrance of friendship, the remembrances of their lives crowned by useful deeds. Fortunate it is that in the practical affairs of life no man or group of men is indispensable to the accomplishment of great reforms. Men die, but genius survives. The deeds of brave and successful workers outlive them. Those to whom I have referred have left a precious legacy of difficulties overcome ; of obstructions removed from the path of postal progress and reforms, and have surveyed and made straight the highways upon which you are to travel in reaching the goal they set up for your ambition. They have made your work lighter. They conceived, and left you to execute. I doubt not that you will enter upon the task cheered by the prospects that your successes will be the consummation of their designs.

"Some important questions will be brought to your attention which are not likely to be decided by unanimous vote ; some powerful governments will propose modifications of the treaty of Vienna relating to the reduction of transit rates. Others, perhaps, will ask to have such rates abolished. The question of reducing the rates of international postage will come before you. To the consideration of these grave propositions I invite your careful attention, confident that your decision thereon, as well as on the other subjects, will be wise and profitable for all the countries concerned.

"Again, welcoming you to this capital, wishing for each of you a pleasant sojourn among us and a safe return to your homes at the conclusion of a profitable session, I declare the fifth congress of the Universal Postal Union opened, and ask you to organize by nominating a president to conduct your deliberations."

At the second meeting of the Congress the question was considered of the admission of the three countries now outside the Postal Union, namely, China, Corea, and the Orange Free State. Corea, through her representatives, agreed to the general compact for a date not yet fixed, but which in any case will be prior to the 1st of January 1899. China, though not consenting immediately to join the Union, gave assurances that at no distant date arrangements would be completed which would enable her to take this step. A cablegram to the congress sent from Berlin by a representative of the Orange Free State was read, announcing that that country would join the Union. These statements, we learn, were received with enthusiasm, and Mr. Spencer Walpole, of Great Britain, M. Ansault, of France, and Herr Fritsch, of Germany, as well as President Batcheller, expressed their great satisfaction over the acquisition of three important countries, one the most populous on the globe.

Mr. Walpole was elected Chairman of the First Committee of the Congress, which had the task of revising the principal convention. This responsible and difficult position he filled, we understand, to the great satisfaction of his colleagues, becoming in fact, it is said, the most popular man in the Congress.

Turning to lighter matters, we note that the American press has dealt with the Congress in a thoroughly characteristic manner. Headlines have been much in evidence, and although these are no longer a special feature of United States journalism, we think the American product still holds the field in spite of the efforts of the London evening papers. Here are some headlines from *The New York World* of the 3rd of May :—

MAIL MEN FROM AFAR.

Delegates to the Postal Congress Talk Entertainingly.

SABA PASHA SPEAKS ENGLISH.

Egypt's Postmaster-General is a Christian and Attended His Own Church.

HE READS "THE WORLD" IN CAIRO.

Envoys from Bulgaria and Roumania Sympathise with Greece, but Say She Is Foolish.

The American reporter received a severe blow when he discovered that most of the deliberations would be conducted in private, and that Committees were considered to be better suited for the discussion of purely technical subjects than the press. The language of some of the Washington newspapers became painful and free, and one of them treated its readers to some piquant observations under the following headlines :—

AWFULLY EXCLUSIVE

The Sessions of the International Postal Congress.

GEN. BATCHELLER'S LATEST ORDER

Newspaper Men Forbidden Entrance Into the Building.

IDEA AS TO THE DELEGATES

The "Idea as to the Delegates" was not a complimentary one. It was hinted that the secrecy they maintained as to their proceedings was due to the fact that they were snobs, and also that they were angry with the criticisms which had been passed upon the French spoken by several of the delegates, and notably with the remarks which had been passed upon the French of the President. As the President himself had given the order for the exclusion of the Press, the latter reason was fastened upon with some venom. From other headlines, however, such as the following,

THE WORLD OF SOCIETY

Postal Delegates Feted at Corcoran
House.

Farewell Hospitality Extended by Mr.
and Mrs. Brice—Personal
Notes.

one might be led to conclude that the exclusiveness of the delegates naturally followed upon their inclusion in "The World of Society."

To do the Americans justice, so far as we can gather, the bitterest criticisms were reserved for their own people. For instance, a correspondent of *The New York World* wrote as follows, under date of the 6th of May:—

Mr. Gary's Mistake.

To the Editor of *The World*:

Postmaster-General Gary's "Fourth of July" oration at the opening of the Postal Congress may have been good of its kind. But was it not a shocking and ridiculous exhibition of bad manners and bad taste? It seems to me that Mr. Gary ought to know that it is not proper to welcome a man to your house by telling him what a fine house you have, and that it is finer than anything any one else has, and that he ought to be much obliged for the opportunity he is getting, thanks to your hospitality. I think Gary is a good, well-meaning soul, but lacking in common sense. I don't believe he intended to be discourteous. He simply didn't know any better.

H. W.

New York, May 6th.

Then again, as evidence of the courtesy and fine feeling of the American press towards strangers, exhibited frequently, it is true,

at the cost of accuracy, our Secretary has been referred to in all the newspapers we have seen, as Sir Spencer Walpole! Continental newspapers habitually speak of "Lord Gladstone" and "Sir Joseph Chamberlain," and the conferring of titles by the press is often a truer indication of the merit of the persons so honoured than is the case when titles are merely conferred by the advisers of Her Majesty.

At the close of the Congress the delegates were taken for a ten days' tour to see Niagara and some of the principal cities of the States.

In our next number we shall hope to chronicle the chief results of the deliberations of the Congress. As stated in our January issue, the British delegates were Mr. Spencer Walpole, Secretary of the Post Office, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, Assistant Secretary, and Mr. C. A. King, Chief Examiner A.G.D. Mr. A. B. Walkley (S.O.) acted as Secretary to the delegation.



ON BICYCLE SATURDAY.

The Supervisor.—"Miss Wheeler, either go at once and put on two aprons or go home: This is scandalous!"

Dr. Von Stephan.

I.—BY K. GÖBNER, BÜCKEBURG.



ON the 8th April last one of the most eminent statesmen of Germany, one of the most popular men of the Empire, the most genial and gifted postal official of our time,

DR. HEINRICH VON STEPHAN,

STAATSSSECRETAIR DES REICHS-POSTAMTS,

died in Berlin after long suffering endured with great patience. As far as the telegraph reaches, the news of his decease excited profound regret and painful sentiments everywhere. Dr. von Stephan was known the wide world over. His was an international personality. The Postal and Telegraph Administrations of nearly all nations expressed their sympathy in the heartiest manner either to the Reichs-Postamt or to the family. From the General Post Office, London, the Duke of Norfolk sent the following lines :

"The loss is one which cannot fail to be felt throughout the whole postal world, so much indebted to his Excellency's energy and initiative for progress and reforms which it would be idle to attempt to enumerate."

The high position occupied by Dr. von Stephan for more than a quarter of a century was obtained only by his own energy. A detailed account of his splendid career has already been given in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.* Born in 1831, the son of a tradesman, Stephan, when but 27 years of age, had already gained high positions in the Postal Administration. From 1863 he was in the Reichs-Postamt, and for twenty-six years was the head of the latter. In "A Postal Tramp Abroad,"† it was rightly affirmed that he has made the German Post Office the most accomplished institute of its kind in the world.

After the foundation of the Postal Union at Berne (9th October, 1874) Stephan was a highly estimated personality at the Congresses. He united splendid accomplishments with great knowledge. He

* Vol. V., pp. 385—398.

† *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, Vol. III., p. 268.

was a splendid orator, had a thorough knowledge of languages, and was genial enough to find an ideal side even in the most prosaic aspects of the postal traffic.

Stephan was liked by everybody. His officers venerated him as a good chief who promoted their welfare continually. The enormous attendance at his funeral was the best proof of this. Seven thousand five hundred of his officers brought him to his last resting place. The funeral service took place in the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, the whole Corps Diplomatique, the heads of the civil and military magistracies, artists, learned men, and deputies, and was held in the recently constructed hall of the Reichs-Postamt, which was decorated by artists in a magnificent manner. The famous preacher, Dryander, illuminated in a touching manner the life and work of the deceased, reminding those present of the words of the Saviour :

“Welch' ein grosses Ding ist es um einen treuen und klugen Haushalter !”

Another sentence, too, we may justly apply to the life of this great man :

“Wenn unser Leben köstlich gewesen ist, so ist es Mühe und Arbeit gewesen.”

May he rest in peace !

II.—BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.*

In the person of Dr. Heinrich von Stephan, Imperial Postmaster-General, who has just died at the age of sixty-six, Germany has lost one of her most distinguished, if not one of her greatest, men, for the late Minister of State had achieved a reputation as wide as the Universal Postal Union, of his own creation, and he belonged, so to say, not only to Germany, but to the whole world. He was a man of almost tremendous force of character, and what might be called “driving power”—a Bismarck in energy, though by no means Bismarckian in his methods. He was a “Doctor,” or M.A., by courtesy of the University of Halle, which, in recognition of his great achievements, conferred upon him an honorary degree—just as the old Emperor ennobled him for the same reason ; but he never enjoyed a college education, and, as Lord Ampthill used to say, he was the only German he ever knew who had forced his way up to the very top of the official ladder without having enjoyed the advantages of an academic career, by sheer dint of his

* Reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle* of the 9th of April.

dogged energy and personal talents. He was born in Pomerania, at the little town of Stolp, the Garrison place of the Blücher Hussars, and at the age of seventeen, in the revolutionary year of '48, entered the postal service in some humble capacity or other, at his native place. His talents, and, above all, his self-acquired knowledge of languages, soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and in 1856 he was transferred to Berlin to an important post in the General Post Office, where he was employed in superintending postal reform, and also in connection with the conclusion of postal agreements between Prussia and most European States, his services being recognized by his elevation to the rank of Oberpostrath. In 1870 he was appointed General Post Director of the North German Bund, and it was in this capacity that there fell upon him the task, the very difficult task, of organizing the field-post service during the war with France—a service which was little short of miraculous in its minuteness, ministering as it did to the comfort and consolation of the German soldiers in the highest degree, and moving the admiration of every foreigner who came in contact with it.

After the war Von Stephan set himself to organize the Imperial postal system, which has done as much for national unity as the codification of German law; and he carried out a series of major reforms which were nothing less than epoch-marking. Foremost among these was his founding of the Weltpostverein, or the Universal Postal Union—an idea which had been the dream of some of his countrymen a century at least before, and which had been simmering in his own head for several years ere it found practical expression in the decision of an International Congress at Berne in 1874. It has ever been the boast of France that she "marches at the head of civilization," but Germany stole a decided march upon her, and it was not till a year later that she signified her assent to the convention—for private and domestic reasons, as she said. What this Weltpostverein has done for human progress can scarcely be expressed in words; and as a sequel to this Union Herr von Stephan came forward with his device of post-cards, which have proved such an immense blessing to millions. No wonder that our own General Post Office gets its post cards "made in Germany," for that was where the idea of them was first suggested. It was also due to Von Stephan that the postal and telegraph systems of Germany were united, or rather reunited, and that under his management they became such an ample source of revenue to the Imperial Government.

But another of his achievements deserves honourable mention, for it was he who caused his country to take the lead among the nations in the laying down of underground telegraph cables, and in the period between 1876 and 1881 he thus enclosed the Empire in a network of subterranean wires at a cost of considerably over 30,000,000 marks. Over 220 towns and cities of the Empire have thus secured telegraphic communication in spite of storms, and above all things in spite of the accidents of war. It is thus that the internal communications of Germany are always perfect, happen what may, for these underground cables are treated as mere reserve and supplemental wires which are equally safe from climatic disturbance and from the destructive axe alike of Russian Cossack and French *Chasseur à cheval*. In no country were the advantages of the telephone perceived more quickly and applied more extensively or more cheaply than in Germany, and it was in this respect, perhaps, that Herr von Stephan earned the heartiest gratitude of his countrymen. For these and other brilliant services Stephan was appointed State Secretary for the department of Imperial Posts and telegraphs, which under his management had become a perfect model of administration far transcending the fondest dreams of the princely Thurn and Taxis family, who had been for so many generations the hereditary postmasters of the holy Roman Empire. It is a matter of common notoriety that the Germans have furnished us with most of the ideas that have subserved us in the reorganization of our Army; but it is not so generally realised that in the postal domain Herr von Stephan has been to us as great an exemplar in the furtherance of letters and telegrams as was Count von Roon in the field of war. Above all things Stephan trained his legionaries to display the most astounding shrewdness in discovering the destination of badly or insufficiently addressed letters. Two years ago, for example, an envelope was found at the General Post Office with the simple address, "Er"—"He." All the officials were at their wits' end, and submitted the thing to their chief. "Oh," he said, "that must be for Bismarck; to-morrow you know, is his eightieth birthday." The letter was accordingly sent to Friedrichsruh, and proved to be in reality meant for the Iron Chancellor. With this Chancellor Von Stephan always stood on the very best footing, for he was not a politician—or, at least, not a partisan—and yet he always stood up for and maintained the absolute integrity and independence of his department. Press censorship at the Berlin Telegraph Office was practically unknown—or, at least unpractised.

Von Stephan was a simple, fine, open, manly fellow, with a leonine kind of look ; and he was adored by his sternly disciplined subordinates. Possessing all the finest qualities of the German, both in mind and body, he was nevertheless a cosmopolite in spirit—yet a cosmopolite, or *Weltbürger* of the Tennysonian kind, “who loved his native country best.” His one recreation, as was said the other day, was a very hot passion for the chase ; and the antlered trophies of his huge dining-room made his residence look less like the staid official residence of a German Minister than of a Highland laird.

He was the author of several erudite works, including a *History of the Prussian Post* and a book on modern Egypt. Soon after the present Emperor ascended the throne, he presented Von Stephan with his portrait and the autograph, “At the end of this nineteenth century of ours, the special characteristic of the world is its intercourse, which breaks down the barriers separating the nations, and establishes new relations between them” ; and it may be added that to the breaking down of those barriers no man ever contributed more in his way than Heinrich von Stephan.

German Post Office Buildings.

THE magnificent buildings devoted to the postal service which are to be found to-day in many German towns are outward and visible signs of the working of one master-mind. They owe their existence to the late Dr. von Stephan. In his triple capacity as Postmaster General,



STOLP POST OFFICE.

Secretary of State, and head of the *Postbauverwaltung* (Office of Works for the Post Office), Dr. von Stephan was all-powerful. He decided when and where the buildings should be erected, obtained

from Parliament the necessary grants for the purpose, and—so it is said—not infrequently drew the designs and acted as his own architect.

Many an old German town is beloved of artists by virtue of some special style of architecture, at once quaint and beautiful, which, as a priceless heirloom, has been bequeathed by the middle ages to the present. It was a fixed principle with the German Postmaster General that, whenever any such type or style was found to prevail in a town, the architecture of the Post Office building should faithfully reflect it. As a consequence, those Offices which have been built since 1870—the year when Von Stephan became Director-General of Posts—reveal great diversity of style, which is in striking contrast to the “splendid monotony” characteristic of our English Offices.

We cannot do better than give one or two typical examples, and may fittingly commence with the town of

STOLP,

in Pomerania, the birthplace of Dr. von Stephan. Stolp has a history of its own, which, however, does not come within the scope of this article. We are concerned only with its postal arrangements and its Post Office building. The Government postal service was first inaugurated in Stolp in 1654, when the Pomeranian Post was instituted; but, so far as Stolp was concerned, little progress was made until 1830, when the road between Danzig and Stettin was completed. The present Post Office was built in 1878–80 and was opened by Dr. von Stephan in person, whose speech on that occasion contained many interesting references to his early days.* The public offices in the building are on the ground floor; on the first floor are the telegraph offices and accommodation for the Postmaster, and on the second floor accommodation for the minor officials.

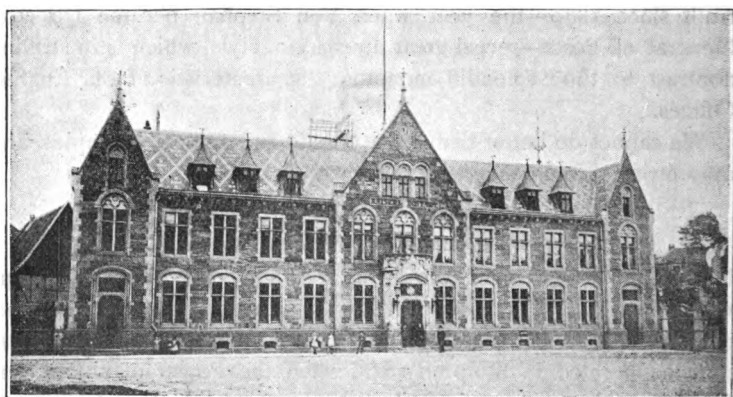
MINDEN (WESTPHALIA).

The name of Minden is familiar to Englishmen by reason of the battle which was fought near the town, on the 1st of August 1759, during the Seven Years' War. Here, after a desperate struggle, the French were defeated by the Anglo-Hanoverian Army under Frederick of Brunswick and Lord George Sackville. The bravery of the 20th Foot (“The Minden Boys”) on that day has not been forgotten, and has recently been made the subject of one of Rudyard Kipling's stirring ballads.

* See *St. Martin's le Grand*, vol. v., p. 386.

From a postal point of view, Minden has long been a place of importance. In 1841, before the railway system had absorbed most of the traffic, foot messengers, mounted messengers, express messengers, vans, and passenger coaches, all conveying mails, streamed through Minden at an average rate of 27 per day.

The Post Office shewn in the accompanying picture was built in the years 1883-5. The building faces the large Cathedral square, and its architecture accords with that of the Cathedral opposite, which belongs to the Transitional period. There is an absence of



MINDEN POST OFFICE.

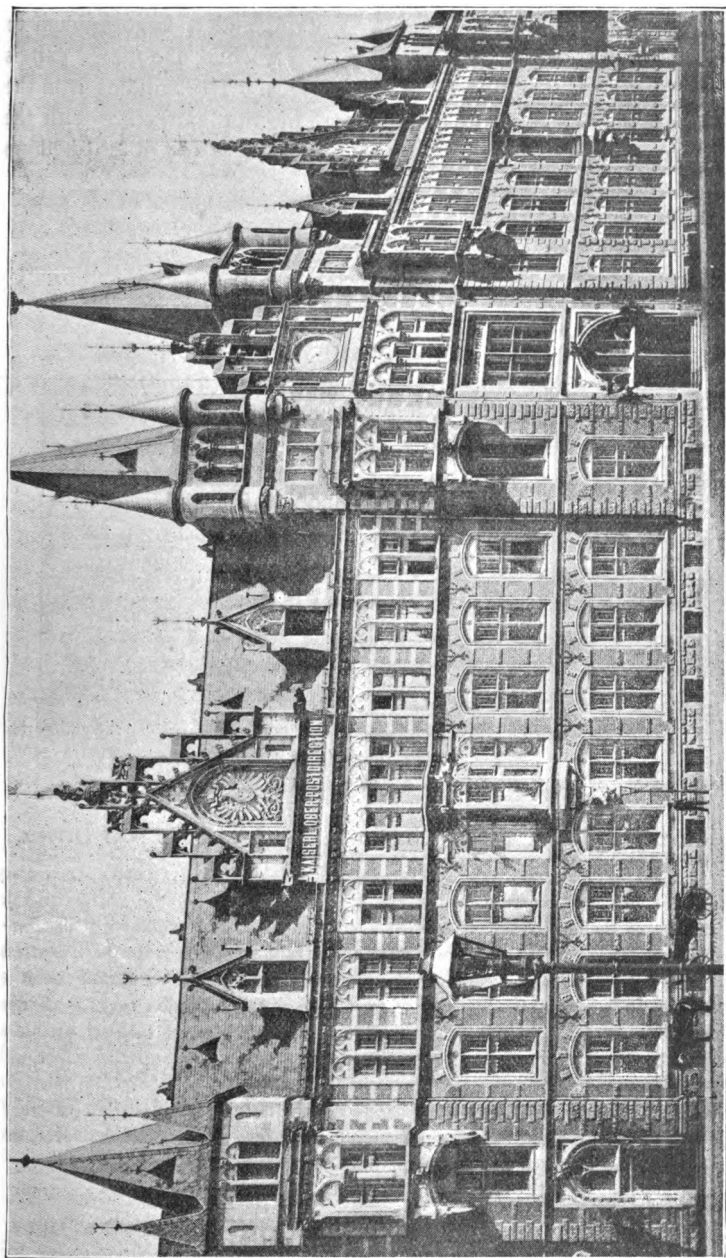
the over-elaboration which seems to mar the architecture of some of the fine Post Office buildings in other German towns.

BRUNSWICK.

Brunswick, also, is a name familiar in English history, for the Duke Frederick William, with his famous "Black Brunswickers," entered the English Service in 1809, and fought in the Peninsular War until 1813. "The Black Brunswicker" will be remembered as one of Millais' well-known pictures.

The town of Brunswick reached its zenith as a commercial centre in the thirteenth century. At that early date it is said to have had a postal service of its own, which, later on, was superseded by a Government service. The town has a population of 86,000.

The building of the present Chief Post Office was commenced in 1878 and completed in 1881. The office is situated in the busiest



BRUNSWICK POST OFFICE.

part of the town, near the railway station, and is large enough to include the postal and telegraph services, whilst the upper part is used for the accommodation of the officials. The building is in the Gothic style, and both the exterior and interior harmonize with the numerous and well-preserved mediæval churches and other buildings which still exist in the town.

J. B.

(To be continued.)



CHRISTMAS 1896. A BUSY CORNER IN THE LIVERPOOL POST OFFICE.

The above picture (from a "phantasy" by Mr. J. H. Teall, Temporary Sorting Clerk at Liverpool) represents the heroic efforts of the Sorters and the struggles of their chief—overwhelmed for the moment by undeserved disaster—at a time of exceptional pressure. The interest of the scene appears to centre in the artist himself, who, yielding to an unfortunate but ineradicable habit of "boxing off" his letters by hand, instead of in the orthodox tray, is charged down by a too-energetic colleague. A second colleague, in looking around to enjoy the result, himself presses communications upon the Superintendent with undue force and pertinacity. At this point the streams of misfortune meet, for the incoming bags, too vigorously introduced by the porter, upset the (centre of) gravity of him in charge of those outgoing, with the happy result, however, that if seals are broken so also is the Superintendent's fall.

THE
OF
THE



C. C. ROBERTSON.
(*Officer-in-Charge, Telegraph
Office, Wellington.*)

W. G. MEDDINGS.
(*Inspector of Telegraphs,
Christchurch.*)

J. G. BALLARD.
(*Officer-in-Charge, Telegraph
Office, Dunedin.*)



E. H. BOLD.
(*Inspector of Telegraphs,
Auckland.*)



W. S. FURBY.
(*Officer-in-Charge, Telegraph
Office, Auckland.*)



J. ORCHISTON.
(*Inspector of Telegraphs,
Dunedin.*)



H. W. HARRINGTON.
(*Officer-in-Charge, Telegraph
Office, Napier.*)

Some Recollections—III.

IN 1862-3 I was attached to the British Post Office at Constantinople, having relieved Mr. Rishworth, the Chief Clerk, who had been invalided home. Constantinople is now within four days of London. It was then a journey extending over three weeks. The good ship "Stella," in which I took passage, steamed leisurely across the Bay of Biscay, coasted up the Mediterranean, threaded her way among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, brought up under the Island of Mytelene to obtain pratique before entering the Dardanelles, and finally rounded Seraglio Point just twenty-one days after leaving the London Docks. Nowadays, with our Stanleys, our Jamesons, and our Nansens, when every school-boy talks glibly of the Pyramids and Spitzbergen, of shooting cataracts, and climbing mountains, our appetite is so jaded with travel and adventure that it takes almost a miracle to stir our languid pulse. But, after the lapse of thirty-five years, I have a vivid recollection of the scene which burst upon me on our dropping anchor off Galata Quay. It was early morning, and the peaks of a hundred minarets, lit up by the rising sun, shone like burnished gold. The Golden Horn, stretching away to the Sweet Waters of Europe, lay like a silver thread among the surrounding hills, and the blue waters of the Bosphorus sparkled and scintillated as only the Bosphorus can.

Constantinople is one of the places which reminds you of the saying of the Irishman after he had been fished out from the Liffey with his stomach full of that delectable fluid:—"Shure," he said, "it's maat and dhrink I've been having, and, bedad! a little of it goes a long way." Seen from the sea, with the marble palace of Dolma Batché in the immediate foreground, the villages on either side of the Bosphorus nestling in their greenery, and the heights of Stamboul crowned with the venerable mosque of St. Sophia, the city is a dream of beauty. But, alas! things are not what they seem. Personal acquaintance with most places cracked up for their charms, from Naples with its beggars to Singapore with its blue malarial haze, tends to disenchantment; and this is peculiarly the case with Constantinople. It is like being transported from a scene in

fairyland to the prosaic surroundings of a third-rate Eastern town, with its dirt, smells, and squalor. The streets are narrow and tortuous, the shops mean and stuffy, and there is that indescribable odour of sweltering humanity and decomposing matter which always offends the nostrils of the uninitiated.

A Yankee is reported to have said, on first visiting the City of the Sultans, that he guessed that New Orleans, for the number of its separate and distinct stinks, could lick creation, but that anyone who would take a second sniff at Stamboul must be a glutton. Of sanitation there is none. What scavenging there is, is done by the dogs. These wretched mongrels, in every stage of mange and starvation, have their regular beats like policemen, and snap and snarl at any intruder who may venture over the line. A colony of them roosted under the portico of the Post Office, and so murdered sleep, and became such a nuisance, that we used to poison them. Their bloated carcasses lay blistering and rotting in the sun, until getting too strong even for Turkish noses, someone gave a hamal a few paras to move them along, and thus they ultimately found their way to the sea. In the Turkish quarter of Cassim Pasha, where, if possible, matters were worse, there was a veritable Styx, almost as wide as the Medway, pouring its filth into the Golden Horn. It would have shocked the late Sir Benjamin Richardson, and have demolished all his ideas of the laws of hygiene, to have seen the indolent Turk smoking his shabouk on the banks of this stream, and inhaling its foul odours as complacently, and apparently as harmlessly, as if he were drinking in the perfume of all the spices of Arabia.

There are certain parasitical insects, having the human hide for their happy hunting ground, which can only be seen to perfection in Constantinople. If they were only to form themselves into a Guild, or Trades Union, so as to insure combined action, the life of a stranger would not be worth a single night's purchase. Nor is there any lack of the companionship of the less aristocratic and more highly flavoured species. Now, whether it is owing to the skin of the Turk being thicker, and, consequently, more impervious to their attacks; or whether like organisms of a higher order, there is a craving for a change of diet, certain it is that these vermin leave the full-blooded native in comparative quietude, while they fasten like scorpions on the new arrival. Coming as I did from an old Cornu-British stock, with a dash of Celtic blood still in my veins, I had the good fortune, from the first, to pass muster as a native, and after an extensive exploration of the country, my nocturnal visitors did

not, apparently, care for the ground or the provender. But my old friend, Mr. Jew, was an Anglo-Saxon to the very roots of his hair, and they "went for" him with a gusto which removed all risks of his dying of sanguineous apoplexy.

Speaking of Mr. Jew—of whom I have the most pleasing recollections—I suppose he must be the last survivor of that little band of Post Office men who were up at the front during the Crimean War. Mr. Smith is gone, Mr. Mellersh is gone, and Mr. Angell is gone. Jew came home after peace was proclaimed, but went out again, and, in course of time, relieved Mr. Kerr, the British Postmaster. Mr. Kerr was not a *persona grata* to the English community at Constantinople, and instead of returning to his duties, was made Postmaster of Newport, Mon. Ultimately, Mr. Jew succeeded him, and held the office up to the time that the present Postmaster, Mr. Cobb, took up his appointment. I am told that there are great changes in the postal arrangements at Constantinople since my time—collections, deliveries, and all the rest of it—with a considerable indoor staff. Mr. Jew and I managed the whole office between us. There was only one mail out, and one mail in, during the week—on Wednesday and Saturday. On other days there was absolutely nothing doing. I killed time by making and smoking innumerable cigarettes, while Mr. Jew, who was a non-smoker, nursed his babies. The mail reached us by the Austrian-Lloyd's boat viâ Varna and Kustengee. As soon as the ship hove in sight, we hoisted a flag on the top of the building, and the hamals and messengers of all the English and Greek houses flocked to the Post Office from every quarter of the city. For three mortal hours there was a howling mob surging around the entrance, cursing their ancestors and taking away their female relatives' characters in every language they could lay their tongue to.

I am not very clear when the British Post Office was first established, but I believe it was the outcome of the Crimean war. It should be explained that all the great Powers maintain their own Post Offices, and claim jurisdiction over their own subjects. Like almost everything else in Turkey at that time, the Porte could not be trusted to administer justice, or to have charge of the correspondence. Hence, the curious sight presented itself, that we had our own judge and prison in the very capital of a so-called independent State; and, as I understand, even now we carry on our Post Office for the sole benefit of foreigners—that is of Englishmen—as distinct from the Turkish population.

The little knot of Post Office men—now so largely gone over to the majority—should be gratefully remembered as having first demonstrated the practicability of maintaining an efficient field-post in the face of an enemy. Indeed, the Army Post Office was the one bright spot in that otherwise opaque mass of imbecility which characterized the earlier stages of the Crimean war. Could our men have received their food and other supplies as regularly as they got their letters, there would have been another tale to tell of that historical Balaclava, which entailed so much suffering, privation, and loss of life. An old friend of mine, who commanded the transport "Resolute"—one of the few ships which rode out the gale that dealt death and destruction to so many others—told me a story of how things were muddled. He arrived at Constantinople, and reported himself to Admiral Grey, the Captain of the Port. He was ordered to proceed to Balaclava. Among his cargo were several thousand pairs of boots for the troops. But because he had omitted to comply with some formality—to get some forms or other signed and counter-signed—the Commissariat Department absolutely refused to allow the "Resolute" to discharge her freight, and she had to return to Constantinople to obtain the authority of some Jack-in-Office, though all the time the troops were shoeless and starving.

I believe it is conceded, even by those who have seen Sydney and Rio de Janeiro, that, for situation and surroundings, Constantinople is without a rival. This connecting link between two seas, and the key to two Continents, would, in the hands of an enlightened Power, be mistress of the destinies of the East, and dominate the greater part of Europe and Asia. But, alas! it is cursed with one of the worst governments of modern times. The deadly rule of Islam, grafted on a Christian stock, casts its shadow over one of the fairest spots on God's earth, and turns into a wilderness what would otherwise be a fruitful field. There is no patriotism, no healthy national life. The ruling caste, recruited from the polyglot nationalities under the sway of Turkey—Greeks, Albanians, Armenians, *ad hoc genus homo*—has but one object—to grind taxes out of the unfortunate inhabitants, and to oppress and tyrannize over the mixed races and creeds forming the anachronism called the Turkish Empire. I am bound to say—and I am but re-echoing the opinion of everyone who has been brought into contact with him—that the Turk himself, apart from the governing body, is a patient, long-suffering, well-disposed citizen, as superior to the modern Greek, as the Greek is

to the Patagonian. But he has no incentive to labour. The more he earns the more he is taxed; material prosperity only invites extortion. To see him, as I have, tending his half-starved flock of sheep, which, apparently, had nothing to fatten on but the grave stones in the cemeteries; with a hunted look in his eyes, as if the bastinado and the courbash lurked around every corner, was not to blame, but to pity him. As for your Greek, or rather Levantine, about whom so much fuss has been made of late, he is about as bad a specimen of humanity as can be met with this side of Hades. More than half the crime, and nearly all the rascality in the city was committed by these so-called Greeks. They were at the bottom of every plot, had their finger in every unsavoury pie, and were never known to tell the truth, except by accident.

I daresay the Constantinople of to-day is very different from what it was when I knew it. In the early sixties, side by side with a good deal of tawdry show, there was only the thinnest veneer of Western civilization. The main street of Pera was unpaved. Offal, garbage, and every other abomination, lay about, and dogs littered in the holes and ruts which abounded. With the exception of a few arabas—a sort of brougham—used to convey the ladies of the harem to the mosque and to the baths—jealously guarded by a neuter Ethiopian, and yashmaked to the eyes—there were very few wheeled vehicles in the place. All the heavy work was done by Armenian porters or hamals. We had one attached to the British Post Office, who was also our cook and housemaid! “Manhook” was a quiet, decent fellow, who slept in some mysterious cupboard in the basement, and, to my certain knowledge, never washed or took his clothes off the whole time I was there. Nevertheless, he was not a bad cook, and brewed capital coffee, though I fear it would not do to dive too deeply into the *modus operandi*.

Another thing which strikes a stranger to Constantinople is the extent and frequency of fires. For ought I know to the contrary, they may now have a Shand and Mason or a Merryweather Engine. But, in my time, the only appliances for extinguishing a fire were goat skins filled with water, of the same pattern as were in use by the Egyptians two thousand years ago, carried on men’s backs—about as useful for the purpose as a penny squirt levelled at a volcano. The consequence was that a whole district, involving the destruction of hundreds of houses, was frequently burnt out in a single night; and as by some law, peculiar to Turkey, the ground upon which the houses stood at once reverted to the Government, the poor wretches

who were the victims sometimes camped out among the ashes for months at a stretch, lest, by surrendering the site, they should lose the right to rebuild.

A year or so after returning from Constantinople, I took up the appointment of Postmaster of Penzance. This, figuratively, as well as geographically, was the Ultima Thule—the end of all things:—A Yankee skipper, who had been wrecked in Mounts Bay, used to say to me that he was afraid to go out after dark for fear that he would fall overboard. Accustomed as he had been to the “magnificent distances” of the States, he could not understand being hemmed in between two seas, or a strip of land probably not wider than many rivers on the American Continent. Now whether it be a fact or not that men’s minds are affected by their environment, it scarcely admits of doubt that locality has a very important bearing on their material interests. One man goes East or North, and it is discovered that he is the possessor of all the talents. Another goes West, and it takes the power of a Lick telescope to find out that he is alive. Someone has somewhere very pertinently said that if we poor mortals, groping in the dark, could only lift the veil which hides the future from us, life would be unendurable. It is only because we are as blind as moles that Fate is able to play such pranks with us, and that, after receiving so many knock down blows, we come up smiling, and toe the mark for the next fall. It was this chance, or luck, or whatever you choose to call it, that landed me at Penzance, and, for a large number of years, made me as much a part of the district as the granite cliffs by which I was surrounded. The storm and stress of official life went on as usual. Men joined, men were promoted, men died; and like the poet’s brook I went on for ever. Men like Mr. Rich of Liverpool, Mr. Sampson of Bristol, and Mr. Carter of Southampton were my contemporaries, started fairly on the race, but when it came to the parting of the ways, they took the flood which leads on to fortune, while I, stranded and forgotten, lost my venture.

Six years later—in 1870—came the transfer of the Telegraphs, one of the most gigantic tasks ever undertaken by a Public Department—the absorbing into the Post Office system, in a single day, all the plant, machinery, and appliances of the Companies, and adapting their mode of working to the new condition of things. How this was done, and how the men worked and toiled, who were responsible for that great venture, has been told by abler pens than mine, and I merely mention it in passing, to recall pleasant memories of some of

them with whom I was brought in contact. Mr. Scudamore, Mr. Baines, Mr. Patey, Mr. Culley the elder, my good friend Mr. Preece, and others. Those of them who are left will, I am sure, remember the many occasions upon which, combining hard work with needful recreation, we toiled up the Land's End Cliffs, or dived into Porthcurno Valley, mapping out and extending the lines for the various cable companies which, even then, had made that part of the coast their home.

And now the end has come. The Arabs have a proverb that "You cannot draw water from an empty well," and so, having pumped my memory dry, I think I had better bring these Recollections to a close. I am quite aware that much of what I have written is the veriest common-place—the stringing together of trifling incidents, and unimportant events, such as might happen to most of us. But seeing that our lives are made up of trifles, and that what is anecdote to-day may become history to-morrow, I am not without hope that, to some of my brother officers at least, the narrative of my personal experiences, as one of themselves, may not be entirely unwelcome. I am afraid I have usurped one of the privileges of old age, and have been somewhat prolix and garrulous—it is a failing most old men have. If either of our elderly acquaintances prefaces his remarks with the ominous words "I remember," we know at once that we shall have to listen to a dull, prosy yarn, as stale and vapid as a charity sermon; some old chestnut which has done duty so many times, that even the narrator is unconscious of the misery he is inflicting on us. Well, at any rate, I can answer for it that these Recollections have never been told before, and are not likely to be told again. They are some of the reminiscences of a long official life now drawing to a close. If I live to see Februrary next, I shall have completed a record service of fifty years—half a century of active participation in almost every branch of Post Office work. Looking back through the vista of time, I am struck with the amazing progress made by the Department, and how largely it bulks in the public mind, compared with the period in the forties when I joined. There was then no Money Order System worthy of the name. No Savings Banks, no Telegraphs, no Parcel Post. The book and newspaper rates were practically prohibitive, and the circulation of letters only a skeleton of what it has now become. I am not going to repeat the story of the bellows-blower and the organist and to insist that "we did it." But, after all, it is something to have belonged to so wonderful a machine as the Post Office, and to have assisted, as

one of the small cogs of the many wheels, in perfecting and expanding a system which has served as a model for the rest of the world.

The time has now arrived when, in the words of a well-known statesman, I must "Rest and be thankful"; or to adopt the phrase of a still greater man—"Nature cries aloud for repose." That I have not been a sluggard, or allowed my energies to rust out for want of use, is evidenced from the fact that, during the whole period of my service, I have never had a day's sickness, nor failed to respond to the calls of duty. The shadow of the Order in Council now looms large; the sun dips below the horizon; and, following in the wake of many a better man, I must soon depart to that bourn from which, in an official sense, no pensioner ever—well, hardly ever—returns.

Maidstone.

J. G. UREN.

The Post Office Guarantee Association.

A LESSON IN CO-OPERATION.

THE January, 1895, number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* contained an article on this subject from the pen of the late Mr. H. C. Hart, which excited more than a passing interest. Mr. Hart's premature death, which all who knew him deeply deplore, makes it necessary that a pen other than his should chronicle the later results obtained in this case of really phenomenal success in co-operation.

I propose to continue the account, to bring the results up to date, and to offer some comments upon questions in connexion with the administration of the Association which are now exciting attention, or which are likely, in the immediate future, to call for solution. My excuse for doing so, if excuse be needed, must be that the present time is a fitting one, the Association having just completed the first decade of its existence. I also think that certain statements as regards the charges for bonds, made by some of its members before Lord Tweedmouth's Committee, and the question of the abolition of bonds, call for comment.

I cannot do better than follow the plan adopted by Mr. Hart, and show up-to-date results by means of tables such as he compiled, for the tables with which his article was illustrated brought out very clearly the points he desired to emphasize. When necessary, reference to these tables will confirm the statements and opinions which a consideration of the subject has led me to formulate.

TABLE I.—STATEMENT OF MEMBERS, CAPITAL, AND ASSETS.

Year ended	Number of Members and Officers guaranteed	Amount of Paid-up Capital	Assets
31st December, 1887	5,451	£ 2,571	£ 2,840
" " 1888	8,951	4,255	4,678
" " 1889	12,601	6,627	7,714
" " 1890	15,448	8,941	10,957
" " 1891	18,674	10,703	16,277
" " 1892	20,661	12,468	21,837
" " 1893	22,864	13,100	26,397
" " 1894	23,551	15,676	33,601
" " 1895	25,131	17,918	39,861
" " 1896	26,686	17,754	43,449

TABLE II.—STATEMENT OF LIABILITY, NUMBER AND AMOUNT
OF DEFAULTS.

Year ended	Approximate Amount of liability at date	Number of Defaults during year	Amount of defaults paid during year
31st Dec., 1887	£ 1,025,000	4	£ s. d. 147 13 7
" " 1888	1,643,900	4	214 15 10
" " 1889	2,349,700	6	196 7 5
" " 1890	3,142,200	8	151 9 0
" " 1891	4,297,200	3	135 17 7
" " 1892	4,901,100	16	848 6 9
" " 1893	5,267,000	27	1,050 15 8
" " 1894	5,534,700	28	1,086 9 7
" " 1895	6,008,900	24	723 8 0
" " 1896	6,500,000	33	1,246 6 7

Mr. Hart in his article assumed that an average premium of 5s. per £100 per annum was charged for bonds before the Association was formed, and the table he compiled, showing the saving to Post Office employes on this basis, placed the amount at £63,000. The table was necessarily an estimate, and I, therefore, omit it, and

content myself with saying that the saving by the formation of the Association, during the ten years it has now existed, is approximately £80,000; that in my own case the saving has been upwards of £100, and that my bond would now cost me £20 a year at the rate I paid when the Association was formed.

The following table is a new one, and shows the reductions which the Committee of the Association have made in the rates of annual premium charged for bonds, and indicates the extent of the relief afforded to those officers of the Department who either decline to take shares, or are ineligible to become shareholders. This class of business was first undertaken in 1891.

TABLE III.—STATEMENT SHOWING ANNUAL RATES CHARGED
FOR A BOND OF £100.

Rank.	January, 1891.	July, 1891.	January, 1895.	January, 1896.	January, 1897.
Postmasters and Sub- Postmasters, if en- titled to pension ...	10/-	7/6	5/-	4/-	3/6
Postmasters not entitled to pension	10/-	7/6	6/-	5/-	5/-
Sub-Postmasters not en- titled to pension	10/-	7/6	7/6	6/-	5/6
Counter Clerks	5/-	4/-	2/6	2/-	2/-
Telegraphists	2/6	2/6	2/6	2/-	2/-
Sorters	1/-	1/-	1/-	1/-	1/-
Postmen	1/-	1/-	1/-	1/-	1/-

TABLE IV.—I have also compiled the following table showing the amount of the entrance fee (erroneously so called) per share from time to time paid by members who elect to take shares, the number of shares in issue, the value of the assets in excess of capital, the value of such assets per share, and the dividend paid in respect of each 5s. of capital paid up.

Date.	Entrance Fee.	Number of shares in issue.	Value of assets in excess of capital.	Value of assets per share in excess of capital.	Dividends in respect of each 5/- of paid up capital.
1887	1/-	10,257	£ 268	-/6	Nil.
1888	1/-	16,939	422	-/5	Nil.
1889	2/-	25,997	1,086	-/10	Nil.
1890	5/-	34,422	2,016	1/2	Nil.
1891	10/-	43,858	5,573	2/6	Nil.
1892	10/-	49,287	9,368	3/9	Nil.
1893	10/-	51,037	13,296	5/2	3d.
1894	15/-	52,207	17,925	6/10	3d.
1895	15/-	53,677	21,243	7/10	3d.
1896	15/-	53,426	25,695	9/7	6d.

That the results obtained by the Association continue so satisfactory is a matter upon which its members are to be congratulated, and indicate a very high standard of integrity in the members of the Service who give bond. The results of the last three years are even more favourable than they at first sight appear because, during that time, Telegraphists and Postmen, whose financial responsibilities are trifling, have not been required to provide bond, and shares have not been issued to officers unless required to provide bond. These altered conditions must in time have a bearing upon the results which the committee cannot afford to ignore.

The questions exercising the minds of the members at the present time are :—

(1) The position of those shareholders who, at the solicitation of the committee, came to the aid of the Association when its funds and resources were not equal to the responsibilities which were being undertaken. These shareholders have as yet received no adequate return for the assistance they gave.

(2) The appropriation of the Reserve Fund so that retiring members may receive their proportion of its value.

(3) The attempts made on behalf of a section of the members who desire, when their bonds are increased, to take additional shares and to get them at less than their value.

All these questions bear a resemblance to questions which, at one time, deeply interested the shareholders of the Civil Service Supply Association, and which were eventually solved by making the shares of that Association transferable. In like manner the difficulties of reconciling the different interests of the shareholders of this Association can only be equitably solved by making its shares transferable. In making such a change in the constitution of the Association, difficulties in matters of detail will arise, but the change must come notwithstanding, and the committee, who have so ably managed its affairs hitherto, should be able to devise a scheme which would be accepted by the shareholders generally.

At the annual meeting in March last the question of the so-called entrance fee was discussed, and some surprise has been evoked that, after the clear and emphatic statement of the views of the committee on the subject, printed and circulated with the balance sheet, and of the opinion of the shareholders as expressed by the voting, the chairman should have been induced to promise a further consideration of the question. The committee had already declared that it was not their intention to raise the fee, and any attempt to reduce it would obviously create anomalies greater than any now existing. I have applied the term "so-called" to the entrance fee, because "entrance fee" does not properly describe the charge made in consideration of the issue of a share. The charge is really a commuted payment for a bond of £100 for life and for an interest in the large Reserve Fund which has been accumulated and amounts at the present time to nearly 10s. per share.

Having regard to the advantages which accompany the possession of shares it is apparent that they are now being issued at much less than their commercial value. In fact, the amount of the "entrance fee" is less than the cost to the Association of providing the guarantee for life and the working expenses proper to each share, disregarding altogether the interest acquired in the Reserve Fund. Shareholders now acquiring shares are therefore being directly benefited at the expense of existing shareholders, and of those members who pay annual premiums. This anomaly could be corrected by making the shares transferable. To contend that an entrance fee of 15s. per share is in any sense a hardship is absurd, inasmuch as an officer required to provide bond has the option of

taking shares or of paying an annual premium, and naturally selects the alternative he regards as most convenient or cheapest.

On the subject of the evidence given before Lord Tweedmouth's Committee by the witnesses who advocated the abolition of bonds, it is a matter for surprise that those witnesses should have put forward statements which, if not untrue, did not convey the whole truth. The witnesses must have known that the real facts were available and would, if necessary, be elicited. What, then, could have induced them to attempt to suppress the information that they could obtain bonds from the Association by the payment of small annual premiums and to assert or imply that they had to pay £1 in one sum for a share in order to provide a bond of £100? The form of application for shares expressly states that shareholders have the option of paying the amount in four annual sums of 5s., and that such payments entitle shareholders to the profits of the Association. Again, in reply to a question put to him, one of the witnesses declined to admit that Post Office employes could get bonds more cheaply from the Association than elsewhere. Probably the witness did not know the rates charged either by the Association or by Guarantee Companies, and, if so, a reference to Table III. will enlighten him on the subject.

Mr. Hill and Mr. Badcock were, of course, able to discredit the statements of such witnesses, and the consequence may have been doubt in the minds of the Committee as to the reliability of the evidence generally tendered by such witnesses. The absurdity of parading the charge made for bonds as a grievance worthy of the consideration of the Committee was apparent when Mr. Hill pointed out that the charge, in a large majority of cases, was less than one halfpenny per week, and the reply to such evidence was contained in the report of the Committee, who gave the association the credit it deserved. But a consideration of the foregoing tables must, I think, convince officers required to give bond, that those who do so by taking shares will find that, instead of being subjected at the most to a trivial tax, they are engaging in a profitable proceeding. Already those shareholders who joined the Association during its earlier years are entitled, on retirement therefrom, to receive more than they contributed to its funds, and the increased dividends which must be declared, now that further appropriations to the Reserve Fund seem unnecessary, should, in a short time, place all shareholders in a similar position.

But if bonds be abolished in the Post Office they should, and no

doubt will, be abolished on other grounds than the trifling tax they impose on those required to provide them. The Post Office is not the only Department of the State where bonds are required, and the same principles should be applied by the Government to all Departments alike, for concessions to the Post Office in the matter are sure to be demanded by the employés of other Departments, and on that ground alone would be difficult of refusal.

So far as the Post Office is concerned the demand for the abolition of bonds is not very general. Postmasters who are required to provide bonds of large amounts and who are therefore most interested in the question, do not appear to desire the relief, for not a single Postmaster advocated it. Probably these officers fear that the abolition of bonds would, in cases of default on the part of their subordinates, result in pains and penalties for which the change would be no adequate compensation. When losses now occur they are paid by the guarantors, and comparatively little is said about them. If bonds are abolished losses must be borne by the Treasury, and application to "My Lords" for authority to write off losses will be necessary and might engender a desire, in almost every case, to find a scapegoat for supposed irregularities, not a difficult matter *after* the discovery of such irregularities, in order to disarm criticism on the part of "My Lords."

There is one other point calling for comment, and that is the comparatively trifling amount of the defalcations paid by the Association, which are stated in Table II. Mr. Hart referred to this in his article and attributed it to good management and good fortune. I am inclined to think that it should be attributed in no small degree to the fact that all the members are interested in preventing defaults. If it should be decided to abolish bonds, and the decision were followed by an increase in the amount of defalcation, the obligation to provide bonds would probably in a few years be re-imposed.

Newport, Mon.

T. E. JAMES.

In Praise of Windermere.

“**W**HERE shall I spend my holiday?” The question is a favourite one with the Civil Servant, and is, indeed, brought forward more often and pondered over more deeply than many matters which, to the casual thinker, may appear to be of greater importance. It is easy to justify this state of affairs. We have only to consider that most of our colleagues are, for at least forty weeks in the year, confined—so far as the routine of duty is concerned—to one room, and that there is but little variety in much of their work, to realize why the “holiday question” often appears to be of as much importance as anything else.

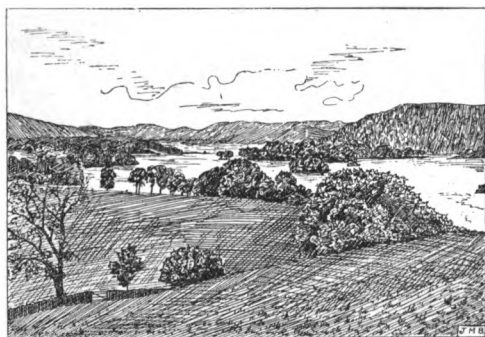
Many of our friends rush to the seaside, where, in addition to the sea breezes, they get plenty of entertainment, much hilarious enjoyment, and many inducements to keep late hours! In the excitement and hurry-scurry which become associated with some of these seaside places, they lose whatever benefit the change of air should bring; and cases have been known where a man has returned to duty after such so-called holiday in worse “form” than when he commenced his leave.

There are many places in our land which might be suggested as more suitable for over-worked men and women to spend their annual “playtime” than those referred to, but I only intend to deal with one. That one I must claim to know something about. I refer to Windermere.

It is scarcely necessary for me to “locate” Windermere. I think that almost every officer in the service knows where it is situated. It has been said that Windermere is noted for its wet weather! This I deny, absolutely. Windermere and the Lake District generally are blessed with no more rain than any other places with a “season.” On account of the altitude, the atmosphere is of the clearest, and the air is of the purest. Moreover, Windermere is a splendid centre for the surrounding country, and is equally favourable for walking, cycling, and coaching. No one will question the scenery of the Lake District. It is the finest in England, and not only does this statement apply to summer time, but equally

to the other seasons of the year. The spring, summer, autumn, winter, all are beautiful at Windermere.

Autumn is a time of rare beauty. The forests are clad in their golden and amber robes, and the beeches (of which there are numerous specimens) form many a splendid picture. But it is when the visitor gets on the top of one of the heights, that he obtains the full charm of the scenes around him. Take the summit of Orrest Head, for example. Standing on this hill, which is easy of ascent,



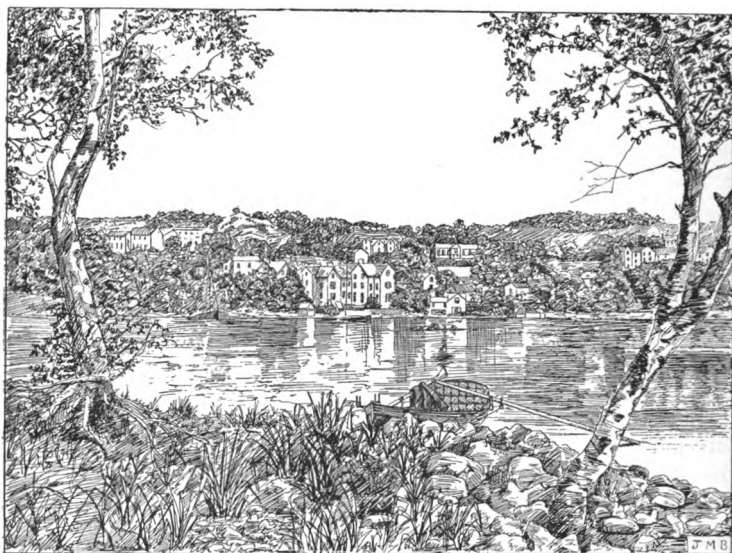
LAKE WINDERMERE, FROM ADELAIDE HILL.

one gets a view of the Yorkshire hills far away in the East, whilst in the North the pretty Troutbeck Valley opens out in front of a background formed by Ill, Bell, Kirkstone Pass and Red Screes. Southwards, almost the whole stretch of Lake Windermere is to be seen, and on an ordinary clear day Morcambe Bay presents itself as the eye travels down the Crook Valley. The West and North-west views are the grandest of all. Looking direct West from the Head of Orrest, the land is seen gradually to fall until the shore of the Lake is reached; and across the Lake the grand old firs and oaks of Farness Fells form as pretty a picture as any artist could desire. Far beyond, sleeps the Coniston Old Man in his quiet grandeur. Turning to the North-west, the Langdale Pikes and Crinkle Craggs present themselves in all their rugged beauty, standing like sentinels guarding their valleys and lakes.

Of course, it is quite impossible for all of our brother officers to obtain their annual leave in summer time, and many of them seem to think that summer is the *only* time suitable for the Lake District; this is a deplorable mistake. To my mind, spring and autumn are

preferable to summer. In the spring, the air is not so over-burdened with heat, the mornings are fresher, the dust not so plentiful. In autumn there is more of beauty than in mid-summer, and, moreover, the day-tripper (that noisy individual, who always persuades himself he is having a grand time if he is rolling about—three sheets in the wind) is almost unknown.

Any of our friends who are so unlucky as to have their leave in the winter might do worse than try the Lakes District then.



BOWNESS BAY.

(Showing Old England Hotel.)

Writing on this subject in a Manchester paper of the 27th of January, Canon Rawnsley asks:

“Why is it that people do not visit our Lake-land hills when they are clad in the royal ermines of a winter day? A single walk round Derwentwater, a single sail up Windermere, in such golden weather as blessed us to-day, is a memory of a life time. Depend upon it, Southey and Wordsworth told the truth when they bade men believe that autumn and winter were the times to see the Lake Country in perfection.”

No doubt, the reader will be wanting to have a word or two as to expense. Well, in the first place, Windermere is easy of access,

being only nine miles from the main line at Oxenholme (L. & N. W.) The cost of rooms is not greater than at many more such places, and indeed is much below some neighbourhoods which cannot boast of equal favours for holiday seekers. Boating on the lake can be had at a nominal cost, there being plenty of competition to keep prices low; and, in my estimation, there is nothing to compare with a day's boating and fishing on Windermere. Bicycles can be hired without hunting the last shilling from the pocket—unless the said pocket be terribly “low” to begin with. Coaching is cheap and excellent. The drive from Windermere to Keswick, viâ Dunmail Raise and Thirlmere, is acknowledged to be the grandest in England. In addition, there are numerous quiet lanes and roads suitable for walks, especially walks by starlight, with or without a particular friend.

In summing up, I venture to say that, should this article lead to any strange feet treading the Lake soil and rock this season, those feet will itch in anticipation of a future visit, should their owners be able to afford it, which I hope they will.

CARROW DORE.

Windermere.

After Office Hours.

Some Jubilee Reflections.

FOR a man who loves his London as I do to talk about any subject this month except the Diamond Jubilee would be impossible. As I write these lines the fever is at its full height, and wherever I turn the dates 1837-1897 stare me in the face. The prevailing enthusiasm has infected everybody; the most cynical and least enthusiastic of men have given way, and are either illuminating the windows they have failed to let, or are decorating their persons with Jubilee favours. And yet only two months ago almost everybody you met was making arrangements to spend the day out of London. Our sentiments were accurately expressed by a little Board School girl, aged eight years, who, in an essay she was set to write upon "The Jubilee," let herself go as follows:—

"On the queen diomond jubeele I will stay atome because there will be such a scrush. All the solders will be at the fruint. They are gitting the beds ready in the orspitle and their will be a lot of actiaced a [probably a wild shot at 'accidents']. All the people will be nearly killed. On the queen jubeele day the queen will set in the throne and it will be a dridful site to see it—the queen has rained sixty years."

As the day approached it was only those of very superior moral courage who were stedfast to their early resolutions. Those with wives succumbed much earlier than the bachelors. Indeed, in most cases, the wives had determined to see the show a year ago. I can speak for Angelina, and her steady determination to see the Queen at all costs, and from a stand, has caused me much anxiety during the last two months. Angelina naturally thinks a great deal of me, and she declined to believe that a distinguished civil servant would find any difficulty in obtaining a seat. She had read in the daily papers some ridiculous statement made in the House of Commons that certain seats were at the disposal of civil servants, and they would be fairly distributed in the different offices. Civil servants themselves know how to discount such statements, and if I could have my time over again I should arrange to exercise a press censorship in my family circle on entering the marriage state. It is quite true that we were all invited to apply for seats, but then we are also invited to apply for Postmasterships, and it is usually only our wives who believe either in the whole-heartedness of such invitations, or in our own fitness to occupy the respective positions. I do not hesitate to say that, owing to the very nasty things which were said at home, I felt much aggrieved when I found that I could not get one of these Civil Service tickets, and I believe I let fall some very rebellious criticisms of the authorities. Even now there is only one high official to whom I feel I can bring myself to make an apology. Mr..

Labouchere, in *Truth*, attacked Mr. J. C. Badcock, the Controller of the London Postal Service, for erecting a stand at the Parcel Post Dépôt on the south side of London Bridge, and presumably excluding thereby a number of deserving Parcel Post officers from seeing their Sovereign in a comfortable manner. Reading Mr. Labouchere's attack on Mr. Badcock seemed to relieve my injured feelings, and I pictured Mr. Badcock in my heated brain as a kind of Abdul Hamid, who was capable of any cruelty towards his subordinates. The apology I make to him is that I have ceased to harbour these sentiments. Time heals all bitter feelings, and in this case other causes have been at work. His kind and attentive agent sent me a couple of tickets for this very stand, and I at once threw *Truth* into the fire. The specious arguments underlying the article which deceived me before the arrival of the tickets, appeared to me absolutely ridiculous from the point of view of a seat-holder, and I now recognize the good qualities of the Controller of the London Postal Service. I admit that it is chiefly on Angelina's account I feel this gratitude. Like a very large number of my countrymen and countrywomen I dearly love a crowd, and as far as I am concerned I wish for no better place in a show than the kerb, with my good-tempered and humorous fellow-citizens around me. It was in this way I saw the procession of 1887, and the procession at the Duke of York's marriage, and on both occasions enjoyed myself better than on a stand, where one would have been obliged to be stiff and formal. I agree with Charles Lamb, that for all men under forty years of age a show of any sort is the better worth seeing if you have had a struggle to get to your place. I have wrestled with crowds scores of times outside pit and gallery doors. I have waited for hours wedged in a big crowd to hear Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright deliver speeches. I have even fought my way into Westminster Abbey to hear some popular preacher. And this year, simply in order to testify to the fact that I was still under forty years of age, I yearned for the kerb, even if it were to be my last bout. What would have happened to me had not the Controller of the London Postal Service intervened I do not know, though Angelina holds a very firm opinion that at any rate she would have been a widow.

As it is we saw the show comfortably, and under very pleasant conditions. We were on the outskirts of poorer London, and the people all around us were, perhaps, more distinctively residents of London than those who witnessed the procession from the other side of the river. Some of the newspapers have expressed their wonder at the enthusiasm of these poorer Londoners. To those who know London it comes as no surprise. The London poorer classes are quite unaffected by the teaching of Karl Marx and of his disciples, and are the greatest worshippers of rank and wealth of any city in Europe. This temperament of the Londoner is the despair of the progressive politician, and it is largely the explanation of the fact that London has been for so many years the worst governed and the most badly housed town in the British Isles. Among the vast crowds

which filled the streets yesterday morning only a small fraction, I suppose, were influenced at all by the thought of the gross inequalities in the distribution of wealth, or by the consideration that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."

The Londoner, on the contrary, thinks wealth or rank makes all the difference; he worships rank, he exults in the sight of wealth and luxury; he is a snob from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The wonder is that with this temperament he is not more addicted to shows and processions than he is. His conduct is probably based on commercial considerations, which are at all times strongly marked in him. He rarely loses his head for this reason, and the scenes which were witnessed in Paris during the Czar's visit could have no parallel in London, because the Cockney, with all his faults, knows plainly when he is making a fool of himself. In his way, of course, he is quite as amusing as the Parisian when under the influence of enthusiasm, but as he has little or no national feeling his humours and peculiarities belong to him as an individual rather than as a subject of a great nation. The sentiment of nationality, and even of Empire, is, I venture to think, very weak in Londoners; but whether this be true or not, it is a fact that for months previous to Jubilee Day the thought uppermost in their minds was how to make it a successful commercial speculation, and how best to trade upon the patriotism of country cousins and the fervour of foreign visitors. For a long time past I have been literally ashamed of my fellow-citizens for tolerating the sort of thing which has been going on, and which has brought discredit on ourselves and our nation. This is, no doubt, the bad side of the Londoner, and it has been sufficiently evident during the last six months. But on Jubilee Day itself let us all admit that the Londoner may be forgiven much for the manner in which he conducted himself. It was from first to last an exhibition full of impressiveness, of grandeur, and of inspiration. It was worthy of the subjects of a Sovereign whose character has been for sixty years marked by just that regard for dignity and order which was displayed by London yesterday.

Most people reserved all their best cheers for the Queen and the colonial troops. Many of the colonials I already knew by sight, but it was the first time I had seen them altogether. During the last ten days there has been much excitement in Chelsea over the colonials. Outside Chelsea Barracks there has been each night a crowd of inquiring Londoners, all eager to see, and, if possible, to speak with their darker brethren. At first the darker brethren were evidently regarded as wild beasts, and it was only when the first excitement had worn off that humaner feelings towards them became more common. I have seen a little boy go up to a negro and offer to shake hands with him, and after the hand has been clasped he has gone aside to examine his own hand closely to see whether anything

has happened to it. And to make his experiment quite satisfactory he has repeated the hand-shake with another negro and has looked again to see whether any discolouring of his own hand has resulted. I watched a matronly looking woman with arms akimbo staring straight at a big black soldier for some minutes. At last her pent-up-feelings found utterance, "My Gawd, you are black." The soldier's seraphic smile was probably due to the fact that he thought he had been listening to the most delicate of compliments. It was really one of the best entertainments in London to hang about the barracks listening to the Londoners endeavouring to make friends with the colonials. The servant girls in the neighbourhood quite lost their heads over the dark men, and if a colonial was unable to talk to them fluently he was always able to tell them that he liked English girls "verra much." One evening I overheard the following conversation which took place between two Chelsea girls who were pushing their heads through the iron railings which are outside the barracks: "I'm told that if yer put yer 'ead thro' the bars like this the niggers come up and kiss yer." Then the other replied with delight, mingled with awe, "Let's keep 'em there and see what 'appens." I can only hope that the presence of the colonial troops has been an object lesson to the Chelsea people of the greatness of our Empire, but I am obliged to admit that a great many of the Chelsea people who hung about the barracks seemed to regard these dark fellows as enemies who had to be reckoned with rather than as allies and fellow subjects. And now the great day has come and gone, and colonials and country cousins and foreign visitors will return to their various homes, full of the impressions they have formed of us and of our big city. They amused us, and the question remains "Have we impressed them?" "The eye sees only that which it brings with it the power of seeing," and most people's impressions of London are governed by this qualification. I once took an old woman to St. Paul's Cathedral, who was a native of a country village in which I lived, and who was staying in London on a house-cleaning expedition. I showed her the various monuments; I waxed eloquent over the proportions of the building, over its history, and the great scenes which it had witnessed. The char-woman listened patiently to me, but all the time said never a word. She seemed absorbed, stunned, as I thought, by the magnificence of the surroundings. As we left the building she gave a last look back at the choir, and then her over-burdened soul found vent, "Well, if I 'ad the cleanin' of them there brasses I'd make 'em shine a bit." After this experience I gave up a proposed expedition to Westminster Abbey and substituted a visit to a steam laundry. The change was immensely appreciated.

June 23rd, 1897.

E. B.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

Postal and Telegraph Reforms.

THE Post Office has commemorated the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen in a right royal manner. On the 22nd June—an historic date—most of the sweeping changes which, but two months previously, had been announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his budget speech came into operation.

The change which has most impressed the popular imagination is undoubtedly the sudden leap from 1 oz. to 4 oz. as the maximum weight of an inland letter for a postage of one penny, with an additional half-penny for each succeeding 2 oz. "A quarter of a pound for a penny," says one newspaper, "exceeds our wildest dreams!" "Marks an era in postal reform!" shouts a second; while a third tells us that "So great a boon has not been conceded since Sir Rowland Hill forced a reluctant department to consent to the penny post, while this reform has the altogether original merit of coming spontaneously from the office itself." We have quoted at random, for papers of all degrees and shades of opinion have shown wonderful unanimity on the subject. And they are right! The effect of this one reform is far-reaching. It is not merely to increase the weight which may be sent for 1d. in the letter post, but to sweep away entirely the harassing regulations which governed the inland sample post. There is, in fact, no longer any distinction between an inland sample and a letter. The regulations regarding the book post are maintained only for book packets whose weight does not exceed 2 oz., because it was not proposed to withdraw the privilege of sending such packets for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. But for book packets weighing more than 2 oz. the regulations in question to all intents and purposes have been abolished, as to these packets the new rates of postage for letters now apply.

The free delivery of letters is to be extended to every hamlet, and, as far as possible, to every house in the kingdom. In remote places the delivery will not necessarily be every day; but it will be on regular days and free. This reform, involving a revision of the walks of thousands of rural postmen, will take a considerable time to carry out; but no time will be lost, and an endeavour will be made to deal first with the most urgent cases.

A more liberal policy will be adopted in establishing post offices in remote villages, and placing letter boxes in localities where it is impossible to provide post offices.

Turning to the alteration in the inland parcel post rate, it is to be noted that the present rate of 3d. for the first pound has been maintained; but for every pound above the first the charge is now 1d. instead of 1½d., and the maximum charge is 1s. The scale progresses by regular steps up to 9lb., which go for 11d.; and, for the next 1d., 2lb. are carried, making the maximum charge 1s. for a parcel of 11lb. The scale is, therefore, as follows:—

Not exceeding 1lb.	—	3d.
Over 1lb., but not exceeding 2lb.			—	4d.
„ 2lb., „ „		3lb.	—	5d.
„ 3lb., „ „		4lb.	—	6d.
„ 4lb., „ „		5lb.	—	7d.
„ 5lb., „ „		6lb.	—	8d.
„ 6lb., „ „		7lb.	—	9d.
„ 7lb., „ „		8lb.	—	10d.
„ 8lb., „ „		9lb.	—	11d.
„ 9lb., „ „		11lb.	—	1s.

The telegraph side of the service has not been forgotten; and several important concessions and alterations have been made. All telegrams for delivery within three miles are now delivered free. For distances beyond three miles the charge is 3d. per mile reckoned from the office of delivery. In the case of telegrams delivered in London all portage charges have been abolished. The loss which guarantors of telegraph offices incurred under the pre-existing system of guarantees has been reduced by one-half. This concession applies to existing guarantees as well as to those in the future. At the same time the practice of calling for a renewal of a guarantee at the end of the first period of seven years has been abandoned, and the office will be maintained at the expense of the Department if it serves a useful purpose.

The estimated cost of these reforms is £366,000; and the estimated profit from the Post Office for the current year is £3,665,000. The disproportion between the enormous boon to the public and the small cost to the Exchequer is very striking; and it is pleasant to think that reforms of such magnitude as to make the year memorable in the annals of the Department will not materially reduce the noble surplus that goes to swell the coffers of the Treasury.

Report of the Indian Post Office for 1895-6.

THE year under review was one of steady all-round progress for the Indian Post Office; and the small surplus, achieved in 1894-5 after years of deficits, was trebled. But not many unusual or startling facts are recorded in the report. A service of unregistered parcels has been introduced; formerly all parcels had to be registered. The difficulty of identifying a payee of a money order in India, where to a European eye the natives are so much alike, and so few of them can write, must be excessive; and an attempt is being made to meet this difficulty by the Bertillon system of thumb impressions.

The receipt of the illiterate payee will, it is presumed, be given in

future by his making a black thumb-mark on the usual form. The idea is novel; but why should not this method of signature be widely adopted? A thumb-mark is at least as legible as the signatures of some far-from-illiterate persons; and then they say that it never varies, while some people's signature is never twice alike.

A quaint practice on the part of certain traders in the Bombay Presidency is mentioned. To members of their firms who have gone away on leave they despatch heavy packets containing pieces of iron, wood, or waste paper, on which no postage is paid, with the object, it is supposed, of suggesting their return to work.

A lady complained with great warmth to the Madras Post Office that some manuscript which had been returned to her by the Editor of an English newspaper, enclosed in a thick envelope, had apparently been perused by some official, who had added insult to injury by writing on the cover in red ink "Take it to your heart." When the cover was called for and examined, it bore no trace of tampering, and the abusive remark proved to be only an innocent instruction to the delivering postman, "No. 25—Take it to your beat."

A case of great conveyance on the part of two native boatmen is recorded. While conveying a valuable mail on one of the Bengal rivers, they were attacked by six dacoits with spears and other weapons. They made an active resistance, and finally succeeded in wresting the weapons from their assailants, whom they then belaboured so soundly that they were glad to draw off, and the mail reached its destination safely. One of the boatmen was so severely wounded as to be incapacitated from further service.

These notes may conclude with a mysterious case of violence to a postman whose thigh was broken. The policeman who first investigated the matter came to the conclusion that the injury had been inflicted by "some evil spirit or devil." A native magistrate then took the matter up; and his verdict was that the author of the outrage was either a wild boar or an evil spirit. How fortunate for the Tweedmouth Commission that the prevalence of wild boars and malignant spirits is not among the legitimate grievances of the English postmen!

Report of the Natal Post Office.

THE year 1896 was a most prosperous one for the Post Office of Natal, which actually made a profit of £21,600 out of a total revenue of not quite £67,000.

The chief event of the year was the completion of arrangements for sending the mails for and from Europe by railway the whole distance between the Colony and Cape Town. The time of transit of such mails between Pietermaritzburg and Cape Town has thus been reduced to about four days; while the abolition of the separate contracts with the steamship companies for the conveyance of Natal mails to and from England has resulted in a saving.

The parcel postage to and from England has been made uniformly 9d. per lb., and penny letter postage with the Cape Colony has been established.



Karachi General Post Office.

AT the present time, Karachi, equally with Bombay, has the unenviable notoriety of being a plague-stricken town. The cases at Bombay have exceeded 100 a day, whereas at Karachi they varied from 30 to 50. Karachi is the capital of Sind, and as a port ranks among the five principal ones in India (Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, and Karachi). It has an excellent natural harbour, and the place is a rising one with brilliant prospects. It is the nearest port in India to Europe, and when the direct railway system to Delhi is completed it is probable that in the future it will replace Bombay as the Indian port of receipt and departure of the mails between Europe and Sind, Baluchistan, Northern India, Assam, and Burma.

Reverting to the subject of the illustration, the Post Office is a substantial limestone building in the Italian style of architecture. It was erected in 1867, at a cost of Rs. 44,000. It consists of a ground floor and upper storey. The former is used for the office, and contains a fine sorting hall, 55 feet by 26 feet. The whole of the upper storey is the residence of the Postmaster, and the accommodation is palatial. The photograph represents the back of the building, and shows the fine flight of stone steps which leads to the Postmaster's quarters. Mr. A. Cordeiro, Postmaster, is seated at the back entrance, with his clerical establishment around him, while the delivery staff is arranged along the steps. The office stands in a compound of about four acres of land.

Quetta.

ANGAREION.

Rapid Cable Laying.

AT a meeting of the Royal United Service Institution on the 29th April last, Lieutenant Crutchley, R.N.R., read a paper, prepared by Mr. C. Scott Snell and himself, with reference to an apparatus invented by Mr. Snell for the rapid laying of cables for war purposes. In the course of the paper it was claimed that, by

means of the apparatus, a submarine cable could be safely laid at any rate of speed within the compass of the fastest cruiser. This would, of course, be far in excess of anything which had hitherto been accomplished. The apparatus was capable of being fitted to a warship or a properly equipped telegraph ship, whilst, as an alternative, there was a temporary arrangement which was capable of being adapted to any vessel at very short notice. The cable would not be dragged out of the vessel as in everyday practice, for if it were its length when laid at such a high speed could not by any means exceed the distance traversed by the ship, and it was essential that provision should be made for such a surplus delivery as would admit of inequalities in the sea-bottom being provided for, so that there might be no long unsupported spans. The apparatus would eject the cable overboard at a speed in excess of that of the ship, and, reliability being a very important factor, the inventor thought himself justified in delivering a goodly margin of slack, dividend-paying considerations being of course put on one side. Having described the apparatus in detail, Lieutenant Crutchley referred to the importance of being able to lay at full speed a cable where none was known to exist, and where it consequently would not be searched for and destroyed by the enemy. In conclusion, he said that Mr. Snell's plan, though it was not by any means perfect in detail, gave a workable scheme which should render comparatively easy the maintenance of lines of telegraph communication in positions unknown to the enemy.

School Savings Banks in France.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. C. D. Lang, Controller of Post Office Savings Banks, a copy of the fourteenth edition of Mons. A. de Malarce's *Histoire et Manuel de l'institution des Caisses d'Épargne Scolaires* has been placed in the hands of the Editor of this Magazine, and the Editor in the exercise of his discretion has handed the book to me for review. "No people in their private capacities," says Mr. Lecky in his *Democracy and Liberty*, "are more distinguished than the French for their business talent, for their combination of intelligent industry with great parsimony, for the courage with which, in times of difficulty, they retrench their expenditure." Certainly there is no Frenchman living who has done more than the writer of this history and manual to induce his Government to provide facilities for thrift and to place French Savings Banks on a sound and satisfactory basis. This little book affords valuable information as to the foundation and progress of School Savings Banks in France, and a short account of them will not be without interest to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, so many of whom are engaged in the promotion of thrift on this side of the Channel.

The earliest School Savings Bank in France was opened in 1834, at Mans (Sarthe), under the auspices of the municipal administration. Sixty years later one of the depositors, who had made a fortune and

retired from business, told M. Malarce that his own success in life, and the success of several of his fellow scholars, was due in a great degree to the habits acquired in connexion with this School Savings Bank. From Mans these institutions extended to other towns of France, but they often lacked that uniformity of method which is so dear to the French official mind, and were in other and more important respects defective. To correct these defects and to bring all School Savings Banks under one uniform system has been a labour of love to M. Malarce, and he has succeeded in devising a simple plan for working School Savings Banks, which seems well adapted to the object in view. He describes his plan as "la Methode de 1874," and it includes a few plain rules, under which scholars are enabled, on a fixed day and hour, to bring their little savings to their teacher, who enters the amount in his own register and in the scholar's deposit book, much in the same manner as in one of our own Penny Banks. Once a month the teacher transfers to an account in the scholar's name, either at a Savings Bank or at the Post Office Savings Bank, the amount of francs deposited and carries forward the balance of centimes to the next month's account. M. Malarce rightly insists upon the importance of regarding this exercise as part of the ordinary school work. The Savings Bank should form an integral part of the school, it should be managed and controlled by the teachers, and the scholars should be the only depositors and should not be allowed to invest any money except their own.

Beginning in 1874 with only seven School Savings Banks, there were, in 1877, 8,033, and in 1886, 23,980 of these useful institutions at work in France. Since 1886 they have encountered considerable opposition, and M. de Malarce is naturally indignant with the *mauvaises gens* who have in various ways endeavoured, and sometimes successfully, to counteract his efforts. They have reduced the number of School Banks by about 6,000, yet in 1895 the number of scholar depositors was 410,188 and their deposits amounted to 12,985,340 francs.

J. A. J. H.

Official Correspondence.

OFFICIAL correspondence (writes "Sperabene") is generally considered dry, stiff, red-tapey stuff, and for the most part it is. There are exceptions, however.

On the occasion of a royal visit to a Midland town, the Postmaster asked his Surveyor whether the office ought to be decorated with flags. The Surveyor's instructions were,

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls."

The Postmaster obeyed and replied,

"*Vexilla Regis prodeant!*"

* * * *

At a branch office in London, one of the officials going into the basement, was almost overpowered by noxious fumes. He at once sent a report to head-quarters couched in the usual official phrase-

ology. Next morning, on going downstairs, he saw a stone bottle holding about half-a-gallon.

"Well, Judkins," he said to the messenger in attendance, "what have you got there? Ink?"

"No, sir: disconnecting fluid for the stink."

The fluid was duly applied, but without the least effect. The official, therefore, thought it would be well to be a little more forcible in his style, so he wrote:—"Referring to my report of the 5th inst., I beg to state that we are still suffering here from a horrible, pernicious, atrocious, and infernal stench. A stone bottle has been sent us containing what I was informed was 'disconnecting fluid.' This has been freely used, but without the slightest benefit; the connection between the said stench and our olfactory nerves is as strong as ever, and, unless immediate steps be taken to remedy the evil, the health of all persons in the office will certainly be destroyed."

This had the desired effect. In an incredibly short space of time (for a Circumlocution Department) there arrived on the scene the Post Office architect, the Clerk of the Works, and quite an army of plumbers, joiners and labourers. All the sanitary (or rather insanitary) appliances were strictly overhauled, new and efficient ones were substituted, and the nuisance was effectually removed.

* * * *

One night a clerk handed to his chief a pill-box which he had found on a sorting-table without anything to indicate its origin or destination. The Postmaster opened the box and found it contained the head and thorax of a remarkably fine hornet. Judging that this was a valuable specimen, he sent it to the Returned Letter Office in a registered packet. Next day a lady in a towering rage asked to see the Postmaster. "I have come to complain of your clerks or postmen. They have torn open one of my letters and stolen the contents."

"What were the contents?"

"Part of a dead hornet."

"Well, madam, it has not been stolen. The pill-box containing it was found loose here, no doubt having worked its way out of the folds of the envelope. I sent it to the lost property department, London, but will get it back for you."

He accordingly wrote to the Returned Letter Office for it, and received by next post a little diamond beetle! Thereupon he sent a personal letter to the Controller:—

"Dear Mr. Smith,

Please get your clerk to overhaul his entomology, 'and when found make a note of.' He doesn't know the difference between a hornet and a diamond beetle!"

This brought the desired specimen, which was handed to the complainant, who went away pacified—a gladder and a wiser woman.

* * * *

A gentleman in the north-west of England sent a postal packet addressed to a lady in the eastern counties. It left the office of

origin unchallenged, but on arriving at a "forwarding" office, about mid-way to its destination, it was examined and found to contain a large live toad. The packet was therefore detained, and the usual printed notice was forwarded to the addressee, pointing out that it was illegal to send by post anything likely to injure the officials or the contents of the mail bags, but that it would be given up on personal application. The lady replied with withering scorn that the toad was required for her newtery, that he was *Bufo Vulgaris*, and the Postmaster and his people need not be so frightened, as *Bufo* would do no harm to anybody, and must be sent to her forthwith.

She lived about 150 miles away.

The Postmaster replied that his staff and he were not in personal dread of *Bufo*, but that if in the process of stamping, or by pressure against some other postal packet, *Bufo* was crushed, not only would he himself be a sufferer, but "the contents of the mail bags" would be damaged by the bufonic juices. *Bufo*, therefore, certainly could not be sent further through the post, but would be retained for a short time to await personal application.

The lady never came, and it was well for the Postmaster that she did not; for the clerks, who had at first kept the toad in an iron bucket, and fed him with flies, after a day or two let him escape, and caught as a substitute a great, fat, ugly, yellow frog, which would have been a disgrace to any "newtery."

To Any Senior ; by his Junior.

LIKE a true Olympian you sit apart, solitary and inaccessible, but lightly concerned with the things that are to me the essence of the day: my hopes are, perchance, your fears, for I claim the golden future. When, too, like Jove, you deign to interfere, I tremble for the bolt, and scarce dare look for a timely lesser god to smooth the difficulty. And this, it may be, is none of your own seeking—I grant you a decent measure of fair fellowship—nor do you, I fancy, recognise the gulf which cuts off me from you—that great official chasm, never to be bridged.

What if, by a mysterious merit, early promotion comes to me? Yet am I not one of the elect; I feel that I am but a stranger in the land, a secret offence to the sacred college of the "ancients," a beardless and scarce tolerable anachronism! "But," you will urge, reminiscent, maybe, of your youth, "the veriest dolt and blockhead of us all will, by the roll of years, himself become a senior, of a sort." Yes, of a truth, but you, I fear, when my hour at length comes round, will not be there to give my grey hairs welcome to the godlike heights. Your position is not thus easily usurped, or your dignities annexed with so great readiness. You will have left this world to maintain the due superiority of your class, and I shall feel my seniority to be but official and unreal, for you will be above me still.

Can you then blame me, sir, if I take you to be a something not

quite in line with my humanity, a different genus of the race? Can I not, without reproach, fancy in you wishes and designs which would be passing strange if found in a man of my poor earthy scale, but which, in you, are all amiable and call for praise amongst your compeers?

Thus shall we both be satisfied; you that you work for the right schooling of the young, "to the interest of the Department," and I that you are there to say me nay to every act of mine which may lead up to fortune. I see you merely the concrete bar to happiness, and could suspect you rather of a sacrilege than that you took the plate of a Sunday. Yet my mind is sane, my temper not embittered. I am in love with life, and rejoice in it. And you too, sir, in your private life, I believe to be both genial and indulgent—even docile. I would deny you none of the domestic virtues. Yet in this, your private capacity, you are to me but the shadow of a name—a ghost in some unsubstantial limbo. Your private virtues are extraneous, they touch me not.

I grant you to be the over-lord, the master of to-day; I bow the knee in all humility. Yet I have youth.

TERTIUS.

A Rural Post Messengers' Memorial.

THE following memorial speaks for itself. If Lord Elgin's heart was not touched by the eloquent appeal, his sense of humour must certainly have been tickled:—

Leicester, *November 1859.*

To

The Rt Hon^{ble} LORD ELGIN, *H.M. Postmaster General.*

WE

The undersigned Rural Messengers of the Leicester District beg most respectfully to direct your Lordship's attention to the great distinctions and irregularities that exist and prevail between us and the Letter Carriers who are now enjoying a third advance of wages and also a third holiday with a second uniform gratis, being also eligible for further improvement all of which are essential to the health and comfort of the recipients, that we rejoice with them for the privileges so kindly bestowed, because we believe they are worthy of them, but, not more so than ourselves, therefore we deeply regret the entire omission of the smallest privilege on our own account, though they cannot boast either morally or mentally of any superior qualifications for business with a stricter regard to honesty and punctuality in the performance of it, for in these we could not yield to them one iota, we therefore humbly submit to your Lordship that these distinctions with the privations we feel in being absent from our homes and consequently little or no control over the interests and destiny of our families with all their endearing associations for thirteen or fourteen hours per day, year after year, without a days cessation from labour through all the inclemency of seasons is beyond description, and can only be rightly understood when

experienced, because it deprives us of nearly all that is social and domestic, civil and religious, as well as scientific and intellectual, and in fact every other entertainment common to Englishmen from which privations are entirely exempt, but suffice it to say that the life of the Rural Messenger is one replete with privation, hardship, and penury combined, our wages being positively inadequate to our serious duties which are pregnant with danger and death, by our continued exposure to the wild tornado with raging storm and flood having frequently in the winter season to grope our way through the waters in our alternate walks oftentimes in pitchy darkness when one step to the right or left might be instant death, the Letter Carrier being happily exempt from these also.

We therefore feel hurt in mind and depressed in spirit at such degrading distinctions prevailing between us, because it is generally admitted that our labour very greatly exceeds, and our expenses are nearly double the amount of the Letter Carriers, though their wages are far superior, and are still with other privileges increasing yearly, consequently it is not possible to compete with them or feel any pleasure in the performance of a duty, that marks us out so invidiously we therefore deeply regret to say that in consequence of these distinctions combined with unhandsome treatment our late invaluable messenger to Killey felt bound in justice to himself to resign his situation after more than fifteen years servitude, without the least imputation against him, because there was not the slightest avenue of improvement open to him, though in fitness second to none, he having at the time of resignation more duties to perform for the same wages than when he entered the service, his successor (a man of high principle) after more than twelve months trial, for similar reasons has adopted the same course, and we greatly fear that unless the system so fraught with injustice be speedily altered such instances will prevail, to the great annoyance of the public by such frequent changes caused by the serious privations and extra expenses to which we are subject being continually separated from our homes and also by the wear and tear of our fatiguing journeys, with no place of shelter at our terminus, except at our own cost of two shillings per week, the sum paid by both our late Messengers, and also by some of the present, depriving us as it does of the means of sustaining our families by our labour, even a week in the year, consequently fast diminishing what was intended as a solace in affliction or age, so that the very thought of non-improvement would be nearly intolerable, therefore we earnestly hope that your Lordship will see it both just and necessary to increase our wages and also to grant us similar privileges now enjoyed by the Letter Carriers and also that great boon in reversion for age and other infirmities, being equal to them in business we plead for equality with them in privilege, especially in filling either by merit or seniority any vacancy that occurs amongst them, a boon that would positively be most highly prized, although enjoyed through all the ramifications of civilized society, and promised to us two years ago but not fulfilled.' et we are proved

servants of eight to twelve years standing, without a report against us, though the changes have been so numerous that there are but few situations in the whole establishment but what have been filled and some refilled during our service while we have been neglected and deprived of the privilege which to us would have been so great. Numerous other instances might be cited in proof of the hardships and privations that we as a class are subjected to, but for the sake of brevity we refrain rather than weary the attention by trespassing upon your Lordship's most valuable time.

In conclusion we sincerely hope and humbly pray that with a surplus Postal Revenue your Lordship will be graciously pleased to commiserate our case, and in consummate wisdom to devise a remedial scheme equal to our laborious duties and commensurate with our serious expenses and great necessities; so that when our grievances are honourably redressed our complaints which are just shall cease and determine, and your Lordships most humble memorialists as in duty bound will ever pray.



MR. W. W. JACOBS.

One of Ours.

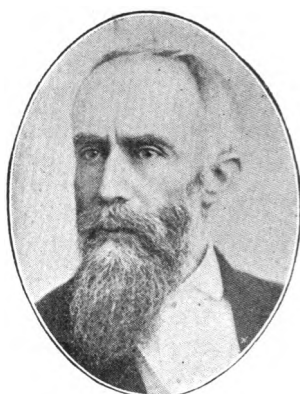
THE BOOKMAN for May chooses, as the subject of its monthly article on "New Writers," Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of *Many Cargoes*, which it describes as "one of the few really amusing books of recent years." It states that Mr. Jacobs' first literary successes began ten years ago, in connexion with an amateur magazine at the Post Office, and there is no difficulty in identifying him with the Savings Bank department, where he has been for more than thirteen years. Mr. Jacobs comes of seafaring folk, and had ambitions in that direction himself when a boy. He did, in fact, go to sea in amateur fashion for a time, and for some years he lived in a wharf, where he unconsciously acquired the knowledge of small



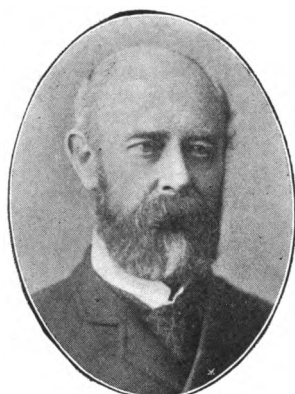
R. KIRTON.
(Christchurch.)



E. COOK.
(Dunedin.)



S. J. JAGO.
(Napier.)



S. B. BISS.
(Auckland.)



J. E. CONEY.
(Thames.)



J. A. HUTTON.
(Oamaru.)



J. W. WILKIN.
(Invercargill.)



A. E. CRESWELL.
(Hokitika.)

SOME CHIEF POSTMASTERS. NEW ZEALAND.

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[To face page 331.]

coasting craft and their men, which he has used so effectively in his stories. *The Bookman* says that although his writing shows no sign of elaboration, Mr. Jacobs is "a very patient, careful worker," and that unlike most of the new writers of the day, he is "anxious to produce nothing but his best." During the last six months he has only written a story of thirty thousand words—"The Skipper's Wooing"—which will appear serially in the *Windsor Magazine*, and in book form in the autumn.

The Spectator, also, has "discovered" Mr. Jacobs, and devotes a special article to *Many Cargoes*, under the heading of "A New Humorist." *The Spectator* is a sober journal, not given to gush or over praise, and yet it tells us that it knows "a bachelor with a healthy appetite" who took up *Many Cargoes* at his club after a hard day's work, and forgot all about his dinner; and of an ardent golfer who dared not finish the book lest it should "put him off his stroke." It speaks of Mr. Jacobs as "an author who, to judge from his first essay, is as richly equipped with the sense of the ludicrous as any writer now before the public," and concludes a highly appreciative article with the following sentences:—"It only remains for us, in taking leave of this exhilarating book, to add that Mr. Jacobs' strong sense of the ludicrous never leads him into lapses from taste or decorum. His fun is always innocent and wholesome, while the comic element in many of his stories alternates with a vein of homely but chivalrous romance."

This is high praise for so young a writer, but it is not too high, having regard to the character and quality of the work. Let us hope that, before long, the pages of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* may be enlivened by a contribution from Mr. Jacobs' humorous pen.

R. W. J.

Mr. J. G. Kidd.

WE regret to have to announce the death of Mr. John G. Kidd, late of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Post Office, who recently expired at the early age of 39 at his home at New Galloway, Kirkcudbrightshire. Mr. Kidd was a resident of Newcastle for upwards of 22 years, and was well and favourably known in connection with several organisations that exist in that city for the advancement of the intellectual and religious training of the youth of the city. Possessed of considerable literary ability, particularly in verse writing, the contributions from his pen received favourable notice in many quarters, productions of his being included in a volume of poems by typical Scottish poets. Mr. Kidd joined the postal service in the south-west of Scotland at the age of 14, and was transferred to Newcastle in 1874 as a junior clerk. He rose rapidly through successive grades, until, in 1890, he attained to the position of assistant-superintendent. His health broke down last year, and he was compelled to return to his home in November. His many friends will learn of his death with sincere sorrow.

Mr. C. J. Woode.

ON Tuesday the 11th of May, Mr. H. C. Fischer, C.M.G., Controller of the Central Telegraph Office, had the pleasure of presenting the Royal Humane Society's Medal and Vellum, together with a gold ring and set of gold studs and links subscribed by a number of his colleagues, to Mr. C. J. Woode, a young Telegraphist at the Central Office, for having, on the evening of the 30th of March last, rescued an elderly man from drowning by plunging into the Thames and swimming for some distance against a strong current. Mr. Woode afterwards restored animation by means of the Silvester method. Mr. Fischer, in the course of a few



MR. C. J. WOODE.

remarks, commended the rescuer for his great courage and presence of mind, and Miss Fischer then gracefully pinned the medal on the young hero's breast. Mr. Woode, in expressing his gratitude for the appreciative remarks of his chief, and in tendering his sincere thanks to his colleagues for their generous gifts, said he considered they were far in excess of his deserts, as he felt he had but done his duty. Lieut.-Colonel Raffles Thompson, the Commanding Officer of the 24th Middlesex (Post Office) Rifle Volunteers, and Captain Price of the same Corps, of which Mr. Woode is a member, were present on the occasion.

Mr. E. Orchard.

THE Accountant's Office at Dublin has undergone material changes in staff during the past three months. Mr. Hallowes has retired and has been succeeded by Mr. K. C. Ogilvie, the Examiner. The Examinership has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Edward Orchard, a Clerk on the Higher Grade of the Second Division of the Accountant General's Department, London. Mr. Orchard entered the Service 25 years ago as a Boy Clerk in the Savings Bank Department, whence he was shortly afterwards transferred to the Receiver and Accountant General's Office, where

he has since remained until his present appointment. On two occasions he has for lengthened periods assisted in the Surveying Department. From all the chiefs under whom he has served, Mr. Orchard has won golden opinions, and amongst his fellow officers he has always been most deservedly popular. An able and energetic worker, he has earned the warm regard of those he has come into contact with by his genuineness of character, his unassuming demeanour, and his geniality. It was not surprising,



MR. E. ORCHARD.

therefore, that his friends, including Mr. Cardin, his late chief, should have sent him off with a handsome testimonial to Dublin, where all sincerely wish he may have health and strength long to enjoy his present appointment, and in the fulness of time to rise to yet higher things.

A Brave Postman.

THE name of George Shaw, Auxiliary Postman of Battersea, is another which must be added to the list of civil servants who have been faithful literally unto death. On the 9th of April, while carrying a mail bag from the Battersea Office to Clapham Junction, Shaw stepped from the pavement in front of a cart, which knocked him down and passed over his body, fracturing several ribs and inflicting severe cuts and bruises. In spite of his terrible injuries, Shaw, who was 70 years of age, thought only of his duty; though

dazed and staggering, he refused assistance, contrived to shoulder his bag, and made his way to the railway station. There, having disposed of his burden, the brave old man collapsed, and lost consciousness, never again to recover it. Two fellow postmen, T. K. Tookey and Walter Young, rendered assistance to their comrade, who was removed to the Bolingbroke Hospital. It was



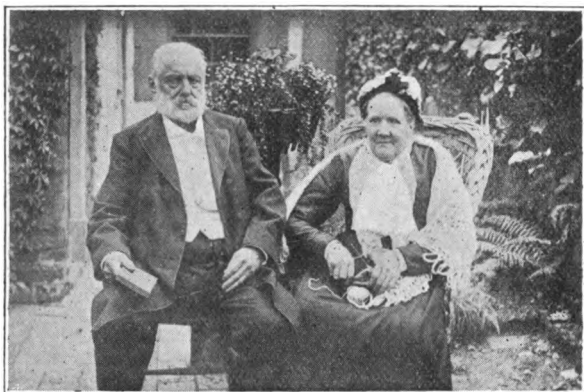
MR. G. SHAW.

found that Shaw's case was hopeless, as the lungs had been penetrated by the broken ribs, and he died within 36 hours, his last unconscious murmurings being of concern for the safety of the letters entrusted to him. We give a portrait of Mr. Shaw, taken from a group of Battersea Postmen.

A Post Office Veteran and his Wife.

MR. GEORGE THORNTON, a retired officer of the General Post Office, was born at Birmingham on March 18th, 1817. He entered the Post Office in 1837, and, after having served for forty years, was pensioned in 1877. He was married on September 4th, 1836, to Mary Gough, who is still the partner of his joys and sorrows. Mr. Thornton has sent us a few reminiscences of his early days, and we learn from them that he began to earn his living at ten years of age as an errand boy, and afterwards was apprenticed to the gun trade, his working day consisting of thirteen hours. Cricket and football were unknown games to boys of his class in those days, and, owing to the want of vigilance on the part of the parish constables, bull-baiting and cock-fighting were largely indulged in. In consequence of trade being slack, he applied for a situation as a letter carrier in 1837, and was duly appointed, the staff at Birmingham consisting then of a postmistress, four clerks, two stampers, and fourteen letter carriers. Eleven of the letter carriers earned £1 per week, and the rest 18s. These were, of course, the days prior to penny post, and Mr. Thornton tells us that in 1840 four more letter carriers

were appointed, "but little preparation was made for carrying out the extra work, as the Postmaster-General and most of the officials did not believe in the success of the penny post." We congratulate both Mr. Thornton and his wife on having witnessed three Diamond Jubilees, and we are pleased to note that the Queen, the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Norfolk have accepted copies of the photograph, from which our illustration is taken, and have sent the veteran couple their congratulations. We may add that Mr. Thornton will be happy to supply original copies of the photograph in question at



MR. AND MRS. THORNTON.

the cost of one shilling each. On the back of each copy appears the following statement :

" DIAMOND WEDDING.

September 4th, 1836, at Harborne Parish Church, by the Rev. Chancellor Law, Vicar, **GEORGE THORNTON** to **MARY GOUGH**, both of Birmingham. For sixty years connected with the Birmingham Post Office.

"In the Post Office Jubilee Circular of 1890 the names of eighty-eight persons are given who were in the service of the Post Office prior to the introduction of the Penny Post, and were then living. One of them is George Thornton, Birmingham.

"Date entered 1837; Head Postman, Birmingham; Retired 1877.

"177, Villa Street, Aston Manor, Birmingham."

Hannah Brewer and Hannah Vowles.

THE new woman has of late been greatly in evidence, and, in contrast to that creation of modern times, something about the old order of women, as exemplified by Hannah Brewer, the Bitton post-woman, may be of interest. Hannah Brewer was born in

March, 1825. Her father was sub-postmaster of the village of Bitton for 57 years, and served in that capacity up to the day of his death, when he was in the 87th year of his age. Hannah commenced to deliver letters in the hamlets and at the farm-houses near Bitton when a mere child, and has continued to do so during all the sixty years of Her Majesty's reign, but has just given up the work, as, having attained the advanced age of 72 years, and walked her quarter of a million of miles, she felt that she ought to take life more easily than hitherto. In distance her round was 11 miles daily, and the route was a very trying one on account of the steep hills she had to



HANNAH BREWER.

traverse, and of great exposure to the sun in summer and to the wind, frost, and snow in winter. It may be interesting to record that Hannah Brewer, although she has had to serve a district sparsely populated, has never been robbed, stopped, nor molested in any way. She was the recipient of the first official waterproof clothing issued to post-women in England.

Hannah, through her devotion to her father when he was alive, and through her assiduous attention to her duties as a humble servant of the Crown, has gained the respect of all those who know her both in her native village and on the long round she has daily had to traverse. Since her father's death, in October, 1892, Hannah has been alone in the world, her few relatives who have not predeceased her living at some distance from her and unable to help her. By

strict temperance, by frugality, and abstention from what most people call enjoyment and pleasure, she has saved a little money, although her pay was only eleven or twelve shillings a week. As she served the post-office throughout her long life (her memory carrying her back to the days when the letters reached Bitton by mail coach, and a single letter from London cost 11d.), it is gratifying to find, now that in her old age she cannot continue to do her daily round, the Lords of the Treasury, have, under the exceptional circumstances, granted her half-pay pension, a sum which, with her savings, will serve to maintain her in that far-famed Golden Valley between Wick and Bitton, near which she lives and has passed through on her daily round. The Postmaster and Surveyor of the Bristol District has had few more pleasurable duties than that which he undertook, in the presence of the sub-postmaster of Bitton (Mr. Buckland), of present-Hannah, in her trim cottage, with her first pension warrant. At a fête held at Bitton on the Queen's Jubilee Commemoration Day, Hannah Brewer was presented by the Sub-Postmaster, on behalf of the inhabitants of the district, with a handsome marble clock and a purse of money.

Perhaps a still more remarkable case of a person being employed on Post Office duties up to a very advanced age is that of the Postmistress of the charming little village of Frenchay, near Bristol. Mrs. Hannah Vowles, after 47 years' service, who last month resigned her appointment, reached the ripe age of 95 years. Unlike Hannah Brewer, she has been a traveller, and in her youth lived for some time in the West Indies, where she was in service, which she gave up in order to return home to support her aged mother, who was 90 years of age when she departed this life. The appointment of Sub-Postmistress has been conferred upon Mrs. Vowles' niece, who has already had 42 years' service as postwoman.

R. C. T.

An Old Mail Coach Guard.

IN vol. II. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* (p. 70), under the above title, we chronicled the retirement of Mr. Moses James Nobbs, "the last of the old mail coach guards—the last in active service at any rate." We have now to record his death (in his 81st year), which took place at Uxbridge on the 18th of May last.

This veteran guard (writes Mr. E. Hawkins) was in the service for fifty-five years. He was superannuated five years since, when, on behalf of the various officials, he was presented by the then Controller of the London Postal Service (Mr. R. C. Tombs) with a mail guard's silver watch and chain, a coloured photograph, and a purse of sovereigns.

In the fall of 1836, Nobbs was appointed to take charge of the mail between Bristol and Portsmouth. It was a night journey, and occupied about twelve hours—from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. The ensuing winter was a severe one. After leaving Bristol one night at seven o'clock, all went well until the coach neared Salisbury at about

midnight. Snow had been falling heavily, and at that point was lying several feet deep. The coach was brought to a dead stop, and it was seen that it would be impossible to proceed further. Consequently, the brave Nobbs left the coach and went on horseback to the next changing place, where he obtained a fresh horse and started for Southampton. There he procured a chaise and pair and continued his journey to Portsmouth, arriving about 6 p.m. the next day. He was then ordered to return to Bristol. On reaching Salisbury on the return journey, he found that the London mails had arrived, but could not proceed further, the snow being so very deep.



MOSES NOBBS.

(From a block kindly lent by Mr. R. C. Tombs.)

Not to be beaten, however, he took a horse, slung the mail bags over his shoulder, and pushed on for Bristol, where he arrived the next day, after much wandering through fields, up and down lanes, and across country—all being one dreary expanse of snow. By this time he was ready for a rest, but there was none for him in Bristol, for he was ordered to take the Bristol and other mails on to Birmingham; and he arrived there after being on duty for two days and nights continuously. For his success in getting the mails through he received a letter of thanks from the Postmaster-General, as he did on several occasions.

The most eventful period of his life was while on the Cheltenham and Aberystwyth mail, which he worked from 1838 to 1854. The road ran through a fearful country, over the Plinlimmon Mountain,

which is about 2,000 feet above the sea level. They left Hereford one market day, the wind blowing a hurricane. When they reached St. Owen's turnpike gate it was noticed that it was closed, and Nobbs blew his horn. The gatekeeper threw the gate wide open; but it rebounded and struck one of the leaders, which so frightened the team that they got completely out of hand, and galloped down the road as fast as they could lay feet to the ground. The coachman was a nervous man, and finding he could not control the horses and pull them up, he threw himself off the box into the road, with the result that his head was dashed to pieces. The horses, now at full gallop, ran into a donkey cart in which an old woman and her daughter were returning from market, and doubled it up completely. The daughter heard the noise of the approaching coach, and jumped out in time to save herself; but the poor old woman was kicked to death. The leaders broke loose and galloped on for some miles, doing further mischief.

On another occasion there was a dreadful flood all over the country. The rivers were so swollen, particularly the Severn and Wye, that it was difficult for even the high mail coach to get along the roads. Leaving Gloucester on one occasion at midnight, all went on well until the coach reached Lugg Bridge, four miles from Hereford, or rather the place where the bridge had been, for it was washed away during the night, and the coach, going along quickly, fell into the rushing stream. Horses, coach, coachman, guard, and one passenger were carried down the river for about a mile and a half. Three of the horses and the passenger were drowned. A little while afterwards, while passing over Plinlimmon, they completely lost their way in the snow and fog, and, unfortunately misguided by a postboy sent ahead to trace the road, the horses, drivers, coach, and contents were precipitated over a precipice 60 feet below. And again, after leaving Gloucester and getting as far as Radnor Forest, they were caught in a terrific snow storm, and in a short time the coach was covered. It had to be abandoned, and it remained embedded for a week.

The Civil Service Insurance Society.

THE annual report of this flourishing society shows even better results than I ventured to predict six months ago in connexion with the half-yearly meeting of the council. The total number of policies issued in 1896 was 947, the sum assured was £233,592, and the gross premiums amounted to £8,440 19s., as compared with 780 policies, £210,103 assured, and £7,342 9s. 3d. premium income in 1895. These figures compare with 542 policies, £129,842 assured, and £4,614 11s. 3d. premium income in 1893, so that there is an increase of not far short of *eighty per cent.* in the brief period of three years. More than this, Sir Ralph Knox, the chairman and devoted friend of the society, stated at the annual meeting that the business for the current year gave even greater promise than that of the past, the number of policies taken out between 1st January and

27th April being 350, for a total sum assured of £89,500, and a gross annual premium of £3,200, bringing the total sum assured to just on *four millions sterling*! In fire, accident, and burglary insurance, the increase in the business was also most encouraging, and gave every indication of contributing a further handsome instalment to the £2,649 already received for the prospective widows' and orphans' annuity fund. In connexion with the growth of the business of these insurances, the chairman pointed out that the sum earned by the society from them last year was over £900, and that it was consequently to the interest and advantage of all civil servants to support these insurances as much as possible. The committee have been favoured with the opinion of the directors of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company in reference to the suggestion indicated in their last report that a Widows' and Orphans' Fund worked in combination with the company might prove mutually advantageous both to the service and to the Insurance Company. After carefully considering the subject in all its bearings, the directors are of opinion that such a fund as the society contemplates could be more satisfactorily and economically worked as a Civil Service society than by them as a commercial undertaking; and they have been good enough to offer to assist the society in establishing a fund on the general lines proposed, and the committee, with the assistance of the manager and actuary of the company, are now engaged in endeavouring to work out the details of a satisfactory scheme.

A motion by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, of the Inland Revenue Department (author of *Social Evolution*), that "it is desirable to consider whether steps should be taken, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign, to raise by voluntary subscriptions throughout the service such a sum as would, by forming a sufficient reserve fund, or otherwise, enable the Widows' and Orphans' Fund to be successfully established during the 'Diamond Jubilee Year,'" seconded by Mr. Valentine Corry of the Secretary's Office, G.P.O., was, after a long discussion, negatived. This is a pity, perhaps; but probably the council were of opinion that there are already too many "Jubilee" funds in course of establishment at the present moment.

I am glad to welcome to a seat on the council my old friend Mr. Ismay, chief superintendent of the Telegraph Department in Liverpool, who will be an acquisition both in a consultative and a business point of view. The society needs good men at the council board, and its phenomenal success indicates plainly enough that it has got them.

R. W. J.

Sir Robert Hunter at the Statistical Society.

ON Tuesday, May 25th, Sir Robert Hunter, the Solicitor to the Post Office, read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society entitled "The Movement for the Inclosure and Preservation of Open Lands." This is a subject upon which Sir Robert Hunter

speaks with especial authority, and the historical sketch which he gave of the common fields, common lands, and forests of England is an exceedingly valuable contribution to the literature which already exists on the subject. We are accustomed to think of "the network of hedges" as belonging especially to English landscape, and yet Sir Robert told us that down even to Tudor times the country was for the most part tilled on the common field system, and with the exception of a few paddocks and homesteads was unenclosed. Then he traced the growth of inclosures extending down to our own day, and he naturally takes some pride in claiming a share in the counter movement which has done so much to preserve to the use of the public the common lands and open spaces which still remained untouched in this country, but which were most certainly threatened with destruction. "The Rescue of Epping Forest" was described, as well as the extensions of Hampstead Heath, and Mr. Fawcett's and Miss Octavia Hill's efforts in the movement were warmly eulogised. Sir Robert concluded thus: "To sum up the whole of these figures (leaving out for the purpose the royal parks), we have, as the sum total of the movement in favour of open spaces which has taken place during the present reign, and especially during the last half of it, the following figures:—

	Acres.
County of London	3,687
Greater London	10,294
108 Provincial Towns	11,762
	<hr/>
	25,743

Miss Octavia Hill and Mr. George Howell took part in the discussion which followed.

Art Exhibition at Edinburgh.

AN exhibition of amateur art work by employees in the General Post Office, Edinburgh, was held in March last in one of the rooms in the building. The object was to encourage the men and women in the various departments of the service to take up some pleasant occupation in their leisure hours. There were 150 exhibits, which consisted chiefly of oil paintings and water colours, examples of photography, cabinet work, &c. Our old contributor, Mr. J. W. Hyde, Controller of the Postal Branch, author of *The Royal Mail* and other books, sent three pictures, and among the works which have been well-spoken of are Edinburgh scenes by Mr. R. Thompson, stamper, Mr. George Angus' study of flowers and a tiger's head, and Mr. Donaldson's study of roses. There were also exhibits of photography, fancy fret work, pretty ornamental designs, drawing room screens, and the committee, of which Mr. Fraser of the Sorting Department and Mr. J. Davidson of the Postmen's Department were active members, deserve the congratulations of their brother and sister officers. We are surprised to learn that there was only one lady exhibitor, but, in future exhibitions, we hope

this defect will be remedied. We believe that Glasgow claims to have originated and to have first put into form the idea of an art exhibition for postal servants, and although this admission is made in an Edinburgh paper, it is qualified by the statement that Edinburgh has surpassed Glasgow not only in the number of exhibits but in their excellence. We are not in possession of the Glasgow view of the matter, and we only quote the Edinburgh paper in order to draw attention to the good results which are produced from the healthy rivalry of these two great cities. We hope the example of Scotland will fire some English towns into doing likewise.

The United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Service Benevolent Society.

THE biennial meeting was held in London this year on the first of June, and a very large number of delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom attended the conference at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, Mr. John Ardron, Assistant Secretary to the General Post Office, being in the chair. Mr. Ardron, however, owing to ill health, was unable to do much more than welcome the delegates to London, and his successor in the chair (Mr. A. Belcher) bore the burden and heat of the day, and carried off the honours which are attached to the post. The delegates of this Society are an extremely difficult body of men to deal with, and it is no uncommon occurrence to find numbers of them pledged to vote in a certain direction, and converted by the arguments used at the meeting to a sense of the wrongfulness of their proposed vote, but yet unable to decide the moral question which is the greater sin, to vote against your pledge or your conscience. Usually the pledge wins, but the Chairman has a bad time while the moral struggle is going on. Mr. Belcher is used, however, to these gatherings, and he is invariably kind, patient, and quietly severe towards the delegates. The principal business was the question of the formation of a new branch of the Society for the provision of a benefit fund on the retirement of a member from the Postal Service, and it was decided to appoint a small London committee with power to add to their number, to consider the details of a possible scheme for submission to members at the next meeting of the Society which takes place in Leeds in June, 1899. Mr. Sutch, who has held the post of Central Secretary since 1889, did not offer himself for re-election, and Mr. G. W. Treble, of the London Postal Service, was elected in his place after a contest in which Mr. Nicholson, of the Telegraph Service, and Mr. Jeffery, of the London Postal Service, were the other competitors.

A large and representative gathering of delegates and guests sat down to dinner the same evening at the Holborn Restaurant, under the chairmanship of Mr. Lamb, second Secretary to the General Post Office, and the vice-chairmanship of Mr. J. C. Badcock, Controller of the London Postal Service. Among the guests were Mr. Conacher, Manager of the North British Railway,

and Mr. A. Powell, Manager of the Metropolitan District Railway. "The Post Office" was proposed by Sir Robert Hunter, and responded to by Mr. Lamb. "The Society" was proposed by Mr. Lamb and was responded to by the new Central Secretary, Mr. Treble. We instructed our reporter to take notes of the various speeches, but he has excused himself on the ground of what he calls "the imperfect acoustic qualities" of the hall. It appears, however, that in order to hear the Meister Glee Singers to better advantage, he spent most of his time in the Ladies' Gallery, and the oratory of the various gentlemen was but imperfectly heard in his part of the hall. But it was a good dinner, and the delegates enjoyed themselves, although it struck us that they were never roused to enthusiasm, or to such bursts of merriment as we have witnessed at livelier gatherings of the same kind in the provinces. They were probably over-awed by the presence of so many chiefs, and instead of giving themselves over to the enjoyment of the moment they were carefully taking in the various idiosyncrasies of these same chiefs, with a view to future departmental action. One man we noticed in particular, who we should fancy meditates mischief, rarely ever took his eyes off the chairman, but in the imperfect light which prevailed the look may possibly have been one of veneration. The reception committee in London provided various excursions and entertainments for the benefit of the delegates on the day following the meeting. E. B.

Two Stamp Catalogues.

WE have received the Eleventh Edition (1897) of Messrs. Stanley Gibbons' priced catalogue,* which is being issued in three parts. Part I. appears with a red binding, and is devoted entirely to the stamps of Great Britain and her Colonies. We understand that this part has been re-written, and, as stated in the introduction, brought thoroughly up to date in all respects. A perusal of the work leads us to endorse the publishers' claim in this respect, and, as postal officials—possessing accordingly a sneaking regard for things philatelic—we are glad to possess a book which places us in a position to know accurately how the world wags philatelically. Included in this part is a very handy Foreign money table—the most exhaustive we have met with for some time past,—and also a dictionary of technical philatelic terms expressed in French, German, Spanish and English, which to collectors—we might also say even to non-collectors—whether they possess a knowledge of these languages or not, will be of great value.

Part II. deals with the stamps of Foreign Countries, and the minuteness of detail with which the subject is treated and the excellent results which has been obtained testify to the deservedness of the praise which has been universally accorded to the work. Both parts—No. III., which is to be devoted to envelopes, post-cards, wrappers, &c., has not yet appeared—are replete with

* *Priced Catalogue of Stamps*, Parts I. and II., 2s. each. (Stanley Gibbons, London, 1897).

illustrations, which, as the publishers somewhat naively state, "are very unsatisfactory." Altogether we congratulate Messrs. Stanley Gibbons on the production of the catalogue.

We have also received the Fifteenth Edition of the *Price Catalogue of Foreign Stamps*,* issued by Mr. William Brown, of Salisbury. It is, as usual, well arranged in alphabetical order, rendering an index superfluous. The prices of some of the stamps listed seem to us very low, and we commend it to those among our readers who are of a philatelic turn of mind, and who are seeking to embellish their collections with as little outlay as possible.

Telegraph Messengers' Church Parade at Liverpool.

THE fourth annual church parade of Liverpool Telegraph Messengers took place on the 30th May in front of St. George's Hall. The messengers, under the command of Chief-Inspector Gates, mustered at 9.30 a.m., and the parade state showed



LIVERPOOL CYCLIST MESSENGERS.

one chief inspector, seven inspectors, 20 cyclist messengers, eight adult telegraph messengers, and 420 telegraph messengers. During the parade the Post Office Band played a selection of appropriate music, and promptly at ten a.m. the postmaster (Mr. F. Salisbury) arrived and inspected the messengers, who subsequently marched to St. Nicholas's Church, preceded by the cyclist section. After divine service the messengers were again paraded, and prior to being dismissed were photographed in several positions by Mr. Harry Cooper (Postal Telegraphist). We understand that Colonel Alder, who was present at the parade, spoke in very complimentary terms of the smartness of the messengers in falling into position, and of their general appearance.

"Rameau's Nephew."†

THIS is a translation of what Thomas Carlyle long ago called "decidedly the best of all Diderot's compositions." Strange to say, that although probably written about 1770, the authentic copy endorsed by the author's own signature was not discovered

* *Price Catalogue of Foreign Stamps*. (William Brown, Salisbury, 1896.) Price 1s.

† *Rameau's Nephew*. A translation from Diderot, by Sylvia Margaret Hill. (Longman, Green & Co., London). Price 3s. 6d.

until 1890, and in the meantime all the knowledge the literary world possessed of this masterpiece was from a re-translation of Goethe's own translation of the work, a very doubtful and expurgated edition published by M. Briere in 1821, and an edition of M. Tourneux in 1884, founded on a copy he unearthed in St. Petersburg while he was searching after others of Diderot's writings. These were all more or less imperfect, and very much edited editions, and the book before us possesses the advantage of not only being the first English translation of the work, but of being translated direct from the autographic text. Mr. John Morley, in his volume on *Diderot* has given renderings from the work, but in an abridged form, and he has also devoted many pages to a critical analysis of the contents. To put it briefly the volume is in the form of dialogue, and is an analysis more or less searching of a type of character which is common enough, and was especially so in the Paris of the pre-Revolution period. Indeed, to us in the last years of the nineteenth century, the book, apart from its literary quality, is valuable for the searching light it throws on the baseness and corruption which prevailed before the great burst-up on the Continent when France "stamped her strong foot and said she would be free." Mr. John Morley said of this picture of Rameau that it seems as if Diderot unconsciously anticipated that terrible, that woeful, that desolating saying: "There is in every man and woman something which if you knew it, would make you hate them." It is a book worthy of the notice of everybody who is a student of human nature, and if he be but an imperfect French scholar or too lazy to seek for the original, here in this very capable rendering he may find plenty of good reading. The translation appears to us to be quite free from the stiffness and pedantry which are the bane of most translations, and the English is easy, idiomatic, and flowing. In other words, it is readable, and it will not detract from its interest in the eyes of Post Office men if we add that the lady to whom we are indebted for the work is a grand-niece of Sir Rowland Hill.

Odds and Ends.

DIAMOND Jubilee Honours. Three Post Office men have been made Companions of the Bath. The recipients of the honour are Mr. Lewin Hill and Mr. H. Buxton Forman, Assistant Secretaries, and Mr. J. J. Cardin, Controller and Accountant-General. We offer them our very hearty congratulations.

* * *

THE Jubilee honours conferred on members of the Postal staff (says the *Civilian*) will give general satisfaction. It is said that the Duke of Norfolk presented quite a long list of recommendations, and there are still many hardworking men in the Post Office who have rendered special service to their country without such reward. At the same time the three who have been selected certainly stand forward as men of exceptional ability. Mr. Cardin, in carrying out meritorious reforms not only in his own department, but in others, and often in the face of opposition, has always exhibited an

admirable amount of *savoir faire* added to an intimate knowledge of Postal matters. Mr. Lewin Hill comes of a family indissolubly connected with the greatest of all Postal reforms, and has always worthily followed the footsteps of his famous ancestor. Mr. Buxton Forman, as a man of keen insight and an accomplished linguist, has rendered great service to the department, and has also laid the nation under an obligation by his contributions to the literature of the era.

* * *

PORTRAITS. We have in hand a good many photographs of postmasters, chief clerks and telegraph superintendents, and shall hope to publish these in our October and January numbers. This time, as was fitting and proper, the portraits are chiefly those of our Colonial friends.

* * *

AMONG the list of Jubilee honours occurs the name of Godfrey Yeatman Lagden, Esq., C.M.G., Government Secretary and Accountant of Basutoland, and his newly acquired rank is that of K.C.M.G. Sir Godfrey Lagden, as we must now call him, was for several years a clerk in the Savings Bank Department, and was well known in London athletic circles. He left the service of the Post Office about twenty years ago.

* * *

AN interesting presentation was made to Miss Smith, the Lady Superintendent of the Savings Bank Department, on May 1st, that being the twenty-first anniversary of her present appointment. The souvenir consisted of a large bowl of roses, and an album bound in royal blue vellum with gold monogram, and containing the signatures of the entire staff of Lady Clerks. Miss Smith thanked the donors individually, and expressed her appreciation of such a spontaneous token of good will on their part.

* * *

THERE are of course many men in the Post Office who rejoice in the possession of a B.A. (London) degree. Most of them, however, remain content with this honour, or they find official life too exacting to permit them to secure higher prizes. It is rare indeed to find a man with sufficient energy and application to continue his efforts until he is in a position to acquire the still more coveted honour of the M.A. degree. Mr. J. W. Smith of the Savings Bank Department has just passed the M.A. examination in classics, and most people have some idea of what a pass at such an examination means as a certificate of scholarship. We congratulate him most heartily.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Secretary's O.	Patrick, W.	Deputy Staff Officer	1868; Clk., S.O., Grade II., '73; 1st Cl., '82
" "	Smart, H. F.	1st Cl. Clk. ... (Supplementary Est.)	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '81; S.O., '83
" "	Darby, H.	2nd Cl. Clk. " ...	Boy Clk., Educn. Dept., '79; Clk., Lr. Div., S.B., '81; Clk., C.E.B., '87
" "	Mackay, J. D.	" " ...	Clk., Lr. Div., S.B., '83; Clk., S.O., '94
" "	Brown, P. A.	3rd Cl. Clk. " ...	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '95
" "	Davis, W.	" " ...	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '92
" "	Squire, R. H.	" " ...	Cn. & Tel. N., '92; 2nd Div. Clk., R. and A.G.O., '96
" "	Thomas, H. M.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '90
" "	Muirhead, C. W.	" " ...	2nd Div. Clk., M.O.O., '93
" "	Eatherley, E. N.	" " ...	1893; Jnr. Examr., C. of S.O., '95
" "	Couch, B. Y.	" " ...	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '93
" "	Cole, F. T.	" " ...	Tel., C.T.O., '90; 2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '94
" (Registry)	Brown, W. S.	1st Cl. Pr. Kr. ...	3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '81; 2nd Cl., '88
" "	Piper, H.	" " ...	1871; 2nd Cl. Tr., R. and A.G.O., '76; Asst. R.L.O., '80; 3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '84; 2nd Cl., '88
" "	Higgins, C.	" " ...	3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '79; 2nd Cl., '88
" "	Ford, F. C.	2nd Cl. Pr. Kr. ...	1876; 3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '86
" "	Micklewright, T. W.	" " ...	1878; 3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '86
" "	Lindsey, M. J.	" " ...	1877; 3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '87
" "	Marshall, W.	" " ...	1878; 3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '88
" "	Smalley, J.	" " ...	1875; 3rd Cl. Pr. Kr., '88
" "	Teare, R. A. B.	3rd Cl. Pr. Kr. ...	S.C. & T., King's Lynn, '89
" "	Warren, C. D.	" " ...	S.C. & T., Richmond, Sy., '91

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Secretary's O. (Registry)	Randall, H.	3rd Cl. Pr Kr. ...	S.C. & T., Moreton-in-Marsh, '92
Sur.'s Office ...	Owens, A.	Stationary Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Stourbridge, '89; Hawkhurst, '90
" ...	Bradford, F. G.	" ...	2nd Cl. S.C., Exeter, '93
A.G.D. ...	Inclendon, L.	Acct. ...	1870; Asst. Acct., '92
" ...	Frost, E. H. J.	Asst. Acct. ...	1870; R. & A.G.O., '74; Examr., '92
" ...	Middleton, J. C. B.	Examr. ...	1874; R. & A.G.O., '75; Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '93
S.B.D. ...	Galton, J. C. G.	Prin. Clk. ...	S.O., '61; S.B.D., '65; 1st Cl., '81; Asst Princ. Clk., '92
" ...	Bundy, F. W.	" ...	1865; 1st Cl., '81; Asst. Princ. Clk., '92
" ...	Charlton, H. E.	" ...	1869; 1st Cl., '91; Asst. Princ. Clk., '92
" ...	Sutch, C. C.	" ...	1870; Asst. Princ. Clk., '92
" ...	Rogers, G. A. F.	Asst. Prin. Clk. ...	1869; 1st Cl. Clk., '92
" ...	Palmer, J. C.	" ...	1868; 1st Cl. Clk., '92
" ...	Trinder, W. G.	" ...	1869; 1st Cl. Clk., '92
" ...	Weeks, M.	" ...	Cir. Dept., '68; S.B.D., '70; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Batchelor, W. A. E.	" ...	1870; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Bowen, B. I. J. W.	" ...	1867; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Hockey, G.	" ...	1869; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Russell, C.	1st Cl. Clk. ...	1869; Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '90
" ...	Curtayne, J. J.	" ...	1869; " " "
" ...	Millington, W. A.	" ...	1870; " " "
" ...	Walliker, E. H. J.	" ...	1870; " " "
" ...	Nash, C. F.	" ...	1870; " " "
" ...	White, J. P.	" ...	1870; " " "
" ...	Hudson, W. R.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	Brooks, G. L.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	Rickcord, H. T.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	J. A.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	Gurr, A. G.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	MacDonald, E.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	Duffield, A. G.	" ...	1872; " " "
" ...	Dudley, R.	" ...	1873; " " '91
" ...	Remington, F.	" ...	1873; " " '93
" ...	Askew, J. W.	Hr. Gr., 2nd Div. ...	1875
" ...	Miss C. A. Wall	Asst. Super. ...	1875; Princ. Clk., '82
" ...	" E. M. Miller	Prin. Clk. ...	1882; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	" H. Hunt	" ...	1881; 1st Cl., '88
" ...	" A. M. M.	" ...	1881; 1st Cl., '89
" ...	Ritson	" ...	1879; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" L. A. Sweet	" ...	1881; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" H. A. Scott	" ...	1882; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" E. E. Broad	" ...	1882; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" J. B. Lang	" ...	1882; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" E. Mathews	" ...	1882; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	" M. M. E. Row	1st Cl. Clk. ...	1877
" ...	" I. A. Richardson	" ...	1884

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.B.D.	Miss E. C. May	1st. Cl. Clk.	1885
"	" M. E. M. Osborne	"	1885
"	" M. Bilton	"	1885
"	" M. Spenceley	"	1885
"	" H. G. Jaques	"	1885
"	" E. Rabbidge	"	1886
"	" B. M. Rogers	"	1886
"	" A. Brown	"	1886
"	" E. Wilks	"	1886
"	" A. M. Tattam	"	1886
"	" A. F. Hackett	"	Cwn. & Tel., '83; Clk., S.B., '87
"	" E. Shoults	"	1887
"	" L. S. Henry	"	1887
"	" E. S. Walford	"	1887
"	" M. S. Love	"	1887
"	" B. M. Pember	"	1887
"	" M. T. Saunders	"	1887
"	" M. H. Sale	"	1887
"	" J. W. Macdonald	"	1887
"	" R. A. Williams	"	1888
"	" A. B. Horncastle	"	1888
"	" M. A. Robbins	"	1888
"	" A. M. Walker	"	1888
"	" E. R. Blackall	"	1888
"	" M. Marshall	"	1888
R.L.O.	Alvey, F. W. ...	1st Cl. Asst.	1878; 2nd Cl. Asst., '88
"	Miss E. M. Brown	1st Cl. Retr.	1878
"	" M. C. Johns	"	1882
E. in C.O.	Johnson, R. ...	Asst. Super. Engr.	Mag. Tel. Co., '64; Insp., '85; 1st Cl. Engr., '92
"	Fenton, W. S. ...	1st Cl. Engr....	E.T. Co., '61; G.P.O., '70; Insp., E. in C.O., '87
"	Robb, J. Mc L.	"	Tel., Belfast, '74; Clk., E. in Co., '82; Insp., '87
"	Turner, J. W. ...	"	Tel., Plymouth, '71; Insp., E. in C.O., '89
C. of S.O.	Cheel, H. A. ...	1st Cl. Examr. ...	Tel., T.S., '83; 2nd Cl. Exam., C. of S.O., '92
"	Gellet, C. ...	2nd Cl. ,	2nd Cl. Tel., C.T.O., '92; Jr. Ex., C. of S.O., '94
C.T.O.	Edwards, A. W.	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	1882; 1st Cl. Tel., '90; 3rd Cl. Clk., '94
"	Baker, W. C. ...	Senr. Tel. ...	Tel., Newcastle-on-Tyne, '74; 2nd Cl. C.T.O., '81; 1st Cl., '86

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
C.T.O. ...	Wicken, A. J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
" ...	Finer, F. W. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Watson, F. J. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	May, J. A. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Cullum, H. E. ...	" ...	1884
L.P.S.D. ...	Cripps, W. H. ...	3rd Cl. Clk. ...	2nd Cl. Tel., C.T.O., '86
(Cont.'s Off.)	Matthews, H. ...	Super. ...	1860; Asst. Super., '88
" (Crim. Off.)	Oakley, J. G. ...	Asst. Super. ...	1871; Clk., L.P.S., '85; 2nd Cl., '93
" "	Elford, J. G. ...	" ...	Tel., Waterford, '73; Clk., L.P.S., '85; 2nd Cl., '93
" "	Fulford, D. C. ...	3rd Cl. Clk. ...	1894
" "	Ferguson, P. ...	" ...	2nd Div. Clk., '92; Clk., E., '97
" "	Steward, W. ...	Insp. ...	1871; Over., '81
" "	Hills, W. J. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1876; 2nd Cl., '79
" "	Graves, A. J. ...	" ...	1881; 2nd Cl., '84
" "	Gray, J. ...	" ...	1877; 2nd Cl., '85
" "	Lynch, T. J. ...	" ...	1881; 2nd Cl., '86
" "	Payne, W. O. ...	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl., '87
" "	Steadman, O. ...	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl., '87
" "	Rose, A. R. ...	" ...	1886; 2nd Cl., '87
" "	Cole, G. F. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl., '90
" "	Smith, B. S. J. ...	1st Cl. Cn. & Tel. ...	1881
" "	Coles, H. A. ...	" ...	1881
W.C.D.O. ...	Rickman, A. E. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Barrow, F. G. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
E.D.O. ...	Evans, G. T. ...	Clk. ...	1890
" ...	Wells, H. ...	" ...	2nd Cl. Tel., Liverpool, '92; Jnr. Examr., C. of S.O., '95
" ...	Wise, W. J. ...	1st Cl. Over. ...	1867; Head Pn., '81; 2nd Cl. Over., '87
S.E.D.O. ...	Sear, W. ...	1st Cl. Over. ...	1875; Wrtg. Asst., '85; 2nd Cl. Over., '88
" ...	Bartlett, J. F. ...	2nd Cl. " ...	1873; Lobby Off., '93
" ...	Kirby, W. J. ...	" " ...	1878; 2nd Cl. Sr., '84; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Shillaker, F. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1885; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
S.W.D.O. ...	Bullock, J. J. ...	Super. (Lr. Sec.) ...	1865; Over., '74; Insp., '88
" ...	Hopkin, H. H. ...	1st Cl. Over. ...	1874; Head Pn., '87; 2nd Cl. Over., '90
" ...	Beaney, C. W. ...	1st Cl. Sr. ...	1886; 2nd Cl. Sr., '88
" ...	Coulson, W. E. ...	" ...	1884; 2nd Cl. Sr., '88
" ...	Skerritt, A. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '89
" ...	Reid, H. C. ...	" ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '90
" ...	Miss H. C. Byers	1st Cl. Cwn. & Tel. ...	1886
" ...	" L.E. Froome	" " ...	1886
" ...	" T. A. Mc Neale	" " ...	1886
" ...	" A. C. Hanly	" " ...	1886
N.W.D.O. ...	Jones, A. T. ..	Inspr. ...	1872; 2nd Cl. Over., '82; 1st Cl. '85

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Barnet	Nokes, J.	Clk.	S.C. & T., Hitchin, '86 ; Barnet, '88
Barrow-in-Fur- ness	Halliday, T. S...	„	1876
Bideford	Whitlock, R. ...	„	Sherborne, '87 ; Bide- ford, '89
Birmingham ...	Morom, A. W....	1st Cl. Tel.	1883
Blackburn	Smith, J. W. ...	Clk.	2nd Cl. S.C., '82 ; 1st Cl., '93
Bolton	Drew, W.... ...	Ch. Clk.	S.C., Burton-on-Trent, '75 ; Manchester, '82 ; 1st Cl., '86 ; Clk., '95
Bradford (Yks.)	Rushton, A. S....	1st Cl. Tel.	1877
Cardiff	Furze, E. H. ...	1st Cl. S.C.	1889
„	Smith, F. J. ...	„	2nd Cl. S.C., Birming- ham, '89 ; Cardiff, '91
„	Miss B. F. Harris	1st Cl. Tel.	1889
Derby	Wells, E.	„	1882
Guildford	Puttick, H. ...	Asst. Super.	S.C. & T., '74 ; Clk., '87
Horsham... ..	Austen, J.... ..	Ch. Clk.	Tel., '74 ; S.C. & T., '80 ; Clk., '93
„	Brand, T. J. ...	Clk.	1885
Kingston - on - Thames	Butler, E. J. ...	Ch. Clk.	S.C. & T., '73 ; Clk., '87 ; Asst. Super., '94
„	Storey, E. E. ...	Asst. Super.	1872 ; Clk., '90
„	Roxburgh, R. ...	Clk.	1882 ; S.C. & T., Maiden- head, '85 ; Kingston- on-Thames, '85
Leeds	Lockwood, T. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1863 ; Clk., '66 ; Asst. Super., '90
„	Clark, S. J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1873 ; Clk., '90
„	Rutter, G.	Clk. (P.)	1878 ; 1st Cl. S.C., '87
„	Ayrton, G.	1st Cl. S.C.	1885
Liverpool	Mackie, J.	1st Cl. Tel.	1884
Manchester	Almond, J.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	S.C., '72 ; Clk., '85 ; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '93
„	Partington, A. ...	„	S.C., '73 ; Clk., '85 ; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '93
„	Thompson, T. H.	2nd Cl.	Tel., Newbury, '74 ; Huntingdon, '75 ; New- bury, '77 ; 2nd Cl. S.C., Manchester, '82 ; 1st Cl., '85 ; Clk., '90
„	Gaskell, C. H....	„	2nd Cl. S.C., '81 ; 1st Cl., '86 ; Clk., '90
„	McIntyre, W. W.	Clk. (P.)	2nd Cl. S.C., '78 ; 1st Cl., '87
„	Staines, F. W....	„	1874 ; 2nd Cl. S.C., '84 ; 1st Cl., '89
„	Cockayne, B. ...	„	2nd Cl. S.C., '84 ; 1st Cl., '91
„	Steward, E. ...	1st Cl. S.C.	1886
„	Hall, H. G. ...	„	1887

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Manchester ...	Poole, R. E. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1887
" ...	Tetlow, J. T. ...	" ...	1887
" ...	Miss M. L. Long	1st Cl. Cwn. & Retr.	2nd Cl. Tel., '77; 2nd Cl. Cwn. & Retr., '87
" ...	" E. M. Gadd	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1886
" ...	" M. Lomax	" ...	1886
Newport (Mon.)	Nott, R. P. ...	Ch. Clk. ...	S.C., '72; Clk. (P.), '89; Asst. Super., '93
North Shields...	Clark, W. B. ...	Clk. ...	1881
Nottingham ...	Richardson, F. G.	Asst. Super. (T.) ..	E. & I. T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; 1st Cl. Tel., '73; Clk. '91.
" ...	Roworth, J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	E. & I. T. Co., '68; G.P.O., '70
" ...	Emerson, E. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	Tel., Louth, '71; 2nd Cl., Nottingham, '82
Plymouth ...	Pile, G. ...	" ...	Tel., C.T.O., '78; Ply- mouth, '80
Stafford ...	Silvester, T. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1887
Tunbridge Wells	Gardner, F. L....	Asst. Super. ...	2nd Cl. Tel., C.T.O., '80; 1st Cl., '90; 1st Cl., Plymouth, '94
Workington ...	M. Math, T. ...	Clk. ...	1890

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen ...	Miss C. Ross ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1890
Edinburgh ...	Dalglish, T. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1881; 2nd Cl. S. C., Edin., '84
" ...	Gall, G. ...	" ...	1884
" ...	Henderson, M....	" ...	1884
Galashiels ...	Norrie, A. B. ...	Clk. ...	S.C. & T., Alloa, '82
Glasgow ...	Aitken, J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1873; Clk. (P.), '87
" ...	Allan, J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1880; 2nd Cl. S.C., '81; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	Moir, H. ...	" ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '82; 1st Cl., '87
" ...	Tannoch, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1886
" ...	Henderson, D....	" ...	1887
" ...	Dickson, C. ...	" ...	1885; 2nd Cl. S.C., '87
" ...	Featherstone, W.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. & I. T. Co., '67; G. P. O., '70; Clk. (T.), '90
" ...	Atkinson, J. ...	" ...	1872; Clk. (T.), '91
" ...	Kirkpatrick, W. R.	Clk. (T.) ...	1874
" ...	Taylor, W. ...	" ...	1876
" ...	Baird, J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1885
" ...	Campbell, A. ...	" ...	1881
" ...	Graham, J. ...	" ...	1883
" ...	Smith, W. T. C.	" ...	1885

IRELAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Belfast	Harvey, M. ...	1st Cl. Tel.	S.C. & T., Drogheda, '71; Tel., Belfast, '82
Cork	Riordan, M. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1874; Clk., '91
„	Scully, J.	Clk. (P.)	2nd Cl. S.C., '81; 1st Cl., '85
„	Corcoran, C. ...	1st Cl. S.C.	1887
Dublin	Ogilvie, K. C. ...	Acct.	1863; Bk.-Kr., '83
„	Orchard, E. ...	Examr.	S.B., '72; R.A.G.O., '75
„	McMahon, J. ...	Cashier	S.B., '82; A.O., Dublin, '82

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Secretary's O....	Mackintosh, A. M.	Prin. Clerk	S. B., '65; S. O., '66; Prin. Clk., Lr. Sec., '86; Up. Sec., '92
" ...	Bedingfeld, H....	2nd Cl. Clk.	Clk. R.N., '65; S. B. D., '68; S. O., '70; 2nd Cl. Clk., '86
A. G. D.	Crafer, R. G.	Acct.	S. O., '63; R. & A. G. O., '65; Prin. Clk., '86; Acct., '92
" ...	Lloyd, D.	Asst. Over.	1864; 1st Cl. Tr., '79; Asst. Over., '88
" (P.O.B.)	Miss S. F. R. Sintzenich	1st Cl. Sr.	1886; 1st Cl., '95
M.O.O.	Sykes, W....	Pr.-Kr.	1857; Pr.-Kr., '78
"	Alliston, J. A.	"	1858; Pr.-Kr., '78
S.B.D.	Hodder, E.	Prin. Clk.	1862; 3rd Cl. Clk., '63; Prin. Clk., '86
"	Hurley, J....	1st Cl. Clk.	1862; 3rd Cl. Clk., '63; 1st Cl., '70
"	Cooper, C....	2nd Div. Clk.	1865; Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '90
"	Hasdell, H. D....	"	1864; Engr. Dept., '72; S. B. D., '78; Hr. Gr., 2nd Div., '90
"	Batty, T.	"	1865; Clk. Lr. Div., '77
"	Bastin, A....	"	1869; Clk. Lr. Div., '77
"	Miss M. A. Tat-tam	2nd Cl. Clk.	1881
E. in C.O.	McKinney, A. A.	2nd Cl. Engr.	B. & I. M. T. Co., '58; G. P. O., '70; 2nd Cl. Engr., '91
C.T.O.	Boxall, R....	Prin. Clk.	E. T. Co., '57; G. P. O., '70; Prin. Clk., '94
"	Marshall, G. J....	Senr. Tel.	1870; Senr. Tel., '88
"	*Sharp, H. G.	Tel.	1888
"	*Livesey, W. J.	"	1895
"	*Miss W. Collins	"	1894
Cir. Off.	Elverston, G.	Over.	1861
"	Shears, H.	Sr.	1859
"	Nash, A.	"	1873; 2nd Cl. Sr., '81; 1st Cl., '92
"	Wood, H. O.	"	1883; 1st Cl. Sr., '90
"	Rowland, O.	"	1887; 2nd Cl. Sr., '92
"	*Morris, R.	"	1888
"	*Massey, J. P.	"	1894
E.C.D.O.	Richardson, B. C.	Cr. Clk. & Tel.	1868; 2nd Cl. Cn. & Tel., '87; 1st Cl., '92
N.D.O.	Sauzé, J.	Insp.	1866; 2nd Cl. Over., '74; 1st Cl., 85; Insp., '91
"	*Miss A. J. Clark	Cr. Clk. & Tel.	1890

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.E.D.O. ...	Mayhew, W. ...	Over.	1876; 2nd Cl. Sr., '80; 1st Cl., '90; Over., '93
S.W.D.O. ...	Stewart, C. ...	Super., Lr. Sec. ...	1854; Over., '68; Super., '78
" ...	Miss S. A. Fiveash	Cr. Clk. & Tel. ...	1874; 1st Cl., '84
W.D.O. ...	Miss I. A. Lessell	" ...	1872; 1st Cl., '86
" ...	*Miss A. M. Arnold	" ...	1889
N.W.D.O. ...	Slack, E. ...	Insp.	1870; 2nd Cl. Over., '81; 1st Cl., '88; Insp., '93

ENGLAND and WALES.

Altrincham ...	Livingstone, J.	Pmr.	1858; 2nd Cl. Sr., '61; 1st Cl., '70; Pmr., Nuneaton, '88; Altrincham, '93
Diss	*Miss C. L. M. Harris	S.C. & T.	1893
Gloucester ...	Oldland, J. ...	Clk.	1862; S.C., '75; Clk., '87
Grimsby ...	Richardson, J. ...	Ch. Clk.	S.C., '72; Ch. Clk., '76
Hereford ...	Cope, F. ...	S.C. & T.	1880
Ipswich ...	Gooding, W. T. ...	"	1885
Keswick ...	Crosthwaite, D. ...	"	1887
Leeds ...	Taylor, J. ...	"	1866; 1st Cl. S.C., '90
Liverpool ...	Parkinson, H. ...	2nd Cl., Asst. Super. (P.)	Sr., 1857; Clk. (P.), '66; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Jaffa, C. ...	Clk. (P.)	E. & I.T. Co., '53; Tel. G.P.O., '70; Clk. (P.), '81
" ...	Tupholme, E. ...	S.C. & T.	1866
Maldon ...	*Last, J. ...	"	1887
Manchester ...	Jewell, J. M. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. & I.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '71; 1st Cl., '90
" ...	Miss A. A. L. Mason	"	1874; Asst. Super., '92
" ...	Miss S. A. Hogg	Tel.	1885; 1st Cl., '93
" ...	Miss E. Walker	"	1894
N'castle-on-T... ..	Kidd, W. J. G. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	2nd Cl. S.C., '75; 1st Cl., '86; Asst. Super., '90
" ...	Moate, P. S. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E. & I.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '83; 1st Cl., '90
Pershore ...	Miss J. E. Stephens	Postmistress	1868
Plymouth ...	Edwards, A. ...	Clk. (T.)	E. & I.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70
Shrewsbury ...	Baker, E. ...	Super. (T.)	E. & I.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Super., '88
" ...	*Dutton, H. G.	S.C. & T.	1893
Sudbury, Suffolk	Hills, J. F. ...	Pmr.	1861
Swansea ...	Tucker, W. G. ...	S.C. & T.	1883; 2nd Cl. S.C., '87
Wisbech ...	Faircloth, J. W. ...	"	1870

* Awarded a Gratuity.

SCOTLAND.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Edinburgh ...	Byrne, M....	Super. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '54; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '81; Super., '91
„ ...	Millar, N. ...	S.C. ...	1862; 1st Cl. S.C., '81
„ ...	Beattie, N. ...	Tel. ...	1871; 2nd Cl. Tel., '82; 1st Cl., '87
Glasgow ...	Miss A. Paterson	Tel. ...	1872

IRELAND.

Cork ...	*Callaghan, J. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1890
„ ...	Miss M. Shea ...	Tel. ...	B. & I.M.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70
Dublin ...	Hallowes, B. ...	Acct. ...	1855; Exmr., '67; Acct., '83
„ ...	Wilson, E....	Cashier ...	1859; Cashier, '89

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D.	Anderson, W. ...	2nd Div. Clk. ...	1894
C.T.O.	Harris, F.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super.	M.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '90
"	Westaway, F. E.	Senr. Tel.	1870; Senr. Tel. '86
"	Packer, A. ...	Tel.	1889
"	Sinclair, J. W....	"	S.C. & T., Woolwich, '88; Tel. C.T.O., '90
"	Robinson, T. O..	"	1894
"	Miss E. F. Oldaker	"	1870
Cir. Off.	Bailey, W. S. ...	Sr.	1889
N.D.O.	Knight, E. A. ...	Cr. Clk. & Tel. ...	1891
S.W.D.O.	Brookman, F. T.	1st Cl. Over....	1867; 2nd Cl. Over., '87; 1st Cl., '91
Padd.	Miss J. Griffiths.	Cr. Clk. & Tel. ...	1883; 1st Cl., '92
Birmingham ...	Sparkes, H. W. .	Super. (P.)	1875; Clk., '85; As. Sup., 2nd Cl., '90; 1st Cl., '92
Boston	Richards, G. ...	Pmr.	1857; Clk., Swansea, '62; Pmr., Boston, '87
Bournemouth ...	Bulpett, E. A....	S.C. & T.	S.C. & T. Winchester, '87; Bournemouth, '95
Brighton	Walter, T. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	S.C., '75; 1st Cl., '86; Clk., '90; Asst. Super., '91
Carmarthen ...	Rees, T.	S.C. & T.	1874
Clitheroe	Howard, H. ...	"	1886
Exmouth... ..	Miss L. E. E. Walker	"	1888
Leeds	Sturdy, H. R. ...	"	Scarborough, '76; Leeds '81
Liverpool	Heathcote, S. ...	Clk. (T.)	E. & I. T. Co., '52; G.P.O., '70
"	Lacey, T. J. ...	S.C. & T.	1871
Manchester	Cockburn, G. ...	Clk. (T.)	E. & I. T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87
"	Wells, C. A. S....	S.C. & T.	1887; 1st Cl., '93
"	Lindsay, H. W. .	"	1895
"	Howarth, R. ...	"	1893
Norwich	Mills, W.	Super. (P.)	1861; Clk., '77; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '94
Salisbury... ..	Gracie, C. S. ...	S.C. & T.	1885
Wolverhampton	Reimann, B. W..	"	1896
Aberdeen	Miss E. J. L. Duncan	S.C.	S.C. & T., Pitlochry, '92; Aberdeen, '95
Edinburgh	Scott, M.	Super. (P.)	1868; Over., '85; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '92
"	Barber, W. J. ...	Clk. (P.)	1873; 2nd Cl. Sr., '74; 1st Cl., 87; Clk., '92
"	Aitken, D. ...	S.C.	1893
Elgin	Kirkpatrick, J. W.	Pmr.	S.C. & T., Greenock, '62; Pmr., Elgin, '91
Inverness	Nisbet, W. M....	Pmr.	M. T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super. (T.), Glasgow; Pmr., Inverness, '87
Athy	Miss L. Molloy ..	Postmistress	1877
Belfast	McGuigan, P. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	M. T. Co., 57; G.P.O., 70
Cork	Murphy, D. ...	S.C. & T.	1868; 2nd Cl. S.C., '73; 1st Cl., '86

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Altrincham	Holmes, W. J. ...	2nd Cl. S.C., Ipswich; 1st Cl. S.C.; Pmr., Romford
Aylesbury	Billson, J. W. ...	S.C. & T., Rugby; Clk.; Clk. (Tels.), Wolverhampton; Insp'tg. Telst., S. Mid. Dist.
Barnsley	Flynn, P.	Clk., Stockport; Pmr., Sheerness; Luton; Newark
Boston... ..	Leak, W. R.	Clk., Leicester; Asst. Super. (P.); Super; Ch. Clk.
Burton-on-Trent ...	Gregson, J. W. P.	M.T. Co.; Tel., Bury; Rochdale; Pmr., Workington; Barnsley
Canterbury... ..	Benn, J.	Tel., Bradford; Asst. Super.; Super.; Pmr., Newbury
Hertford	Heath, T.	Pmr., Totnes
March	Miss E. Robson ...	S.C. & T., Hexham
Newark	Cox, F.	E. & I.T. Co.; 1st Cl. Clk., Brighton; Super (T.)
Newbury	Edwards, W. H. ...	Bris. & Exeter Ry. Co.; E.T. Co.; Clk., Bristol; Asst. Super, 2nd Cl. (P.); Asst. Super, 1st Cl.
Newnham	Mrs. G. R. Morse...	—
Pontypridd... ..	Spraggon, T. H....	U.K.T. Co.; 1st Cl. Tel., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Clk.; Asst. Super.
Rhyl	Batho, I.	Sr., Liverpool; Asst. Insp. of Postn.; Insp. of Postn.
Ross	Sharman, J. H. ...	Pmr., March
Saffron Walden ...	Watts, G.	Pmr., Bungay
Saltburn-by-the-Sea ...	Start, F. H....	Admiralty Tel., Devonport; S.C. and T.; Tel., Plymouth
Sudbury, Suffolk ...	Westbrook, W. ...	Tel. Clk., Southampton; S.C. & T., Farnborough; Ch. Clk., Maidenhead; Pmr., Saltburn-by-the-Sea
Tonbridge	Little, F.	Pmr., Hertford
Totnes... ..	Pirie, D.	Tracing Clk., R. & A.G.O.; Asst. M.L.B.; Pr.-Kr., Registry; Pmr., Saffron Walden
Arbroath	Duncan, A.	U.K.T. Co.; Asst. Super. (T.), Aberdeen; Pmr., Peterhead
Elgin	McKenzie, W. ...	S.C. & T., Whitehaven; Ch. Clk.; Pmr., Keswick
Peterhead	Leitch, J.	Pmr., Fort George Stn.; Grantown; Portree; Pitlochry
Monaghan	Williams, C. W. ...	S.C. & T., Armagh; 2nd Cl. Tel., Belfast; Stg. Clk., Dublin

ABBREVIATIONS.

Ch., Chief; Clk., Clerk; Cn., Counterman; Cr., Counter; Cwn., Counterwoman; Engr., Engineer; Insp., Inspector; Jnr., Junior; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Prin., Principal; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Pmr., Postmaster; Retr., Returner; Sr., Sorter; S.C., Sorting Clerk; S.C. & T., Sorting Clk. and Telegraphist; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; T., Telegraphs; Tel., Telegraphist; Tr., Tracer.

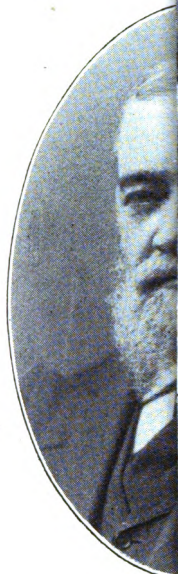
لیکھو



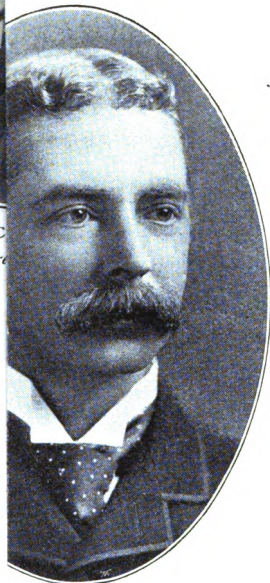
M. KISCH, I.C.S.
(India.)



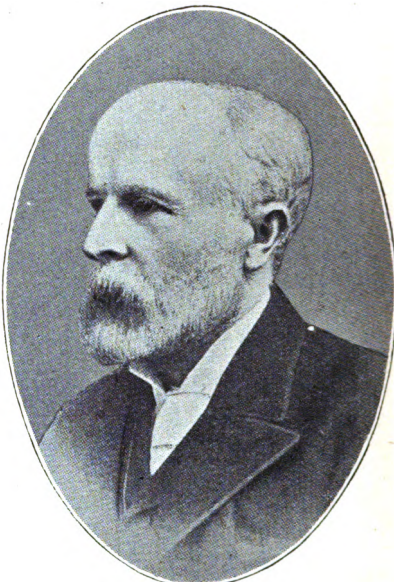
E. A. DORAN,
Secretary.
(India.)



SPENCER
(Great Britain)



J. FRENCH, C.M.G.
(British South Africa.)



SPENCER TODD, C.M.G.
(British South Africa.)

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

OCTOBER, 1897.

The British Delegates at the Washington Congress.

MOST unfortunately for the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, it has not been possible to prevail on any of the gentlemen who represented the British Empire at the Postal Congress of Washington to write an account of their impressions and experiences. It is, therefore, necessary to fall back on the official records of the Congress and attempt to gather from them what part the British delegates took in the discussion of the various questions which arose.

It is not, of course, intended to confine the term "British delegates" to the representatives of the Imperial Post Office—Mr. Spencer Walpole, Mr. Buxton Forman, and Mr. C. A. King, with their secretary, Mr. A. B. Walkley, whose command of fluent and idiomatic French was the subject of general admiration. Side by side with these were Lieutenant-Colonel William White, the Deputy Postmaster-General and delegate of Canada; Mr. Somerset R. French and Mr. Spencer Todd, representing British South Africa; the Hon. John Gavan Duffy, Postmaster-General of Victoria, delegate of the Australian Colonies, assisted by Mr. James Smibert; and Mr. H. M. Kisch, Postmaster-General of Bengal, who, with the help of Mr. E. A. Doran, represented India.

The various proposals for the revision of the Agreements regulating the different services of the Postal Union are first examined by Committees, of which there were three at Washington. The recommendations of the Committees are then discussed and voted upon in the full Congress. The delegates of the United Kingdom and India were placed on all three Committees, and Mr. Walpole was appointed Chairman of the one which examined the principal

Convention. The delegates of Australia and Canada were also members of this Committee.

The second session of the Congress was, in many respects, the most important. In the first place, the representatives of Corea announced that that Kingdom would enter the Union, and that they would sign the principal Convention. Mr. Taylor, delegate of the newly constituted Imperial Post Office of China, then explained the position of his Administration, which desired to enter the Union so soon as its organization was sufficiently complete. Mr. Walpole was the first to express the satisfaction of the Congress at these new additions to the Union, which, with the adhesion of the Orange Free State, subsequently announced by telegraph, will become practically, as well as in name, *universal*.

Meanwhile, in the Committee on the principal Convention, a great struggle was going on respecting the transit charges. At present, if the country of origin of a mail uses for its conveyance the services of another country, it has to pay for such conveyance at rates fixed by the Postal Union Convention. Statistics of the weight of the mails are taken triennially, and the payments from one Administration to another are based upon these statistics. The German Post Office desires to see these payments abolished, and its desire is naturally shared by States which do not themselves serve as intermediaries to a considerable extent, but have to send their mails by the sea services of, or through, other States. On the other hand, there are States, like Belgium, of which the postal service is largely occupied in transporting the mails of other countries, and which would lose seriously by the abolition of payments for transit. To Great Britain and her dependencies, the question of the land transit rates was not financially very important, but they would be greatly affected by the abolition of sea transit rates, providing as their mail lines do for the over-sea conveyance of so large a part of the world's mails. They were thus almost of necessity in the forefront of the battle. It soon appeared that there was no chance of the total abolition of the transit charges being carried; at the same time, it was generally admitted that a reduction was practicable, and that statistics need not be taken so often. The question was referred to a Subcommittee, which adopted a proposal of Belgium for an ultimate reduction of the land transit rates to the extent of 15 per cent. by stages of 5 per cent. at intervals of two years. It also, at first, accepted a proposal of Germany for a reduction of a third in the sea rates for long distances; but Mr. Walpole having

pointed out that this would probably involve the withdrawal of the British Empire from the Union, the Sub-committee decided to recommend a similar progressive reduction of the sea rates also. When the report of the Sub-committee was presented to the Committee, the struggle was renewed. The States of South and Central America, whose postage is collected in silver, while their transit payments have to be made in gold, asked for larger reductions than those proposed. On the other hand, Mr. Gavan Duffy made an eloquent and weighty speech against any further reduction of the sea rates, and he was ably supported by the representatives of South Africa, India, and Canada. In the end, the recommendations of the Sub-committee were adopted and passed on to the Congress.

When the question came to be discussed in full Congress, a leading part was taken by Mr. Todd, who declared that if the recommendation of the Committee were adopted, he and his colleague would be unable to sign the Convention on behalf of the Cape Colony, which already loses £24,000 a year on the mail service with Europe, a loss, which, under the existing contracts, increases by £1,000 every year. The Committee's proposals were, however, carried by a large majority. The transit charges will thus be progressively reduced, and the payments during the duration of the Convention will be based on the statistics taken in 1896, so that no such payments will be made in respect of all increase of correspondence since that year.

Another warm discussion took place over the proposal of Great Britain to adopt 2d. instead of $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. as the equivalent of 25 centimes, the unit of postage on international letters. Before the First Committee, Mr. Forman pointed out that, when the British equivalent of 25 centimes was first fixed, there was already a question whether 2d. or $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. should be adopted, so that what it was now proposed to do might have been done at first. Objections were at once raised by the French and German delegates, and the question was debated in the full Congress, where Mr. Walpole proposed a modification of the Convention, which would allow any Administration to fix its unit of international postage at any point within the limits of 20 and 30 centimes. That proposal was rejected; but on the regulation fixing the equivalents of 25 centimes in countries not having the franc as their monetary unit, Mr. Walpole made another speech, showing that exact uniformity was impossible, and that the postage in many countries was considerably less than 25 centimes. He therefore claimed for Great Britain

the freedom allowed to these countries. But the opinion of the Congress was decidedly opposed to this view, the countries which were not prepared to adopt for themselves a reduction in postage being unwilling that Great Britain should secure a reduction for herself.

The British delegates procured a modification of the Convention rendering it quite clear that Administrations parties to the Union have the power to form groups for the mutual exchange of correspondence at rates lower than those of the Union. They also persuaded the Congress to fix the charge on an unpaid postcard at double the postcard rate (20 centimes = 2d.) instead of double the letter rate (50 centimes = 5d.).

The settlement of the question of the voting power of the British Possessions was very satisfactory. Canada, India, and Australasia have already separate votes; and, in the opinion of the British delegates, an additional vote had been promised to British South Africa on joining the Union. But the Congress preferred to give the new separate vote to the whole of the British possessions outside India, Australia, and Canada, consenting to its assignment by Great Britain to British South Africa.

A question of some interest on which the British delegates made a united effort was the proposal, put forward in an excellent speech by Mr. Gavan Duffy, to exclude from the international post anything indecent or obscene. The proposal was lost by a small majority.

As Great Britain and her dependencies have not become parties to the subsidiary agreements of the Union, our delegates had naturally not much to say about them. The Indian delegate, however, signed the Parcel Post Convention at Washington, and the precedent is likely to be followed. Russia also signed this convention; and, under the terms of the Anglo-German Parcel Post Agreement, it will soon be possible for parcels to be sent *via* Germany between Great Britain (including the Colonies) and Russia.

In the discussion on the agreement as to insurance Mr. Forman announced that the question of adhering to this agreement was being considered in London. The Congress received this announcement with much interest, and readily consented to facilitate the contemplated step by meeting the views of the British Post Office on certain points.

In the concluding sittings of the Conference Mr. Walpole took a prominent part. It was he who proposed that the next meeting of

the Congress should be at Rome, "the city which is almost the most ancient and the most international in the world." His speech, too, in reply to the farewell discourse of the President was graceful and eloquent. The last words, which were loudly applauded, may be translated as follows:—

"One word more, gentlemen. We are going back to our duties, and our toils ; but we shall never forget our meetings in this beautiful city of Washington, where we have worked to improve the postal communications of the world. At this moment I recall the morning on which we found ourselves collected in a little church of this city. The representatives of sixty nations and I know not how many religions were met together to show respect to a colleague unfortunately deceased, and to commend his soul to the God of all the nations of the world—both eastern and western. That gathering seems to me a type of our Congress. We, the delegates of sixty nations, found ourselves united in the same thought—I had almost said in the same religion. I hope that this thought will more and more dominate our work, and that the improvement of the communications of the world, at which we have laboured, will lead to friendship among the nations, to brotherliness among men, and to universal peace."

L. T. HORNE.

On the Rewards of Official Life.

"We need some imaginative stimulus, some not impossible ideal which may shape vague hope, and transform it into effective desire, to carry us year after year, without disgust, through the routine work which is so large a part of life."—WALTER PATER.

IN the world of politics one occasionally hears of men who have declined high and responsible offices on the ground that the particular posts were unsuited to their respective capacities. These men know their limitations and they are wise in time. In the Church, too, one is constantly pointed out instances of curates who have refused livings, and even of vicars who have declined bishoprics on the grounds of insufficient qualifications for the proposed advancement and of contentment with the positions they have already attained. Dean Church not only declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury for these reasons, but he had also refused the Deanery of St. Paul's before he finally accepted it, and he was only induced to leave the seclusion of the country parsonage which he loved because of the earnest entreaties of his friend Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, I have been nearly a quarter of a century in a large department of the Crown, and I do not remember a single instance of a brother officer declining promotion on the ground either of his own unworthiness or because he was satisfied with the advance he had already made. An incident which is not so very uncommon in other occupations is never met with in the Civil Service, and we stand convicted of a self-confidence and blindness to our own limitations which has no parallel in the Church or in the learned professions. It will doubtless be said that mine is a counsel of perfection which it is quite proper should be followed out in the Church, where those who follow it have their own reward, but that it does not apply to the Civil Service. It is certainly not my intention at all to claim for the Civil Service any high ideals such as prevail at Lambeth or at Westminster. Mr. Birrell very wittily said the other day that if he had not become a Christian Dr. Newman would have made an excellent journalist, and we can say of ourselves with a large amount of truth that if we had not become Civil Servants we might have developed into practical Christians. What, for instance, could be more rational, more in accord with Christianity and good feeling, than for a man when he is sent for by his Chief and informed that the Postmaster-General has been pleased to sanction his advancement to

the rank, say of a Postmaster, a Principal Clerk, or even of a Head of a Department, to make the following speech : " I am deeply sensible of the honour conferred on me by the Postmaster-General, but he has sanctioned my promotion only because he is personally unacquainted with me. If he knew me he would realise at once that I do not possess any of the qualifications which fit a man for responsible position. I have no tact, no knowledge of men, and I have little influence over them : I have a bad temper : I am prejudiced strongly against individuals : I am narrow minded ; and I have no large views on any subject. It is true I am accurate and careful in my work, that I have a certain business capacity, but I have no power of initiative, and I am afraid to take responsibility. The fact that my promotion entails an increase of salary only adds to my reluctance, because I cannot manage successfully the income I already possess, and I fear to increase my responsibilities. Will you, Sir, put this view of the matter before the Postmaster-General and request him to cancel the appointment." How reasonable such a speech sounds, how descriptive it is of men who never made it, but who accepted the promotion and, what is worse, honestly thought they deserved it ! Yet so unhealthy is the moral tone which prevails in Civil Service circles that if a man were to make such a speech he would be regarded as a fool by his fellows and as a blackguard by his wife. For a man is not influenced in matters of this kind solely by official considerations, there are the powerful influences of his own household. I believe that in the Church itself the best examples on my side would be found among the celibate clergy. A wife, and even a mother, is a terrible obstacle in the way of a high ideal of conduct. It is sufficient to remind my readers of the case of the vicar of a country parish who was offered a bishopric, and who was called upon by one of his parishioners who wanted to know whether he was going to accept it. The lady interviewed one of the vicar's olive branches and asked her the question. The child's answer was conclusive, and for our purposes quite illuminating. " Father," she said, " is praying in the library for guidance, but mother is packing upstairs." We all know that mother, she is the typical wife of the Civil Servant ; she it is who knows our limitations better than we do ourselves, but who is also the most resolute in keeping them to herself, or in other words in being honest about them. Honesty indeed of the kind I advocate is rarely met with in women, and marriage, while it perhaps increases our capacity for happiness, increases also our capacity to commit the little sins of life. The late Bishop Jackson once wrote a treatise entitled

"The Sinfulness of little Sins," and he was not a man who talked without personal knowledge of his subject. For though, as St. Paul recommends, he was the husband of one wife, he was also the father of a large family of daughters.

There is another obstacle in the way of a Post Office man who is conscious of his own limitations acting up to the dictates of his conscience. I am told that if the Postmaster-General appoints you to a certain position and you respectfully decline to fill it, you can be treated as insubordinate, and be deprived even of the post you already occupy. But this reasoning can surely be indulged in by my brother-officers only because there is no precedent. For it is well known that there is nothing like the absence of a previous case to make the average Civil Servant absolutely ridiculous in his reasoning. I know of a case in which a man declined to take the money he had earned for overtime, not on departmental grounds at all, but because he had become a passionate convert to Mr. Ruskin's views on political economy. It was the receipt of pay he objected to, not the work. The Chief appealed to him with all the weapons which usually subdue the average man, but they were powerless with this terrible young man who could quote pages of Ruskin but was at that time quite without official ambitions. The Chief, good man, knew his Bible better than his Ruskin, and quoted freely from that volume to his subordinate but without success. Then, anxious as he was to settle the matter in a kindly spirit, he asked this young man who his friends were in the Office, and the names of two were at once mentioned. These the Chief sent for, and he appealed to them to use their influence with their friend to bring him to saner thoughts, or in other words to the point of view of the average man. But a man is known by the company he keeps, and the two friends proved to be stalwarts also, who, moreover, were as full of Ruskin as their friend. They argued at length with the Chief, using illustrations and reasoning which were quite over his head and beyond his powers of appreciation, his only concern being to get a discharge for the outstanding money, and not to be compelled to report a refusal to be paid, for such a course might be construed by the Secretary as being due to weakness on his part. However the amount I believe is still outstanding, and Ruskin's three disciples may congratulate themselves on a permanent victory. It is doubtful if their victory would have been so complete if the Chief had been a less kindly man than he was and less anxious to be perfectly just even to those whose mental positions he failed to understand. And this personal factor has to be

taken into consideration when we have to consider whether we shall accept the promotion which is offered us. If the particular Chief has no sympathy with our mental position and has no desire to understand it, a plea of incapacity may arouse him to acts towards us which would render our official life intolerable. In such circumstances it is perhaps best to accept the promotion and do the best we can with the work for which we think we are unfitted.

I recognise fully that a great many of the modest men in the Service are very poor advertisements of my counsel of perfection. There was at one time in my Department a man of this character whose heart was not in his work, and whose abilities it would have been difficult to rate higher than he did himself. This man had been for years in receipt of £240 per annum with no earthly prospect of getting any further. Men hopped over him at every vacancy, and though *he* himself never seemed to be grieved, I, as a generous youth, keenly sympathised with his position and thought he was badly treated. As I grew older I lost much of this feeling towards him, and I think it must have been the following incident which finally convinced me of the uselessness of my sympathy. On a certain first of the month there was a mistake made in the salary sheet, and my friend drew the salary of a junior who was getting £100 per annum, while the junior found himself in possession of my friend's salary. But the strange thing is that it was not my friend who found it out, it was the junior who complained, fearing that the extra eleven or twelve pounds was a sort of test packet made up by the local detective to try his honesty. The senior only smiled when the matter was explained, and the additional sum handed to him; he said he thought at the time he must be taking a smaller amount than usual, but supposed it was all right and so had troubled no more about it! The retrospect of our lives is indeed full of misplaced sympathies.

But of all ridiculous sins the over-rating of one's abilities is the worst. It is so common in the service that it is the rarest thing possible to find a man who will admit even to his most intimate friend that he is not equal to the highest official position that may be offered him. Dr. Watts or some other out-door preacher was interrupted in the course of a sermon by the passing of a criminal on his way to execution. "There goes," he said, "but for the grace of God, Isaac Watts." I don't believe it was Dr. Watts, but that does not matter. And many an E. B. who has attained position may with truth say, as he sees a subordinate struggling with his work and

without prospect of promotion, "There, but for the grace of God, sits E. B." Sometimes indeed it would be sacrilege to refer our advancement to the grace of God, for "pushfulness" counts for much in a public office just as it does on the Treasury bench. Let us be thankful that pushfulness does not count everywhere. It does not count, for instance, except to your disadvantage, at the dinner table, in nice society, or in the circle of your best loved friends. Ask yourself whom you would most desire to have at your table or as a travelling companion, the man of the pushful temperament, or the man who habitually under-rates himself. Does not the answer, which is the same on everybody's lips, convince you that the reason is that the one is a more complete man than the other? He possesses a saner outlook on human life; he has not forgotten the art of enjoying life apart from the thought of his own position; he takes a more scientific view of his relation to the universe. It has been said of Shakespeare "that he took himself naturally and never strained himself into being a great man." Wherever there is strain or effort there also is weakness, and if we could more constantly remember this, the rise of many men would be more in proportion to their real ability.

It is very rare to find a character which is improved in a struggle for personal advancement, even if the outcome of the struggle is the improvement of other people's conditions. That in the long run it is the pushing men who make things move, who provide the steam-power which enables great causes to be advanced, I do not deny, but the irony of their position is that what they do is done at the expense of their own individuality. For one thing, the ideals by which ambitious men live are so painfully obvious, and simple in at least one sense of the word. One can almost always predicate their action in any given crisis. And though you may respect and even admire these people, it is rare indeed to find one of their number who can succeed in charming you. More often they will bore you insufferably. For the character which charms is the one which is full of turns and surprises, of contradictions, of inconsistencies, of curious reasonings, of uncalculating impulses: it is a character which has no stereotyped ambitions at all, but is full of the glory of the present hour, is in love with life itself and not with its mere goods and chattels. Everybody knows the story of Lord Bacon's life, and that there is scarcely a single chapter of it on which we can place our finger and say, "that is the action of a man whom I should like to have known;" on the contrary, with every desire to be just, we find ourselves agreeing

with the verdict of his biographer, "that to his own interest he sacrificed his friends and his own honour." I know that what I am saying is the commonest of commonplaces and that it is borrowed from ancient philosophy, but to be able to resist the influences around us which tell us that "to get on" is the motive power of life, and to be in a position to claim the right to live our own life in our own way, even though that way be apparently to our own personal disadvantage, is the mark of the strong man as its opposite is that of the weak man. Surely it is the outward expression of the only form of liberty which is worthy of the name.

It is of course next to an impossibility to fashion our lives without reference to rewards and punishments, and the constant dissatisfaction which prevails among us is due to the fact that we perhaps get more of the one than the other. "The consciousness of work well done" we are often told should be sufficient reward to the Civil Servant, and for disciplinary purposes the maxim has its value. But this is almost its only value, because as it stands it expresses only a half-truth. It does not correspond with the facts of human nature, and I always suspect so-called truths which are not recognised as such by the average man. The fact is, men crave for appreciation: it is the noblest thing about us, and a man who professes to be superior to this craving or asks others to be so has the experience of centuries against him. I am quite aware that there is no reason why the appreciation should always take the form of pounds, shillings and pence. "Mr. Dickens," said a strange lady in the street to the great author, "permit me to take the hand that filled mine and my children's hearts with beautiful things." What author worthy of the name does not value a reward of that kind more than all his publisher's cheques. But the work of the Service does not lend itself very much to appreciation of this kind, and we get more into the habit in consequence of materialising our ideas of rewards. And so the fact of "work well done," which is recognised nowhere except in one's own conscience, usually ends in an agitation committee and a memorial to the Postmaster-General. The approval of our own conscience is a broken reed to rely upon. If a man finds consolation in the thought that he has done his best it is more often because he is a very indifferent worker and his satisfaction takes the negative form of relief that if he is not attracting notice by his brilliancy he is escaping suspension or dismissal by a little reasonable carefulness. I fancy that this higher form of consciousness which our Chiefs sometimes speak of, which seeks no material rewards, is only felt by the moderately efficient, if I may so name a vast army of

Civil Servants and others. And their satisfaction is the blessedness achieved by those who expect nothing. We are so constituted that if we have committed an error which has righted itself or which has been missed by our Chief, we are fuller of pride and vainglory than if we were the most careful worker to whom it is a moral impossibility to make a mistake. I doubt if the latter type of individual can experience the required satisfaction if he does not know what it is to do wrong officially. He loses all sense of perspective. St. Paul said that if sin did not exist grace would not abound, and I venture to think that it is the man who is just a wee bit uncertain in his work, who finds it difficult to be always accurate, and who perhaps does not deserve promotion, who enjoys most frequently the consciousness of work well done. That is his reward, whereas the immaculate worker has frequently to remain content with no appreciation whatever from his conscience or his masters. For how can his conscience approve when it is no effort to him to do right! And if he adds to his official rectitude a disinclination towards pushfulness or an inability to advertise his abilities, his is indeed a hard case for which I can think of no consolation. His only remedy seems to be a memorial. An application made through a Member of Parliament would, of course, defeat rather than promote the end in view.

Perhaps after all the highest reward of a Civil Servant's career is the leisure which awaits him at the end of the day, the end of the week, or the end of his official career. Like a horse who runs well because of the thought of the oats at the end of his journey, the healthy-minded Civil Servant gets through his work with his thoughts ever on the rest at the close of his labours. There is such a thing I submit as over-zeal. We have often been told by the authorities that we should regard our pensions in the light of "deferred pay," and so it is only reasonable that we should when at work arrange for a certain amount of "deferred energy" to be exercised after sixty years of age to correspond with the pay we shall then receive.

There are men to whom such reasoning will prove a stumbling block. They are men who have forgotten what beautiful associations are connected with the word "leisure," and all that they understand by it is idleness. "Being at leisure is but a name for being active from an inner impulse instead of a necessity, moving like a dancer or skater for the sake of one's inner rhythm, instead of moving like a ploughman or an errand boy for the sake of the wages you get for it." Now your over-zealous man, the counterpart in the male sex of Martha of the New Testament, does not appreciate rest of this kind. He perhaps tears himself away once a year from his work, but it is

his habit to select as the place of recreation some bleak and barren shore of astringent properties where his mind can lie fallow for a time and he can lay in stores of energy for the egotistic scrambles of the coming year. He avoids the places where nature is the most beautiful and man the most interesting, his chief want being a coaling station, and he does not wish his mind to be occupied in any way during the process of coaling. He comes back, it is true, with additional driving power for his particular business, but with less intelligence to tackle life as a whole, and when he retires at sixty years of age he is no better than a burnt out cinder. He takes with reluctance his "deferred pay," but where is his "deferred energy!"

In the midst of the fret and worry of the life of a big Department, where so many of us are engaged in the struggle to improve our position, it is well occasionally to be reminded of the fact that we owe something to that one-third of our life which we may fairly hope to enjoy when we are fully paid up for the two-thirds which have gone before. Some of us are losing all our nerve-power in the effort to maintain our position, and we behave every-day as if the existence of the world depended on our own wretched little worries being settled. But if we are healthy and have cultivated, if ever so little, our intellect, our taste, or our imagination, what matters all this ferment! The world is before us, with capacities to be enjoyed and appreciated by all who come to her worship with faculties unspoiled by officialdom and other forms of mind tyranny. Beside the consideration of health and clearness of mind the question of salary and position sinks into insignificance. Better be a postman poet than a Postmaster who is prosaic! Better be a temporary clerk with the mental range of a man of culture, than a Chief Clerk whose mind is in a deep official groove! Better above all be a man of moderate ambitions who knows his limitations, and is careful of his own dignity, who remembers that—

"True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart."

Note particularly how the introduction of the word "suspect" lifts the whole four lines clean out of the region of the commonplace into the world of high imagination. Who wants material rewards when possessed by such a thought! Alas! it is easy to convince ourselves, but what about our mothers and our wives? Ay, there's the rub. I can only speak for Angelina, and she maintains that Wordsworth was an ass!

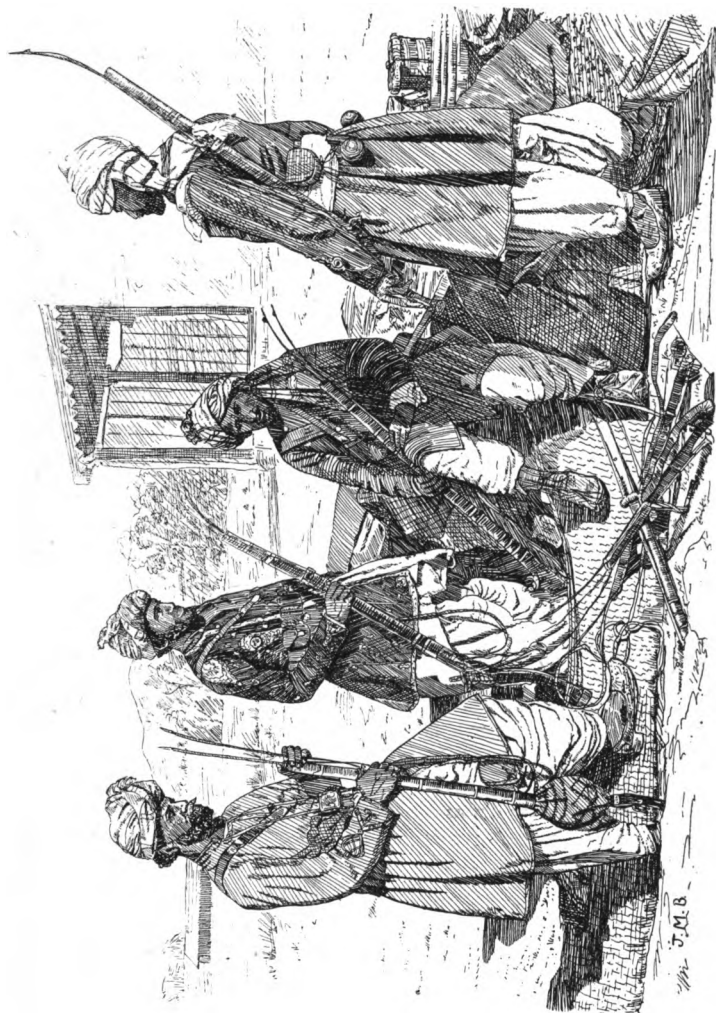
EDWARD BENNETT.

Baluchistan.



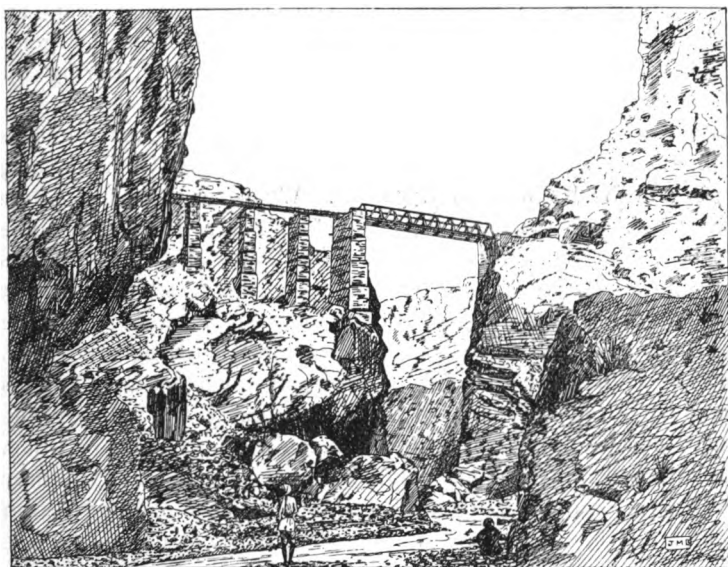
THIS is a mere glance at some of the geographical and topographical characteristics of the country from a postal officer's point of view. In the first place it may be mentioned that Baluchistan is the country between Sind and Persia on the east and west, and Afghanistan and the Arabian Sea on the north and south. In extent it is almost as large as Germany, and is inhabited by various tribes of Baluchis. These semi-civilised people are physically a fine and hardy race, and have the qualities which generally distinguish hill tribes. Before the British came into possession of Baluchistan, the tribes were at constant war with one another. Oliver says: "War is looked upon as the first business of a gentleman, and every Baluch is a gentleman. Even agriculture is despised, and the arts viewed with contempt; the art of writing would fall actually beneath contempt." The country is one mass of hills, several of the highest being over 11,000 feet; and it includes a mud desert or *Pat* between these hills and Sind.

I left Bengal by train in the month of January, and the eye was feasted with one long dissolving view in various shades of pretty green, with the vegetation most luxuriant. The journey due west across the northern plains of India then took the best part of five days. The trains are timed to reach Jacobabad at night so that the journey across the dreaded *Pat* to Sibi may be accomplished during the cool shades of the early morning. Jacobabad is the last station in Sind, and has the unenviable notoriety (coupled with Sibi) of being the hottest place in India, where the thermometer has registered 125° F. in the shade. It is euphemistically known as "Little Jehannum." The *Pat* is simply a mud desert, and if trains were run across it in the heat of a summer's day, most of the passengers would probably get apoplexy. It is the region of the hot wind known as the *bad-i-simun* or "blast of death." Sibi is to the west of the *Pat*, and is by some considered even a shade warmer than Jacobabad. When I am at Sibi in June or July, generally one or two natives die daily in the bazaar from heat apoplexy. In the Baluch Border Ballads the place is referred to as "man-devouring Sibi."



NATIVES OF BALUCHISTAN, FROM BALUCH, AFGHAN FRONTIER.

Shortly after leaving Sibi the train enters the hills. One's feelings may be various, but two facts soon become prominent. It is only then one realises what an utterly barren, dreary, desolate, uninviting mass of hills is the territory known as British Baluchistan. Scarcely any vegetation is seen, and the eye soon becomes weary of the dull landscape, which consists of nothing but Rakee-coloured rocks. The great want of the country is water, as the rainfall averages from six to ten inches during the year. And admiration cannot be withheld for the enterprise of such a gigantic undertaking, and the formidable



CHAPAR RIFT BRIDGE.

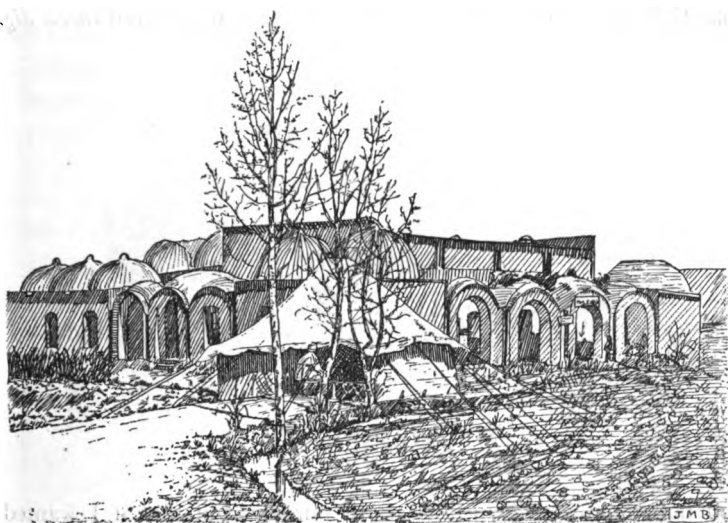
difficulties overcome in the construction of this mountainous railway. It is a purely strategic work, and one does not fully comprehend what has been done for the defence of India, and the furtherance of the present frontier policy of *si vis pacem, para bellum*, till this marvellous line is traversed. The track winds in and out among the hills, crossing and re-crossing streams at various intervals. I remember being told by the late Sir James Browne, who constructed the line, that when he was at work on a portion between Harnai and Sibi, there were most unusual floods, and all communications were closed for three weeks. Fancy not getting a mail for three weeks!

After leaving Dirgi the line passes through the famous Chapar Rift. The rift is crossed by a single 150-foot span girder, which is itself 250 feet above the stream in the gorge. Furious gusts of wind often come down this rift. The station after passing the rift is Mangi, and from here there is a horse postal line of 21 miles to Ziarat, the summer headquarters of the local government. The elevation of Ziarat is 8,000 feet. The sowars (horsemen) who take the mail have anything but a pleasant time if it rains, for about six miles from Mangi is the Kasim Tangi, a gorge nearly two miles long with perpendicular cliffs rising more than 200 feet on each side. Should a freshet overtake the traveller in this gorge the chances of escape are little. The natives can tell very accurately whether the gorge is likely to be passable or not, and should rain fall during the passage they do not loiter, but press on with all speed.

At Kach Hotel an elevation of 6,434 feet is reached, which is higher than that of any of the European lines, the St. Gothard being 3,780 and the Righi Bahn 5,750 feet. Whenever there is a severe winter and heavy snow falls, this part of the railway is apt to become blocked. On the 4th February, 1893, the mail to Quetta was snowed up near Kach, and mails and passengers had to remain at Kach all night. On the 5th February three engines were put on the down mail, and an attempt was made to force it through the snow, but the train stuck fast and became embedded between Fuller's Camp and Kach Hotel. On the 6th February the line between Quetta and Kach was cleared by three engines, to the first of which was attached a snow plough, and the up mail of the 4th February was brought into Quetta by a relief train late on the night of the 6th idem. The line between Kach and Dirgi was not cleared till the evening of the 8th idem, when the mails of the 5th from Quetta were got through.

After leaving Kach the descent is so great, that a complete circle is made at a place popularly known as the "cork-screw," the track crossing itself here at a lower level. Before passing Beleli we come to the defence outworks of Quetta, a position said to be so fortified as to be impregnable. Quetta is at an elevation of 5,500 feet above the sea level, and during the spring and summer can fairly claim to be pretty. Water is brought down in pipes from a hill spring about fourteen miles away, and a number of trees have been planted. Ziarat and Quetta are like two oases in a desert of uninviting hills. When Quetta was first occupied and houses built, they were of a construction peculiar to Sind. There was no wood with which to

burn bricks, so that the walls were of mud, and as there were no timbers for the roofs mud domes were adopted. Such buildings are all very well in a rainless country like Upper Sind, but proved to be quite unable to stand the severe winter of 1890-91, and the place then looked as if it had undergone a siege, as nearly all the domes collapsed. The photograph shows the old post office building in ruins, all the larger domes and most of the smaller ones having fallen. The tent in front afforded temporary accommodation until a house could be obtained in the bazaar. Although most of the walls

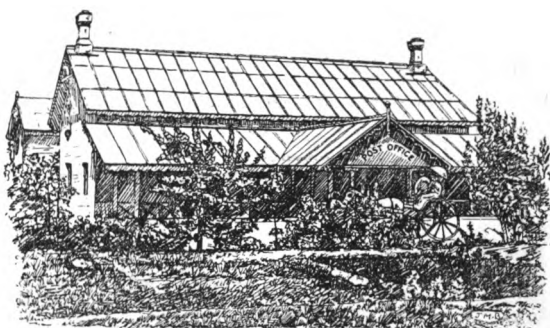


OLD POST OFFICE, QUETTA, IN RUINS, FEBRUARY, 1891.

are still made of mud, the roofs are now all of sheet iron, as iron girders are easily brought up by the railway. The new post office gives a good idea of the present style of building.

From Quetta the railway crosses the Kwaja Amran range by a tunnel which is a considerable piece of engineering. It is two and a half miles long, and 6,400 feet above the sea level. The terminus of the line is Chaman, about sixty-six miles from Kandahar. The Amir of Kabul maintains a postal line between Chaman and Kandahar, and it is interesting to compare how things are managed in a country under an absolute despot with the freedom prevailing in British India. The postage of a letter from

Chaman to Kandahar is five annas, whereas in India it would be half an anna or ten times as cheap; the minimum time taken is forty-eight hours, or more than double what would be allowed by the Indian Post Office. The runners receive Rs. 6 12 0 per mensem, and are paid about once every six months. It is all forced labour. On the British side, where everyone is free and there is no compulsion, there is not a single Baluch runner. When trying to open a runners' line up the Bolan Valley I interviewed several of the village chiefs and tried to get Baluch runners, even offering as much as Rs. 12 per mensem, but was told by every head man that no Baluch would be a runner—it was considered *infra dig.*



NEW POST OFFICE, QUETTA.

and tantamount to being a beast of burden—but that if I wanted horsemen they would get me as many as required. These Baluchis are great sportsmen in their own way, and breed a hardy race of horses. Like the Dean's sister in *Dandy Dick*, a Baluch who cannot afford a whole mare will own as many legs as he can manage, keeping her a quarter of a year for each leg of which he is owner. At the present time there is not a more loyal or faithful race in India, and this remarkable transformation was caused by the earnestness, uprightness, and tact displayed by Sir Robert Sandeman, who was their late trusted and respected friend.

To the north in the Zhob and the Bori Valley the country is occupied by quite a different race—the Pathens—who are somewhat treacherous, and are *facile princeps* thieves. Whenever one travels in these parts a military escort is compulsory. Between Fort Sandeman and the Gumal Pass parties of less than four armed

men are not allowed to move along the road, and the mails are sent twice a week when the military patrols visit each post. As the patrols go at irregular intervals there is no knowing when the mail may arrive, and the two mails during the week may be received on following days.

It is dreary work travelling in the desolate hills of Baluchistan, and the length of one's daily journey has to be regulated by the places where drinking water is to be found. The climate in the winter is very severe, whereas in the summer the lower valleys are extremely hot. General Sheriden is credited with having said that, if he owned Texas and Hades, he would live in the latter and let out the former. If Baluchistan had been substituted for Texas, the General would have found it difficult to carry out his scheme, as nobody would have rented Baluchistan.

ANGAREION.

Quetta.

P.S.—The photographs of the Baluchis and of the Chapar Rift are by Mr. Bremner, of Quetta, who has kindly given permission for their reproduction in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.



From an envelope kindly lent by Mrs. Wycherley. The original is drawn in water-colours.

Co-operative Heresy.

IN the preceding number of this magazine, under the sub-heading of "A Lesson in Co-operation," Mr. James exhibits in a series of tables the financial success of the Post Office Employés' Mutual Guarantee Association, and straightway proceeds to argue that the Association must be remodelled on the commercial principles of the Civil Service Supply Association. It is proposed in the present paper to accept without question most of Mr. James's facts and all his figures, and by adding thereto a few considerations which he has ignored, to arrive at a diametrically opposite conclusion.

The Association was started in a true co-operative manner. Each share was of the nominal value of £5, of which 5/- was called up, and there was in addition an entrance fee of one shilling per share. On this basis the Association was deemed by the Post Office authorities to be capable of giving a satisfactory guarantee for its members to the extent of £100 on the single share. Previously a guarantee had been obtained by the payment of an annual premium to an Insurance Company or from two personal sureties. This Association, then, in its inception, was a Society for guaranteeing one another's fidelity on a purely mutual principle, and it is a matter for regret that Mr. James, in his anxiety to effect a change in its constitution, should so far anticipate matters as to omit the word "Mutual" in quoting its title. It was not an object of the Association that it should be a means of investment. Only two year ago the Committee recorded their opinion that the acceptance of large amounts of money merely for investment might become a source of danger; it would "impose on them a responsibility entirely foreign to the objects of the Association."

It might have been supposed that there would be enough *esprit de corps* among the officers of an important institution like the Post Office to enable the Association to say to an applicant for membership—"Ten years ago we each paid 6/- for £100 guarantee on and from the date of payment. Similarly if you will pay 6/- now you shall be guaranteed for £100 dating from the present time." The objection is at once raised; that such a course would be equivalent to making him a gift of 9/7, the value of assets per share in excess of capital. It might, however, be urged in reply to the objector that the

Reserve Fund belongs to the Association as a whole and only to the individual members in the extreme case of the Association being wound up. But granted there is this extra value, possibly to be some day realised though to-day certainly out of his reach, the case would surely be met by making the entrance fee one shilling plus the nine shillings and sevenpence, instead of which it is fifteen shillings or nearly 50 per cent. greater—and still Mr. James is not satisfied.

We confess to an inability to follow the argument by which Mr. James seeks to show that what the Committee call the entrance fee is not an entrance fee at all but something quite different. Nor are we satisfied with the information that “the amount of the entrance fee is less than the cost to the Association of providing the guarantee for life and the working expenses proper to each share.” Owing to the introduction of the premium paying business in 1891, the statistics given for 1887 to 1890 are all we have to go on for estimating the cost of guaranteeing established officers of the Post Office. It would, we imagine, be very difficult to properly apportion the relative cost of the ordinary and of the premium paying business so as to obtain a more extended basis for calculation, and yet without that it may be questioned whether we have sufficient data for an authoritative pronouncement on the cost to the Association of a guarantee for life. Still taking these four years, what do we find? Re-arranging the figures given us, we have—

	ENTRANCE FEES.				INCOME FROM INVESTMENTS APPROPRIATED TO	
	Amount.	APPROPRIATED TO			Profits.	Working Expenses.
		Defaults.	Working Expenses.	Profits.		
Year.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
1887	512 17 0	147 13 7	97 3 5	268 0 0	None.	All not
1888	334 2 0	214 15 10	0 0 0	119 6 2	34 13 10	paid out of
1889	905 16 0	196 7 5	45 8 7	664 0 0	None.	Entrance
1890	2106 5 0	151 9 0	1024 16 0	930 0 0	None.	Fees.
Total	3859 0 0	710 5 10	1167 8 0	1981 6 2	34 13 10	

It may be seen from this Table that, taking the four years together, the entrance fees, with the income derived from the invested capital,

paid the whole of the defaults and the working expenses, and in addition gave a profit of £2,016. Again, the working expenses and the defaults, after deducting the total income from invested capital, amounted to £1,843, an average of £460 15s. per year. Now if another fifteen shillings per share had been called up and invested at three per cent., the resulting income would be roughly £492 15s. It would seem to follow that, *without any assistance from entrance fees*, an extra fifteen shillings per share, together with the five shillings per share already called up, would, if invested, provide considerably more than the necessary funds for paying the yearly defaults and the working expenses. With a membership now two or three times as great as it was then, the working expenses ought to be somewhat less in proportion, and there is no reason to suppose that the cost of providing the guarantee for the same class of members is greater. The increased defaults of recent years are apparently attributable to the introduction of a more risky class of business.

Again, the statement that the entrance fee is "really a commuted payment for a bond of £100 for life" betrays a serious confusion of thought, for in the first place, in view of the fact that there is a liability of £4 15s. attaching to each share, it is an error to speak of a commuted payment at all, still less for life, since the Association might become insolvent; and secondly, no account has been taken of the five shillings capital already paid up.

From the flimsy premisses just alluded to, Mr. James wishes to draw the conclusion that "shareholders now acquiring shares are being directly benefited at the expense of existing shareholders and of those members who pay annual premiums." "This anomaly," he says, "could be corrected by making the shares transferable." It is an anomaly, then, that shareholders should be benefited at the expense of the members who pay premiums? Very well. That will help us when we come to deal with another aspect of our subject. But will it be corrected by making the shares transferable? It is difficult to see how. And this only strengthens the suspicion that the existing shareholders are uppermost in Mr. James's mind. Even as regards existing shareholders, the anomaly (supposing there is one) would not be corrected by making the shares transferable unless the total number were limited. It is quite evident that to make the shares transferable without limiting their number would not, in itself, prevent newcomers from acquiring shares on the same terms as now, and the supposed hardship to existing shareholders would be in no way relieved. The reference to the Civil Service Supply

Association is a further proof that Mr. James, in proposing that the shares should be made transferable, is really advocating also the limitation of their total number.

It is not a new proposal. In early days a few of the members, with an eye to future dividends, availed themselves of their full privilege of taking up forty shares apiece and paying them up in full. Since that time an agitation has been carried on for changing the character of the Association for their especial benefit, but, happily, it has so far met with no great measure of success. We are now told that they came, at the solicitation of the committee, to the aid of the Association when its funds and resources were not equal to the responsibilities which were being undertaken, and that they have as yet received no adequate return for the assistance they gave. Does anyone doubt that the members referred to were making use of the Association solely and purely as a means of investment, a thing which, if allowed now, "might," in the committee's opinion, "become a source of danger," and "would impose on them a responsibility entirely foreign to the objects of the Association?" We are asked to believe that what at the present time would be a possible source of danger was a few years ago required to put the Association on a sound basis. An examination, however, of Tables 1 and 4 reveals the fact that at no period of the Association's history has the amount of paid-up capital averaged more than 6s. 8d. per share. Moreover, under Clause 1 of Rule 6, the committee are not only empowered, but they are directed, to call up so much capital as will, in their opinion, be sufficient for the payment of any claims and of the working expenses. To allege, then, that the Association was in such distress as to need the assistance of these disinterested people with a superfluity of capital, is, if true, to charge the committee with not doing their duty as plainly laid down in the rules.

The facts are sufficiently obvious. With or without the solicitation of the committee, shares in excess of the number required for the purpose of their guarantees were taken and fully paid up, but that gives the investors no claim to benefits other than those provided for in the rules, and, while they are not entitled to our gratitude, so also, as they are now in receipt of ten per cent. on their speculation, they stand in no immediate need of our sympathy.

And now one word as to the attitude of the committee. No one who has followed with attention the history of the Association will doubt but that they have, if not originated, at least covertly supported the proposals we are now dealing with—proposals which

directly traverse the root-idea with which the Association started. Sufficient proof of this could be adduced, if proof were needed. It is true that on the particular question of the limitation of shares they have hitherto refrained from exercising to its fullest extent their proxy voting power, but it may be doubted whether that attitude will long be maintained. We have independent grounds for believing that Mr. James is correct in stating that they "solicited" extra capital from certain shareholders. This was, however, without the knowledge or approval of the Association as a body, and was not in accordance with the sixth of the Association's rules. If, therefore, Mr. James's clients, instead of the veritable Klondike they were expecting, find nothing in front of them but the comparatively sterile region of the Ten per Cents., their complaint clearly does not lie against the Association.

Is it too much to hope that an Association which has furnished so instructive a lesson in co-operation may be allowed to develop on the lines on which it was started? Any limitation of shares would, under present conditions, mean an ever-increasing liability. It would, in time, largely do away with that to which Mr. James attributes, in no small degree, the Association's past success, namely, the fact that all the members are interested in preventing defaults.

And that introduces a fresh and a final point for consideration. It is not quite true that all members are at the present time interested in preventing defaults. Those who pay annual premiums are not entitled to any share of the profits made. We have seen that, in Mr. James's opinion, it is partly at the expense of this class that new shareholders are being benefited, and further, that this is an anomaly. We heartily agree, but we would add the older shareholders are also benefited at their expense. The premium paying business was the first departure from the co-operative faith. We would close this paper with the suggestion that instead of allowing a deeper co-operative heresy to have its way, the members should seek to recover lost ground by making it easier for the premium payers to take up shares. Where they are at present ineligible to become shareholders, make them eligible. If they belong to a class which is relatively fruitful in defaults, adjust matters by counting one share a guarantee not for £100, but for £80, £60, or £40, as statistics may show to be just.

H. RAND.

Savings Bank Dept., G.P.O.

An American Post Office Poet.



WHILE in the United States this summer, Mr. Buxton Forman had his attention drawn to the poetical work of Mr. James E. Kinsella, a clerk in the Chicago Post Office, and has communicated to us some examples which have already appeared in American journals. We think our readers will agree with us that there is a vein of genuine poetry running through the two pieces which follow.

THE GIRL ENGINEER.

(A MEMORY OF THE OLD WEST SIDE.)

HER father is a gripman on a Twelfth Street trolley train,
At noon she brings his dinner pail drenched in the pelting rain ;
She has a piquant, roseleaf face, a roguish head of hair,
She is the mascot of the car, the passengers declare.
And when her father eats his lunch she grasps the trolley bar—
“Now, daddy, you just loaf around, and I will run the car.
Oh, I will bring them through on time ; you see the coast is clear ;
Of course I’ve got them beat a block, I’m Yerkes’ engineer.”

CHORUS—

“All aboard, get ready ; Clancy, hold her steady.
I can run the trolley car, because my daddy’s near.
Hear that whistle blowing, to State Street we are going ;
Daddy, don’t you like to see me play the engineer ?”

She holds the lever like her dad, and guides the trolley true,
O’er prairie wide they swiftly glide, by roses gemmed with dew.
Through tunnels deep they crawl and creep, and spin along the rail ;
O’er bridges high they pant and fly, and breast the shrieking gale.
The little lassie’s still on deck, with tawny, wind-swept hair,
You watch the headstrong beauty’s face, her frank, delicious stare.
She loves to chaff with silvery laugh the burly teamster gray—
“Say, Rondy, do you own the ward ? Look out, I’ll smash your
dray !”

REFRAIN—

Harbour lights of home are gleaming, Rosey's roguish eyes are
beaming,

And the passengers are surly, crouching in the sweltering car,
For the day was long and weary, and the fog looms damp and
dreary,

And you hear Chicago tumult swelling, rumbling from afar.
But the little maid reliant, like stark pilot, smiles defiant—

“Clarence, they will never bridge us, for we have the right
of way.

Rooney, have we caught you sleeping, how your lazy nag is
creeping?

I will take a wheel off Percy when he scorches down our way.”

THE BOYS IN THE TRENCHES.

(A banjo song for the Registry Division, night set, at the Post Office.)

When the prowling cats are screaming,
Prancing through dim shuddering gloom,
Coals of fire their eyes are gleaming,
Glow worms from some murky tomb,
And you hear the engines crawling,
Rumbling o'er the chattering rail,
Then you hear the teamsters bawling :
“Jiggers, Rondy, where's that mail ?”

“Look alive, there, Rough and Ready,
Jerk those pouches through the door ;
Loosen up there strong and steady,
Twist those chunks along the floor ;
Hurry up, the ‘Whole Thing's’ calling,
Clear the decks and start anew,
While ten tons of mail are falling—
Roxy we will shove her through.”

Jollying the game along all the stirring day ;
Pull yourselves together, boys ; you've the right of way ;
Smoking from the same dudeen when the nights are long ;
Roasting all the fresh young cubs in some rousing song.

You are young and your life's work beginning,
 You are keen for the joy of the fight,
 You are eager for striving and winning,
 You exult in the pride of your might.
 A word in your ear ere you wander
 To plunge in the thick of the fray :
 Have a care 'ere your treasure you squander
 And waste all your gifts by the way.

Hurry up, New York is waiting
 And the overland is due,
 Here's the bill of lading stating
 That the boys will shove 'em through.
 Lock the Denver pouch and station,
 Chuck the "San Fran" through the rail,
 While big sprawling Yankee nation
 Waits expectant for the mail.



For dearie Mrs Hibbert
 The Cottage by the Wood
 Mr Thomas Hibbert's
 Farmer and all the rest of it
 if you take the Carriage Drive
 you'll find it to the right on you
 Mr Postman Tetherington

From an envelope kindly lent by Mr. Crawley, of Macclesfield.

The Post Office in 1681.

[The following account of the Post Office in London in the year 1681 and of Dockwra's Penny Post for London, which had been started in the preceding year, is taken from an old and somewhat rare book in the possession of Mr. H. S. Carey, of the Secretary's Office, who, for the purpose of this extract, has kindly placed the volume at our disposal. The book bears the following title page :—

THE PRESENT STATE OF

London :

OR,

Memorials

COMPREHENDING

A Full and Succinct Account of the Ancient and Modern
State thereof.

BY *THO. DE-LAVNE, GENT.*

Civitates ab initio Vilitatis causa constitutæ sunt.

ARISTOT. I. POLIT.

London :

Printed by *George Larkin for Enoch Prosser and John How, at the Rose and Crown, and Seven Stars, in Sweetings Alley, near the Royal Exchange, in Cornhil, 1681.*

OF THE POST-OFFICE.

THis Office is now kept in *Lumbard-street*, formerly in *Bishops-gate-street*, the Profits of it are by Act of Parliament settled on his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*. But the *King* by Letters Patents, under the great Seal of *England*, constitutes the Post-Master-General.

From this General Office, Letters and Packets are dispatched.

On *Mondays*

To *France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Flanders, Sweedland, Denmark, Kent* and the *Downs*.

On *Tuesdays*

To *Holland, Germany, Sweedland, Denmark, Ireland, Scotland*, and all parts of *England* and *Wales*.

On *Wednesdays*

To all parts of *Kent* and the *Downs*.

On *Thursdays*

To *France, Spain, Italy*, and all parts of *England* and *Scotland*.

On *Frydays*

To *Flanders, Germany, Italy, Sweedland, Denmark, Holland, Kent* and the *Downs*.

On *Saturdays*

All parts of *England, Wales, Scotland* and *Ireland*. Letters are returned from all parts of *England* and *Scotland*, certainly every *Monday, Wednesday* and *Friday*; from *Wales* every *Monday* and *Fryday*; and from *Kent* and the *Downs* every day: But from other parts more uncertainly, in regard of the Sea.

A Letter containing a whole sheet of Paper is convey'd 80 Miles for 2d., two sheets for 4d., and an Ounce of Letters for 8d., and so proportionably; a Letter containing a sheet is conveyed above 80 Miles for 3d., 2 sheets for 6d., and every Ounce of Letters for 12d.

This Conveyance by Post is done in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every 24 hours, the Post goes 120 Miles, and in five days, an answer of a Letter may be had from a Place 300 Miles distant from the Writer.

Moreover, if any Gentleman desire to ride Post, to any Principal Town of *England*, Post-horses are always in readiness, (taking no Horse without the consent of his owner) which in other Kings Reigns was not duly observed; and only 3d. is demanded for every *English* Mile, and for every Stage to the Post-Boy, 4d. For conducting.

Besides this Excellent convenience of conveying Letters, and Men on Horse-back, there is of late such an admirable commodiousness, both for Men and Women of better rank to travel from *London*, and to almost all the Villages near this great City, that the like hath not been known in the World, and that is by Stage-Coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul Weather, and foul ways, free from endamaging ones Health or Body by hard jogging, or over violent motion; and this not only at a low price, as about a shilling for every five Miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the Posts in some Foreign Countries, make not more Miles in a day; for the Stage-Coaches, called Flying-Coaches, make

forty or fifty Miles in a day; as from *London* to *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for Dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late.

The several Rates that now are and have been taken for the Carriage of Letters, Packquets, and Parcels, to or from any of His Majesties Dominions, to or from any other parts or places beyond the Seas, are as followeth, that is to say,

		s.	d.
<i>Morlaix, St. Maloes, Caen, Newhaven, and</i> places of like distance Carriage paid to <i>Rouen</i>	Single	0	6
	Double	1	0
	Treble	1	6
	Ounce	1	6
<i>Hamburgh, Colen, Frankfort, Carriage paid to</i> <i>Antwerp</i> is - - - - -	Single	0	8
	Double	1	4
	Treble	2	0
	Ounce	2	0
<i>Venice, Geneva, Legorn, Rome, Naples, Messina,</i> and all other parts of <i>Italy</i> by way of <i>Venice</i> <i>Franc't pro Mantua</i> - - - - -	Single	0	9
	Double	1	6
	Treble	2	3
	Ounce	2	8
<i>Marseilles, Smirna, Constantinople, Aleppo, and</i> all parts of <i>Turky</i> , Carriage paid to <i>Marselles</i>	Single	1	0
	Double	2	0
	$\frac{3}{4}$ Oun.	2	9
	Ounce	2	8*
And for Letters brought from the same places to <i>England</i> - - - - -	Single	0	8
	Double	1	4
	Treble	2	0
	Ounce	2	0
The Carriage of Letters brought into <i>England</i> , from <i>Calice, Diep, Bulloign, Abbeville, Amiens,</i> <i>St. Omers, Montrel</i> - - - - -	Single	0	4
	Double	0	8
	Treble	1	0
	Ounce	1	0
<i>Rouen</i> - - - - -	Single	0	6
	Double	1	0
	Treble	1	6
	Ounce	1	6
<i>Genoua, Legorn, Rome and other parts of Italy</i> by way of <i>Lyons, Franc't pro Lyons</i> - - -	Single	1	0
	Double	2	0
	$\frac{3}{4}$ Oun.	2	9
	Ounce	3	9
The Carriage of Letters outwards.			
<i>To Bourdeaux, Rochel, Nants, Orleans, Bayon,</i> <i>Tours</i> , and places of like distance, Carriage paid to <i>Paris</i> - - - - -	Single	0	9
	Double	1	6
	Treble	2	3
	Ounce	2	0

* This is presumably a misprint for 3s. 8d.—ED.

		s.	d.
Letters brought from the same places into <i>England</i> - - - - -	<i>Single</i>	1	0
	<i>Double</i>	2	0
	$\frac{3}{4}$ <i>Oun.</i>	3	0
	<i>Ounce</i>	4	0

The Carriage of Letters outwards.

<i>To Norembourgh, Bremen, Dantzick, Lubeck, Lipswick, and other places of like distance, Carriage paid to Hamburg</i> - - - - -	<i>Single</i>	1	0
	<i>Double</i>	2	0
	$\frac{3}{4}$ <i>Oun.</i>	3	0
	<i>Ounce</i>	4	0
<i>Paris</i> - - - - -	<i>Single</i>	0	9
	<i>Double</i>	1	6
	<i>Treble</i>	2	3
	<i>Ounce</i>	2	0
<i>Dunkirk, Ostend, Lisle, Ipers, Cambray, Ghent, Bruxels, Bruges, Antwerp, and all other parts of Flanders</i> - - - - -	<i>Single</i>	0	8
	<i>Double</i>	1	4
	<i>Treble</i>	2	0
	<i>Ounce</i>	2	0
<i>Sluce, Flushing, Middleburgh, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Delph, Hague, and all other parts of Holland and Zealand</i> - - - - -	<i>Single</i>	0	8
	<i>Double</i>	1	4
	<i>Treble</i>	2	0
	<i>Ounce</i>	2	0

All Merchants Accounts not exceeding a Sheet, Bills of Exchange, Invoices, Bills of Lading, shall be allowed without rate in the price of the Letters, and also the covers of the Letters not exceeding a Sheet, to *Marseilles, Venice, or Legorn* towards *Turkie*.

The said Office is managed by a Deputy, and other Officers, to the Number of seventy seven persons; who give their actual attendance respectively, in the dispatch of the business.

Upon this Grand Office, depends one hundred eighty two Deputy-Post-Masters in *England* and *Scotland*; most of which keep Regular Offices in their Stages and Sub-Post-Masters in their Branches; and also in *Ireland*, another General Office for that Kingdom, which is kept in *Dublin*, consisting of Eighteen like Officers, and Forty-five Deputy Postmasters.

The Present Post-Master-General keeps constantly for the transport of the said Letters and Pacquets;

Between <i>England</i> and	<i>France</i> , two Pacquet-Boats
	<i>Flanders</i> , two Pacquet-Boats
	<i>Holland</i> , three Pacquet-Boats
	<i>Ireland</i> , three Pacquet-Boats

And at *Deal*, two Pacquet Boats for the *Downs*.

All which Officers, Post-Masters, Pacquet-Boats, are maintained at his own proper Charge.

And as the Master-piece of all those good regulations, established by the present Post-Master-General for the better Government of the said Office, he hath annexed and appropriated, the Market-Towns of *England*, so well to their Respective Post-Stages, that there is no Considerable Market-Town, but hath an easie and certain Conveyance for the Letters thereof to and from the said Grand Office in the due course of the Males (*sic*) every Post.

Though the Number of Letters Missive in *England*, were not at all Considerable in our Ancestors days, yet it is now so prodigiously great, (since the meanest People have Generally learned to write) that the Office is Farmed for above 40, rather 50,000l. a Year.

Of the PENNY-POST.

THIS Ingenious *Undertaking* being so extraordinary useful in the facilitating of Commerce, and mutual Correspondence, and consequently very serviceable to *Traders*, &c., shall be briefly handled; and, I hope, that what proceeds from me, who am no interested Person, will be resented Candidly, and Examined, as to the Argumentative part, according to the Solidity and Strength of the Reasons produced.

I have heard this Undertaking disparaged by some Censorious Persons, and have examined the Reasons, with the quality of the Objectors, and have found it all along opposed by none but the Ignorant, or such as preferred some particular Ends, before Publick Utility. To my knowledge I never saw nor corresponded directly nor indirectly with any of the Undertakers, till being very desirous to insert this *Affair of the Penny-Post* in this Book for Publick Information, I made an Address to one of the Gentleman concern'd, who Courteously supply'd me with some particular Informations which I wanted, and for which I am beholding to him. This I speak, to satisfie the Objectors that I do voluntarily, and not by any inducement of theirs mention this *Affair*, which, in my opinion, is so far from being a prejudice, that the City, as well as the whole Nation is beholding to them for their Ingenious Contrivance, and their Constancy and Generosity in minding the Publick Good so much as they have done; for 'tis certain that they have been at very great Expence to hold it up, under the Discouragements that some Persons have thrown upon them, and the necessary Charge to support it is yet very considerable. But to be more particular:

1. I will give some Hints of what this Undertaking is in Point of Practice.

2. Its general and particular Usefulness.

3, I will consider an Objection or two.

1. What I can say of this Undertaking in Point of Practice, is briefly what follows, only I would premise a few words as my opinion, and the opinion of impartial Persons of my acquaintance, as to the thing in general.

This useful Invention is little more than a year old, being begun in *April* 1680. The chief Undertaker that introduc'd it into Practice, is one Mr. *William Dockwra*, Merchant, a Native and Citizen of *London*, formerly one of His Majesties *Sub-Searchers* in the Custom-House of *London*, as in the List of those Officers appears. A Person, whose approved Reputation for Industry and Fidelity was well known to all for above ten years in that Office: And to whom the Publick is obliged, he having, with his Partners, spent much time, and a great Sum of money to bring this Undertaking on foot, wherein they encounter'd with no small difficulties, not only by *Affronts* and *Indignities* from the *Vulgar* sort, who seldom weigh any Publick or Generous Designs, but at the *Beam* of Little, Selfish, By-Ends, but also by more dangerous Attacks; for there have been Attempts made by some Persons, to persuade his Royal Highness the Duke of *York* that it intrench'd upon the *General Post-Office*, and damnifi'd it; whereupon many Actions were brought, and a chargeable Suit of Law follow'd: But, questionless, the Duke is better inform'd now; for it is most certain, that this does much further the Revenue of the *Grand Post-Office*, and is an universal Benefit to all the Inhabitants of these Parts: so that whoever goes about to deprive the City of so useful a thing deserves no thanks from the Duke, nor any Body else, but to be Noted as an *Enemy to Publick and Ingenious Inventions*.

It is with all Humility submitted to the Consideration of all worthy Citizens that happen to peruse this small Tract, that it becomes not the Honour of the City to suffer any of its *Ingenious Natives*, especially Persons who have lived and do live in good *Fashion* and *Repute*, to sink under the carrying on of an Undertaking so advantageous not only to the Publick, but also to private Persons, since their industrious Service to their Generation deserves encouragement from their Fellow-Citizens, and all others, *viz.*

(1) To discountenance petty Persons that would, for the profit of running of Errands, rob the Community (if they could) of this more than ordinary convenience for safe, cheap, and necessary Dispatches.

(2) To reject any INTRUDER that may attempt to set up another *Penny-Post*; because if the thing be hereafter profitable, all the Reason and Equity in the world will plead for the Inventers, *viz.*, that they ought to reap the Benefit. And it is a Note of Consideration, that *Mr. Dockwra* has a numerous Family of eight young Children; who being forsaken by some others soon after it began, and left to shift for himself, carried on this Undertaking singly, for above half a year at his own proper charge and hazard, against all the Difficulties, Oppositions and Discouragements that attended it, though now he hath several Citizens in partnership with him. But I am truly informed that the Income does not yet amount to three fourths of the necessary Charge to support it; therefore I am persuaded that this Honourable City will employ the *Inventers*, rather than an *Invader*, if ever any such should be; And that 'tis much below such a Prince as his Royal Highness is, to desire the Ruine of such a Family.

I am the more large upon this Particular, because it would be a general Discouragement to the Contrivers of useful and profitable Inventions, if others should be encouraged to reap the Crop of what they with so much charge and labor have sown.

This Penny-Post is thus managed.

The Principal Office to which all Accompts, &c. are daily transmitted is in *Lyme-Street*, at the Dwelling-house of the said *Mr. Dockwra*, formerly the Mansion-house of Sir *Robert Abdy* Knt.

There are seven *Sorting-houses*, proper to the seven *Precincts*, into which the Undertakers have divided *London*, *Westminster*, and the Suburbs situated at equal distances, for the better maintenance of mutual Correspondence.

There are about 4 or 500 Receiving-houses to take in Letters, where the Messengers call every hour, and convey them as directed, as also Post-Letters, the writing of which are much increased by this Accommodation, being carefully convey'd by them to the General-Post-Office in *Lombard-Street*.

There are a great Number of Clerks and poor Citizens daily employed, as Messengers, to Collect, Sort, Enter, Stamp and Deliver all Letters, every Person entertained giving Fifty pounds security, by Bond, for his Fidelity; and is to be subject to the Rules and Orders, from time to time given by the Undertakers, who oblige themselves to make good any thing deliver'd to their Messengers under the value of Ten pounds, if Sealed up, and the Contents

Endorsed ; And these Messengers have their Wages duly paid them every Saturday night.

By these are Convey'd Letters and Parcels, not exceeding One Pound Weight, nor Ten Pound in Value, to and from all Parts at seasonable times, *viz.* of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, *Southwark*, *Redriff*, *Wapping*, *Ratcliff*, *Lyme-house*, *Stepney*, *Poplar*, and *Blackwall*, and all other places within the weekly Bills of Mortality, as also to the four Towns of *Hackney*, *Islington*, *South-Newington-Butts*, and *Lambeth*, but to no other Towns, and the Letters to be left only at the Receiving-houses of those four Towns, for the said four Towns ; but if brought home to their houses, a Penny more in those Towns ; nor any Letter to be deliver'd to them in the Street, but at the Receiving-houses.

They do now use *Stamps* to mark the hour of the Day on all Letters when sent out from their Office to be deliver'd, by which all Persons are to expect their Letters within one hour (little more or less, from the time marked thereon, excepting such Letters as are to be convey'd to the Out-Towns, and Remotest parts, which will be longer) by which the cause of delay of Letters may be easily discern'd, *viz.* whether it be really in the Office, or their own Servants, (or others) with whom Letters are left.

The Marks they make use of for this purpose, are these :



Of which the First, signifies Eight in the Morning, the Last, Four in the Afternoon, and the Middlemost, is the Letter of the Chief Office in *Lyme-Street*, each Office having its proper Letter, and an Acknowledgment that the *Penny-Post* is paid, to prevent the giving of any thing at the Delivery.

All Persons are desired not to leave any Town-Letters after Six of the Clock in the Winter, and Seven in the Summer on Saturday Nights, because the many poor men employ'd, may have a little time to provide for their Families against the Lords-day, having no leisure all the week besides.

Upon three days at *Christmas*, two days in *Easter* and *Witsontide*, and upon the 30 of *January*, the *Penny-Post* does not go.

To the most Remote places Letters go four or five times of the day, to other places six or eight times of the day. To Inns of Court, and places of business in Town, especially in Term or Parliament-time, 10 or 12 times of the day. For better information of People where the Receiving-houses are, there are great Numbers of Printed Tickets dispersed from time to time amongst the Neighborhood, and Advertisements in the Publick Intelligences which all concern'd may take Notice of, so that any body may be by the Neighborhood immediately inform'd where a Receiving-house is. Carriers and Stage-Coach Letters are to have Two-pence inclosed to each Carrier or Coachman, because they often reject them for want of money; Hundreds of such being return'd, which any Inquirer may have again upon notice, for they lie Alphabetically disposed of in the chief Office for that end.

On all Post-Nights due Care is taken to call for and convey to the General Post-house in *Lombard-street* all Post-Letters, whether Foreign or Inland, left in any of the *Penny-Post* Receiving-houses, at or before Nine of the Clock at Night. And I could wish, for Encouragement of the Undertakers, that all Persons would so far contribute to the continuance of this useful Design, as to send their Post-Letters by this Conveyance to the Post-Office in *Lombard-street*, which they do not Convey by themselves, or Servants.

If any Post-Letters be left without Money that should pay beforehand, they will be Returned to the Office, therefore such as send Money, are to indorse the Postage-money upon their Letters.

Such as inclose Money in Town-Letters, are to Indorse the true Sum on the Outside, and to tie fast and seal up, under a plain Impression, all Parcels, which may be one way to prevent Disputes, in case any thing be lost. The Undertakers will not answer for any Contents unseen, unless sealed fast, and Value Indorsed plain to be Read.

2. *Some brief Hints of the Usefulness of this Office.*

1. In and near this great and famous *Emporium*, is the usual Residence of our Kings, the High Court of Parliament, the fixed Seats of all the Courts of Judicature, and in it is managed a vast Trade, as was shew'd in the *Chapter* that Treats of it; now a cheap, frequent, and safe way of Correspondence, is very advantageous for all that are concerned in Commerce, or Business.

The principal Trade of *London* depends upon Navigation, and therefore the City and Suburbs are situate along the River of *Thames*, extending in length, as was shew'd *pag.* 5. from *Lyme-house*, to the

end of *Tuttle-street* 7500 Geometrical Paces, that is seven Miles and an half; and from the end of *Blackman-street*, to the end of *St. Leonard Shoreditch*, 2500 Paces in Breadth, that is two Miles; and the whole Circumference (as by Demonstration can be made apparent) is above 20 Miles, taking in all the Contiguous Suburbs and *Westminster*, so that it is the longest, if not the greatest and most populous City in *Christendom*. This extraordinary Length, though it adds to its Splendor and Beauty, yet it renders speedy Communication and Intercourse in Business very uneasie, and much more troublesom, than in such great Cities as *Paris*, which is almost of an orbicular Form. Now to keep up a necessary Correspondence, the way formerly used, was to hire *Porters* at Excessive Rates to go on Errands, and to send Servants or Apprentices, who, in the meanwhile, lost that time that should be spent to learn their Trades, and benefit their Masters, and would often loyter, and get vicious habits, and evil company, &c. (when they need not) to their own and Masters hurt; or else such as could not spare the Porter so much money, nor kept Servants, (as some poor Artificers and Labourers) have been forced to sweat and toil and leave their work, for, it may be, half the day, to do that which now they may perform at the easie rate of a Penny.

But now all these Inconveniences are remedied by the *Penny-Post* with great Safety and Celerity, for which the Contrivers really deserve the Thanks of all who reap benefit by it; and I may be bold to say, that all the Inhabitants in general, and their Fellow-Citizens in particular, are already very sensible of the great Convenience thereof: For, among the innumerable Benefits of this *Penny-Post*, which, for brevity we omit, Friends may converse with Friends, at any distance; Merchants, Shop-keepers and Tradesmen with their Customers, or such as deal with them; Clients may consult with Lawyers; Patients with Doctors; Poor Prisoners with Creditors, or Benefactors; and all Bills dispersed for Publication of any Concern; all Summons or Tickets conveyed; all Entries of Brewers to the Excise-Office; and many more, for *One Penny*.

3. *The objections I have heard of, are,*

1. From some sort of *Porters*, viz. that it hinders their Livelihood.

Answ. (1.) 'Tis certain that this is a mistake, for their Livelihood never depended upon going on Errands, their Business being other laborious Work, and carrying of Burdens, &c. But some of the Free-Porters are now in the service of the Undertaking.

(2.) Most Business dispatcht by this Undertaking was formerly

either not done at all, or performed by other hands, to save Charges, (Porters Rates being so dear) and Persons themselves, or their Servants, went on their own Errands.

(3.) If the Porters, who are an inconsiderable Number, in respect of the whole Inhabitants of this great City, should suffer some small loss of Petty Employ by it, yet vast Numbers of poor People, and others, are exceedingly eased and benefited thereby, which deserve as much, or more pity, than Porters: And a general and useful Undertaking, should not in Equity or Prudence be discountenanced, for the peculiar advantage of some few, any more than all the Pipes or Water-Conduits of the City should be destroyed, meerly for the Accommodation of Tankard-Bearers; Printing suppressed, to accommodate Writing Clerks; Guns, for Fletchers; Navigable Rivers, for Carriers; and the Trade of Jack-smiths, for Turn-spits, &c. Nor have Porters any Authority to monopolize to themselves the Delivery of Letters, it being by Law free for any Person to use what Conveyance they think good for their Letters, within or without the Freedom. And Coach-men, Car-men, Watermen, &c. may as well be put out of their Callings, as the Undertakers disturb'd in this Concern, because then the Porters may have more Burdens to carry. Neither is any prohibited or restrained by this Undertaking, but they may still employ a Porter if they please, so that this Objection is Causeless, and is level'd against the whole Body of Inhabitants, as well as the Undertakers in particular.

2. Others alledge, That their letters are not speedily answered, and therefore say they miscarry.

Answ. That may be, because the Party is not at home, and his Servants do not produce his Letter as he ought, though punctually left by the *Penny-Post-Messenger* (this I have very often known to be my own Case, and some of my Friends.). Or the Party may not be at leisure, or not willing to write, or removed, or would pretend he received it not, when Dun'd for money, which he cannot or will not pay. And indeed I am also inform'd, that abundance of Letters are so ill superscribed, or uncertainly directed, when frequently the particular Trade of the Party, the Sign, or what Noted Place is near, are omitted, that it is impossible to deliver such, which is the fault of the Senders, and not of the Office.

To conclude this Subject. The Reader may expect hereafter a small Tract by it self, Printed for the Undertakers of the *Penny-Post*. What I have here inserted being briefly Remarkt, as my own Notions, concerning so laudable a Design, by way of *Specimen*, and as a thing suitable to my present Work.

*The Perils of Asiatic Telegraphy.**

THE telegraph line to Gilgit, constructed by the Telegraph Department of the Government of India, is not only of interest as connecting one of the most remote points of Her Majesty's dominion—the point “where three empires meet”—with the civilised world, but also because it is carried over a country which is perhaps as difficult for a telegraph line as any ever traversed. Starting from Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, the distance is 230 miles. Two difficult passes have to be crossed—the Rajdiangan, 11,600 ft., and the Burzil, 13,500 ft. Both these passes are dangerous to cross in winter, and many an unfortunate traveller has lost his life on them. On the higher pass, during a severe winter, the snow will lie to a depth of over 20 ft., and it will be easily realised that locomotion under such conditions becomes very arduous. The way in which the Indian Telegraph Department has overcome all difficulties and has succeeded in keeping up communication almost uninterruptedly throughout the severest winters is by maintaining offices of observation at certain selected places, and by building shelter huts at short intervals over the passes; for the physical conditions of the country are such that, however strongly constructed and carefully aligned an overhead telegraph may be, it cannot possibly be kept entirely free from interruption. The chief causes of damage are breakdown from the accumulation of snow on the wire, and avalanches. The first is guarded against, as far as possible, by planting the posts close together and using steel wire in the most exposed places. Nothing can withstand an avalanche if it comes down across the line of route. All that can be done is to be very careful in the selection of an alignment; to keep the poles well up the hill-sides; to span over dangerous places, and when an avalanche does carry away a post to profit by the experience and change the alignment. Notwithstanding all precautions interruptions by avalanches will occasionally occur, and then it is that it becomes the duty of the employés stationed at the offices of observation to sally forth, no matter what the weather, with a repair party to restore communication.

This last winter has been an exceptionally severe one; the snow began early and continued till late in April, and the total fall was much above the normal. Avalanches on the high passes were more frequent than in ordinary years, and one which came down on the

* Reprinted from *The Electrician* of the 25th of June, 1897.

road at the foot of the Burzil Pass in January was unfortunately the cause of five lives being lost. The offices of observation are situated in safe spots on either side of the dangerous passes. Once the winter sets in and the snow commences to fall they are practically cut off from all communication, except by wire, with the outer world. Two Europeans, or Eurasians, with a suitable staff of native linemen and subordinates, are stationed at each office, and made as comfortable as the circumstances admit. They are fully rationed and equipped with suitable clothing, and furnished with snow shoes. Rifles and ammunition for sporting purposes are provided, as well as books and games to enable the men to pass the monotonous hours of the dreary winter months. The country is very sparsely inhabited, and the few villages clinging to the hill-sides at intervals are more or less snowed up the whole winter, during which the occupants, with their cattle, practically hibernate. The telegraph men have no duties to perform, except to cut in on the wire at certain hours and satisfy themselves that the line is working and messages passing between Gilgit and Srinagar. So long as all goes well there is nothing to break the monotony of the daily routine; but let there be a breakdown and the scene changes and all is activity. Directly it has been ascertained that there is interruption to communication, a repair party has to set out from the office on either side of the fault, and it must be remembered that each party has to carry with it provisions and bedding, for there is nothing kept in the shelter huts except fuel, and that even this is frequently taken by travellers caught in a storm.

The scene of the sad disaster in January was between two offices called Minimarg and Astor, on the side of the dreaded Burzil nearer to the former, and it was the repair party from the Minimarg office that was overwhelmed. What actually happened is best told by the telegraph master himself. His account of the accident runs as follows:—

“The party, consisting of nine khalassis (labourers), one lineman and myself, left Minimarg at 7 a.m. for Burzil and reached the fault, about two miles out, at 1 p.m. It had been snowing off and on for the previous ten days; consequently we found great difficulty in making a path. Having reached the break we made a halt at the nearest post, and while the men were undoing their loads and getting things ready for repairs I sent a man up the post to fix my leading wire, intending to open out after repairing the fault and see if line was right. The man had barely reached the top of the pole when we heard the noise of a coming avalanche far above us, but were prevented from seeing in which direction it was coming owing to heavy snow falling. There

was no possibility of getting out of the way, as the snow was too deep, and besides the avalanche extended for at least 30 yards on either side of us. Knowing this I turned my head away and quietly awaited the result.

"I have but a faint recollection of what happened after being overwhelmed. I remember, however, being carried along at a swift pace downwards, and occasionally being nearly suffocated, when I must have been at the bottom of the avalanche; then I would be thrown to the surface, but only for a moment, when I would find myself at the bottom again, and so on till the avalanche reached the Burzil stream, a distance of about 300 ft. It now struck me that the avalanche had stopped, for I felt I was not rolling. I found my right hand and wrist free, the rest of my body being entirely buried. In hopes of attracting attention should anybody have escaped, I began shaking my hand. Feeling I was being suffocated, for my head was fully 2 ft. under hard snow, I made frantic efforts to free myself, but only ended in exhaustion and the loss of the little breath I had left, for it was a sheer impossibility to move even a muscle.

"It was now, when I had given up hope, and was gradually losing my senses, I felt someone take hold of my hand and endeavour to pull me out, but he got away with only my glove, and the impetus must have taken him some distance down the avalanche. He returned shortly after, though it seemed an age to me, and dug away the snow covering my head. After a little while I breathed freely, but felt somewhat dazed.

"I recognised lineman Sarfarāz Kkan, who told me that he and two khalassis were thrown to the surface, but that they were giving him no help whatever. He then left me to render the same assistance to two others in a similar predicament as myself—one man completely buried, except the crown of his head, and another, who was found to be unconscious, had a foot visible. Sarfarāz Khan again returned, and extricated me entirely. Now that I stood clear of the avalanche, I found the two men who were thrown to the surface running about crying. However, I made them help us in extricating the remaining two survivors.

"On looking round we found a man, by name 'Nathen,' buried head foremost, with one foot showing; but, unfortunately, we had discovered him too late, for, I regret to say, life was extinct. The remaining four, namely, khalassis 'Bakhdur,' 'Ardsheikh,' 'Rahima,' and 'Syedbaz,' were, I am very sorry to say, completely buried. It was with a feeling of reluctance that we gave up the search, but

necessity compelled us to do so, for it was getting dark, and we had to make our way back over a very rough path, with all of us more or less injured.

"I was obliged to leave the unconscious khalassi where he was, for I could render him no assistance whatever. I tried every means in my power to revive him, but failed. I then had his hands and face protected, and started back, reaching Minimarg at 6 p.m., after a most painful and tedious journey. On arriving at Minimarg I endeavoured to persuade some of the villagers to visit the scene of the catastrophe, and bring in the unconscious khalassi left there, but under the circumstances they were too frightened to undertake the journey.

"Next morning, the 15th, I sent out a well-equipped search party, under Mirza Khan of Minimarg, to make a thorough search for the lost men; but except for the return of the khalassi left there overnight, who, I learn, regained consciousness a few hours after we had left him, and dug a pit in the snow in which he awaited dawn, I regret to say they were unsuccessful. Apparently the heavy snowfall of the previous night must have obliterated all trace, had there been any. . . . There was absolutely nothing found of the equipment taken out with us.

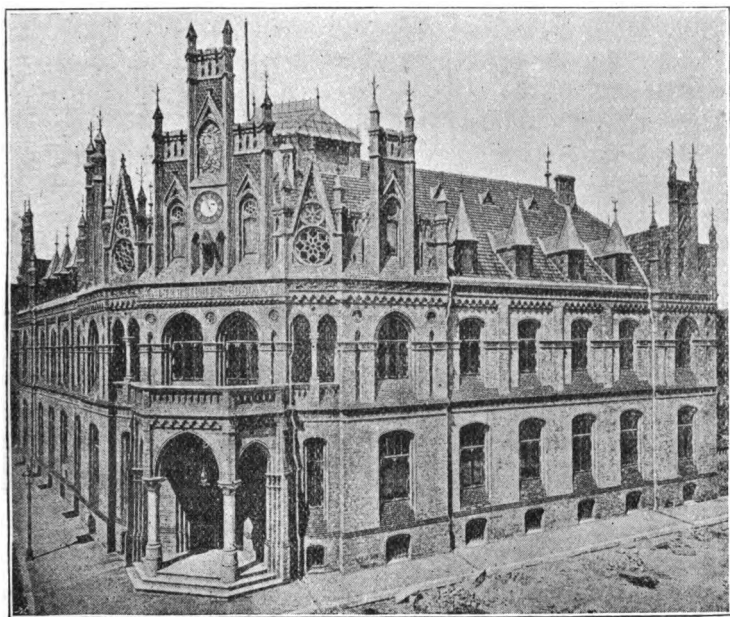
"I cannot speak too highly of lineman Sarfaraz Khan's prompt action in rendering us assistance, for it was certainly the means of saving three of us from an awful death."

Such is the simply-told narrative of the experiences of a telegraph repair party in a remote part of Her Majesty's Indian dominions—a story of adventures undertaken and risks run such as are of frequent occurrence, but only heard of when attended with disastrous consequences and loss of life. No longer ago than last year two khalassis lost their lives on the other side of this Burzil Pass, when similarly engaged on interruption duty. Wherever, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, "Victoria's work is to do," men, of many and diverse nationalities, will be found to do it, not only as a matter of duty, but willingly and eagerly, without consideration of risk. It is not only in the combatant branches of Her Majesty's service that her servants have at times to take their lives in their hands, and go forth to do their work; for even in such humble employment as the maintenance of a telegraph line opportunities arise and occasions present themselves for the exhibition of those sterling qualities which have combined to make the great British Empire what it is.

German Post Offices.—II.

HILDESHEIM.

HILDESHEIM, one of the oldest of Prussian towns, has been justly called the Nuremberg of North Germany. Most of its many notable and picturesque buildings are in the Romanesque and Gothic styles of architecture, and date as far back as the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries. The town



HILDESHEIM POST OFFICE.

has at the present time nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and carries on a considerable trade in sugar-refining, brick-making, and in the manufacture of agricultural implements, earthenware, and glass.

Shortly after the "Thirty Years' War," a regular system of posts was established between Hildesheim, Bremen and Cassel, and was carried on by means of mounted messengers. At a later date,

mail coaches also ran between these places, and the postal sphere was extended to include Brunswick and Hamburg. But the service was not of long duration. It was objected to as an infringement of the Imperial monopoly and was forcibly suppressed. The postal privileges passed into the hands of the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, the hereditary grand masters of the Posts of the Holy Roman Empire; and it was not until 1866 that Prussia secured the abolition of this monopoly.

The present Post Office was built in 1878. It faces the large



NEU-BRANDENBURG POST OFFICE.

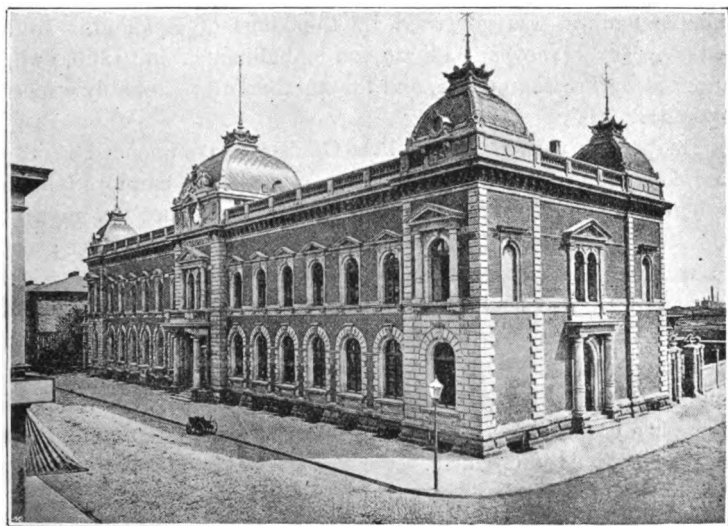
cathedral square, and its style of architecture is Gothic. Over the main entrance is a large gable, with smaller gables on either side. These gables, with the intermediate ornamental structures, produce a very striking effect. At the wings of the building are gables of a similar shape. The illustration shows a clock in the centre of the principal gable; over it are the Imperial arms, and under it the words "Kaiserliches Postamt" (Imperial Post Office). The ground floor and first storey are used exclusively for the postal service; on the second floor are the telegraph and telephone offices. About 100 officials are employed in the building.

NEU-BRANDENBURG

may be regarded as the busiest town in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It has a population of about 10,000. The present Post Office was built in 1885-6, and its style of architecture is in strict accordance with various mediæval buildings in the town. The gables, somewhat similar to those of the Hildesheim and Stolp Post Offices, are a marked feature of the building.

OSNABRÜCK,

in the Prussian province of Hanover, was a flourishing commercial town in the 13th century, and played an important part as a



OSNABRÜCK POST OFFICE.

member of the Westphalian Hanseatic League. The "Peace of Westphalia" was signed in its Town Hall on the 24th of October, 1648. A famous clause in this treaty decreed that the bishopric of Osnabrück should be held alternately by a Catholic and a Protestant. The storms of the Revolution and the wars which followed proved fatal to the town's commerce and prosperity; but during the last thirty years trade has again revived, and to-day Osnabrück, with its steel manufactories and iron foundries, is an important little place.

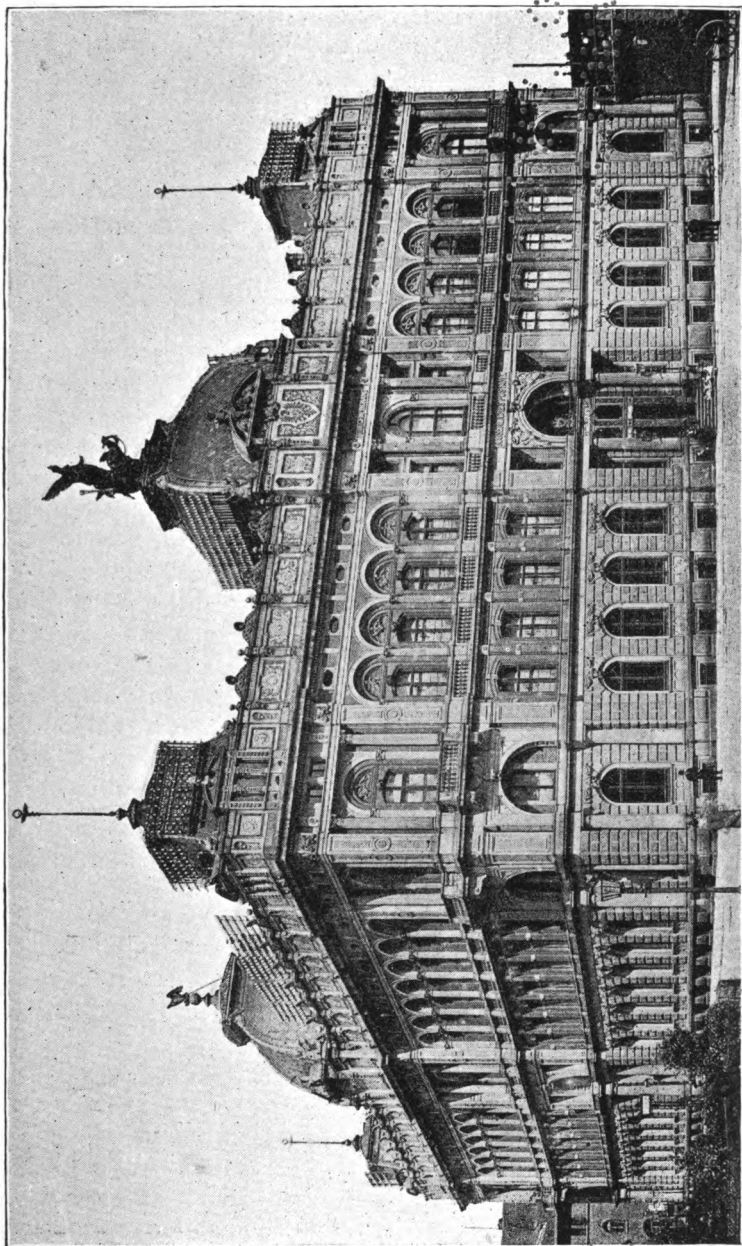
The present Post Office was built in 1879, and is in the style of the Italian Renaissance.

HANOVER,

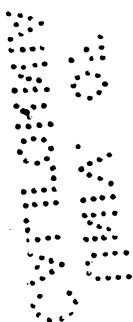
the chief town of the province of Hanover, is not mentioned earlier than the 12th century, when we read that a village named Hœnovere was transformed into a town with strong walls by Heinrich der Löwe. In the 14th century, as a member of the Hanseatic League, Hanover flourished greatly, but, like many another German city, suffered severely during the "Thirty Years' War." In 1636 it became the residence of the dukes of Brunswick-Lüneberg, and in 1714 had the honour of furnishing England with a king, George I. From this date until 1837, when it became independent, it was governed by the kings of England. In the latter year Hanover had 27,000 inhabitants, in 1866, when annexed by Prussia, 90,000, and the number now probably exceeds 150,000.

The present very handsome Post Office was commenced in 1878 and completed in 1881. Nearly 600 officials are employed in the building, which also contains sleeping accommodation for many of the staff. Architecturally, it is an example of Renaissance; and, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, it is richly decorated. Some sculptured figures, highly emblematical, appear on various prominent parts of the building. Over the central dome is a winged figure representing the "World Post" (Welt Post) guiding the chained genii of steam and electricity. On another dome is a crowned eagle guarding emblems which represent Postal and Telegraphic intercourse.

J. B.



HANOVER POST OFFICE.



Reminiscences of a "Telegraph Instructor."



AT the close of 1869, when the Inland Telegraph Service had been purchased by the State and the decision had been arrived at to enter into possession early in the following year, it became a question of serious and anxious moment how adequately to educate Postmasters, Deputy-postmasters, and Assistants in the new duties which would devolve upon them when the transfer had been actually effected. It was very well to acquire the show, but to run it was another and a different matter.

It was at this time, owing mainly to the influence of Mr Edward Bright of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the brother of that eminent electrician, Sir Charles Bright, that I joined the staff of "Telegraph Instructors," then in course of formation under Mr. Scudamore's direct supervision. A day or two after I had joined, Mr. Scudamore sent for the staff and we assembled around that "genius of the high wire," as some one has dubbed him. It was a gathering which I, for one, shall never forget. Mr. Scudamore gave us some good advice in a kindly and humorous manner, and with good wishes dismissed us to our various duties. Each one was given a tracing—his route, in fact—with instructions signed by Mr. R. W. Johnston. Some of us had neat passes, bound and encased in morocco leather, calling upon all whom it might concern to admit the bearer and to afford him all the assistance he might require. My "route" and "pass" lie before me now and call up strange memories. I had to visit twenty towns situated in Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Berkshire, Warwickshire, Herefordshire, and Staffordshire.

In order to get over the ground quickly we were to use the railways wherever practicable; and, in every case, to avail ourselves of the readiest means of conveyance. We were, indeed, to be the "Uhlands" of the service. My orders were to travel from town to town; to visit one, two, or even three places in a day. I was to teach the mysteries of the needle telegraph, and the rules and

regulations connected with telegraph business, to Postmasters, or their assistants, old and young; and to do it quickly. For, in the course of a month or two, the whole of the work was to be under State control.

Will my readers picture to themselves the task of trying to make some aged couple understand how a beat to the right and three to the left could possibly signify the letter B, which began the little word "bad"? Bad, indeed, it was, as, time after time, the regular visit would be made only, in some instances, to find that the "learner" was still quite sure the signals for B were three to the right and one to the left. Sometimes I would come across a most peevish individual who looked upon all progress as utter nonsense, and the introduction of the telegraph, in particular, as a personal grievance; to teach such a person anything that partook of the nature of science was an impossibility that soon manifested itself. In such cases, introduction of young blood was demanded and insisted upon, with good results.

In a certain little town, very like an over-grown village, I had a pupil over 70 years of age, a chemist, who, after some demur and threatenings to throw up the office he had held for 40 years, etc., etc.—the usual threat, by the bye—at last gave in and undertook to learn. He could not, he said, afford to employ an assistant; and he actually did succeed in sending eight and in reading five words a minute, sufficient to carry on business! A quaint old man he was too. We got on wonderfully well together, and, when he was in a good humour, he would tell me the history of his life. He had never, it seems, been in one of "those horrid trains" but once; and then he was forced to go to give evidence in a neighbouring town because his old housekeeper had sold some arsenic in mistake for Epsom salts and so killed a customer. Other Postmasters absolutely refused to have anything to do with the devil and all his works; but, on the whole, Postmasters and others took to the innovation with cheerfulness, particularly as a guinea was the promised guerdon to those who managed the intricacies of the needle telegraph by a certain date.

I believe the old man already referred to and an equally old lady at Cricklade or Northleach—I forget which—both gained the guinea; at all events, two little bright-eyed maidens at Chipping Sodbury did. I had reached that out-of-the-way little town rather early on a cold December day, and was about to commence a lesson when the elder of the two, 13 years old, asked for a brief respite whilst she fed her

pet kitten. So I had a chat with the father—passing rich on forty pounds a year—and having noticed that the telegraph posts were painted differently, alternately buff and blue, I enquired the reason. "Oh," chimed in the 13 year old child, "don't you know that this is an important political town? The members of the Council are divided in their opinions, and, when the question of painting the poles came before them, there was a big row, which was only settled by an arrangement to paint each other pole the Tory or Radical colour!" Good little girl with big blue eyes, you were as sharp as you were good; and it was with very great pleasure I signed the certificate that gave you your reward of a guinea.

At this time—1870—toll gates had not been abolished, and I remember how great was the inconvenience of fumbling with benumbed fingers for small coins to pay toll with. Often, at night, with the gate closed on you, there would be a difficulty in making the old and deaf gateman hear your call, and when he did appear—well! the impatient driver had to be remonstrated with, that was all! This, however, was pleasure compared with troubles of finding a place to sleep in. For financial reasons (which, if mentioned here, might call down coals of fire upon my devoted head) the best hotels could not be patronized, and common public houses were distasteful and out of the question.

The misery of the Post Office representative—cold, wet, and hungry—upon his arrival at a strange town may be imagined. He had to look for an hotel that should be respectable and comfortable, and the charges for which should not exceed his small salary plus his slender daily allowance.

In 1870 I was transferred to Birmingham; but my stay in the Midlands was a short one, for upon the outbreak of the Franco-German war I was directed to proceed to Walmer Castle for special duty there. Naturally, I felt very proud at being selected for such a post. At first I was lodged in the then little village of Walmer, but very soon was asked to take up my quarters in the fine old castle. What food for thought this gave me as, during the first evening, I rambled about the ramparts and the gardens! In the latter were some splendid fig and other fruit trees, brought over—I was told—from Spain by the Duke of Wellington, whose exceedingly plainly furnished bedroom was, up to that time, religiously kept as when the great Duke lived. Altogether I was very happy at Walmer. I well remember teaching the Morse Alphabet to a scion of a noble house, the head of which resided in another of the Cinque Port

castles. How delighted my pupil seemed when he was sufficiently advanced to compose the name of his pretty little daughter in Morse characters! It was here that I saw the Surveyor, Mr. Newman; he introduced himself in an old-world polite manner, and as we shook hands I thought him what I found him to be, a kind hearted little man.

These events occurred during the recess, and I had many opportunities of seeing the notables of the government then in power, amongst them, Mr. Gladstone, who was the guest of Earl Granville. Their grave looks, for all looked very serious indeed, were emphasized by the news of each fresh reverse of the French. It was an anxious time, for England had resolved upon a strict neutrality. The map of Europe had to be altered, but what a different map might have been drawn had England ventured upon a hand in the "War Game"! At last parliament met, and I had to move. My next temporary abode was at Newmarket, Camb., where a totally new experience awaited me. When I call to mind the "special arrangements" of those days, when even old hands thought the work immense, and compare them with the arrangements of to-day, I am amazed at the progress. In those days the staff had to work under difficulties in an office much too small, and the public had to write their telegrams on temporary desks erected in the open air—in a side court. But the racing men didn't mind it a bit, so that they were near to the counter. They would rush into the office holding and shaking their messages over the partition in the vain hope of securing attention; and so great would be their excitement that I expected every minute to see some of them needing the doctor. I have visited Newmarket—officially only, good reader—many times since; but somehow the glamour of those early days seems to have fled.

Many things which I have seen at the racing head quarters, the tricks and actions, good and bad, of the racing fraternity, have formed object lessons in life by which I have profited. Standing in a favourable position on the grand stand I have seen some strange sights. I have seen kind-hearted fellows divide their last coin with the unlucky ones, the divided sums planked on their respective fancies. A forlorn hope, indeed! Two minutes after, up go the numbers, and both have lost. I have seen a lucky winner so overwrought with joy that he was fitted only for a straight-waistcoat. I have seen the knowing-looking but, withal, simple Yeoman, who has drawn a winner, presenting his ticket, when lo! a touch on his shoulder and away goes the ticket never to be seen again. But

these matters are mere trifles compared with sights which have sometimes met my gaze, sights appropriate to Pandemonium itself.

Soon after this, the first great strike of telegraphists occurred. Every available loyal man who could manipulate an instrument, no matter what his position, was called upon to render assistance. I was instructed to go to Manchester. About a dozen of us congregated on the railway platform there, and were met by a troop of determined-looking men holding big sticks in their hands. The more timid of us expected rough war; but all the harm done us was to upset our dignity, for we were called "black legs" and "knob sticks." When we reached the office matters seemed, to me at least, to have been much exaggerated. There was but little delay in sending messages, and not much for us auxiliaries to do. In a few days matters quieted down, and we all returned to our proper quarters and duties.

Shortly after the strike, whilst still bobbing around teaching dot and dash to youthful aspirants, we Telegraph Instructors were informed that it was desirable to attach one of us to each Surveying Staff, and it was my fate to join the Eastern Provincial District. It was a wise and discreet move, because a surveyor who possessed no knowledge of telegraphy as a science or as a commercial business was at the mercy of those working the telegraph and of those who maintained the wires. I will relate two incidents which will, I think, make my meaning plain. But first let me say how kindly I was received by my Surveyor and his First Clerk—there were no Assistant Surveyors in those days. I shall not soon forget the kindness of the First Clerk, now Postmaster of Ipswich, whose unvarying cheery and genial manner caused me to feel at home at once, and helped me to face the difficulties of my position. He was staying at Kings Lynn when first I met him (it was on a Saturday afternoon), and, after my interview, as I was leaving, he called out "Do you work on Sundays?" I answered "Oh no, I always, on that day, remember the Fourth Commandment." "Oh," he replied, "do you? wait a bit, my boy!"—the last word in the richest of brogues. I had not to wait long, for I soon found how necessary it was, in order to keep abreast of the work, to break that Commandment; and I can assure my readers that from that time for sixteen consecutive years (except when ill or on leave) I never knew what it was not to slave away on a Sunday. Even when on leave, official papers would frequently find me out in my retirement in what I foolishly thought a secure retreat.

I have said that such an officer as a Telegraph Instructor was much needed by the Surveyor of a District. Here is an instance :— A certain office on the East coast was in trouble ; it had been reported many times for irregular working and for disconnecting the wire. The engineers had said that nothing was wrong with the wire, which was quite true, but nevertheless the trouble continued. Soon after I joined the district, I was directed to investigate the matter. Having observed the working at an intermediate office I concluded that the cause of the trouble was a faulty contact in the instrument at the sub-office, and such proved eventually to be the case. I was not acquainted with the Sub-Postmaster or his humour, so, as soon as I reached his office, and introduced myself, I proceeded to take off the cover of the needle instrument. But before I had succeeded in this there broke forth a storm of abuse only fit for Bedlam, the like of which, I am happy to say, I never before, nor since, have heard. He called me all the vexing names he could think of, and a choice lot of epithets they were. I confess it took me so by surprise that I retreated unnerved. Now I am by no means a coward ; but I possess a big bump of self-respect, and, in order to preserve that, I bolted, I am sorry to say, without putting right the fault I knew was there. So the ill-bred fellow, through his own bad temper, had to put up with the inconvenience he denounced until my report was in the Surveyor's hands, and the engineers had been sent to put matters right. On another occasion, a quiet little Suffolk town, intermediate with Bury St. Edmunds and Needham Market, had to be visited. Owing to a large number of reports made against the smaller office—for, of course, the big office could not be wrong—the telegraphist was accused of disconnecting the wire and of all kinds of bad working ; and, in spite of her protestations of innocence, had been cautioned over and over again. At last the matter had to be referred to the engineers, who failed to discover anything wrong. At the special request of General (then Major) Webber, I was instructed to investigate the case. I proceeded to Stowmarket on a Saturday evening, and interviewed the most gentle and retiring of Post-mistresses, Miss Woolby, who told me she was very much upset by the numerous reports, feeling quite sure that no cause for blame existed at her office. I tried to comfort and reassure her. Proceeding to examine the apparatus (Morse Embosser), its connections and batteries, I could find no fault. I then put earth against Bury St. Edmunds, still no fault. I then put earth against

Needham Market and worked with Bury St. Edmunds, when, after a little while, the trouble began. A few more questions and a few sharp answers, as though the Clerk at Bury St. Edmunds felt annoyed, and it was clear to me that the fault was in the Bury St. Edmunds key. I merely said "good-night"—it was 9 p.m.—and turning to Miss Woolby I made her smile with satisfaction by telling her that I would go to Bury St. Edmunds on Monday and find the cause of all the woe in the key there. Well, I went by an early train and found the fault, as I expected to find it, in the key. It was one of Stroh's buffer-contact keys; one of the buffers was quite loose, and it only made contact by accident, when the instrument desk was jolted. I telegraphed to Captain Turner at Ipswich for a fresh key, and then conveyed the faulty one to him and explained matters. So much for this and the previous instance I have quoted. They show, I think, how necessary were our appointments, and enabled us to justify our official existence.

An experiment which, if it had only been successful, must have revolutionized the whole system of surveying, was begun in 1874. Certain provincial districts were to be worked from the General Post Office, being banded together as it were. The combination was called the "Surveying Branch." Eventually, the telegraph branch was separated from the postal branch and placed under the direction of Mr. Kerswill (now Surveyor of the North Eastern District), who referred direct to Mr. Baines, the Surveyor General, in important cases. We Telegraph Instructors from three of the Experimental Districts, with Mr. Kerswill as head of the room, were located by ourselves in room 96, I think it was, and very important people we thought ourselves—and were too. We had to attend every Monday at head quarters without fail, if the cost of locomotion from the place last visited would be less than our per diem allowances. A large amount of really good work was done by our branch, particularly in surveying. I remember making a cathedral town in the North East my head quarters whilst surveying a big district round about it. I stayed there, I think, six weeks, when I received a hint from head quarters to this effect:—"It is thought you must have rented a villa in ———. When will you have finished surveying the towns in the neighbourhood?" It was very kindly and considerately put, and I hastened to clear up and return to head quarters for fresh instructions.

During the last week of the six I had not received my usual daily amount of correspondence, and wondered why. But, when I reached head quarters, the cause was apparent, for I was taken into an unused

room, and there, on a large table, was the whole of the telegraph correspondence, which had accumulated during the week, awaiting distribution. It seemed that all the travelling staff (telegraph) had been away, and that, owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the postal "stationary staff," the papers had not been sorted and distributed. Here was a big job; it would take me no end of time to sort the accumulation, but something must be done. I rang the bell and asked for three baskets. Then, dividing the pile of documents into three equal parts—there were three Telegraph Instructors—I had one part sent to each of us to be dealt with as best could be. Of course, it was not exactly according to Cocker, still, as I considered that experienced officials ought to be equal to any emergency, I had no hesitation in adopting this right royal method of escaping a dead lock. The plan was successful; but it was hard work for us poor fellows to clear off the old papers in addition to the current work, and it was a long time before my genial comrades forgave me what they termed "the joke."

Soon afterwards the experiment of working from London as a centre was begun, Major Webber introduced the "Swiss Commutator" or "Universal Switch" into the Colchester office. The object in view was to give certain towns, whose work was transmitted to London, the advantage of direct communication with London (TS), and also with each other as required. Accordingly, a big switch was put up, with two wires to London; these wires were to carry not only Colchester's work but also the work originating at, and for, a number of important towns, amongst them being Harwich, Manningtree, Ipswich, Sudbury, Halstead, Witham and Braintree. The tables were so arranged that the switch officer could easily reach each circuit, so that when an office offered a code he would record it and put that office through to London or any other office connected with the switch. The switch had been put in, and the system started, without any reference to the "Instructors"; in fact, although Colchester was in the district principally under my charge, I knew absolutely nothing about it, until one day a message was sent down from the Gallery (TS) stating there was heavy delay on messages *via* Colchester. The Postmaster was then requested to send a service message every day reporting the amount of delay. This went on for a week; but the delay, instead of diminishing, increased day by day until it reached—I am trusting to memory—over one hundred minutes. When the Surveyor General could stand it no longer, I was directed to proceed to Colchester and stay there; to stay, at all events, until

matters had become more reasonable. I started immediately. My appearance on the scene was, evidently, not desired ; but it had to be put up with, and, in a few days, the delay fell to what I considered was normal, that is, to ten or twelve minutes.

The cause, this time, was not due to any fault in the apparatus, but to an absence of system in recording and regulating the codes and in manipulating the switching pegs—a most important matter if the two London wires were to be made use of to their utmost capacity, and temporary disconnections avoided. I need hardly say that my chiefs were greatly pleased with the speedy result of my visit. Chiefs are never demonstrative, and there was no departure from the rule in this instance. Simply they were pleased, and I was pleased that they were pleased.

Matters continued on even lines until one day it was rumoured that the Surveying Branch was about to be broken up. It was a failure ; but what caused it to fail must remain a mystery. There were all sorts of tales abroad, but I am not going to give even my opinion. Suffice it to say that there was a failure, that all of us returned to our respective districts and positions, and that things assumed their original condition. Little in the shape or form of progress, as foreshadowed by the branch, which lived about a year, was accomplished. Still, it was an attempt, began in real earnest and pregnant with good intentions.

Born, March, 1874. Died, February, 1875.

Aged eleven months.

After this I continued in the same position for a little over ten years, during which nothing very interesting occurred. The Surveyor made the "special arrangements" for all small race meetings, agricultural shows, speeches of important men, &c., &c., without having recourse to the special staff ; and I can confidently say that a handsome amount over and above expenses was invariably added to revenue. I will not trouble my readers with the almost uneventful history of those ten years. The usual roll of duties proceeded, viz., teaching, investigation of troublesome cases, the tapping of wires for the detection of wrong doers, the planning of circuits, and the establishment of new offices. This latter part of my business was somewhat troublesome. If a Morse or needle instrument was to be used it would be necessary to commence "educating" some weeks before the opening day. The first thing to do would be the choosing of a young person to learn manipulation. If a dummy instrument was obtainable, well and good ; but,

failing that, the pupil would be required, after learning the construction of the Morse Alphabet, to take a pencil, and by tapping as instructed, to acquire some idea of the method of spacing, and, at the same time, to accustom the ear to the true rhythmical formation of the signals. The boys would say, "Oh, sir, that is a good way to learn, I'm sure!" The maidens, with gush, would say, "La! how nice; what fun!"

Upon the next visit it was enough to break the heart of any man to find that, after racking one's brains to originate easy methods of acquiring knowledge for these young people, they had contented themselves with recording their admiration for your ideas, and nothing more.

Let me conclude by observing that in my official rambles I have met many Post Office men of more or less note. Some—alas! many—have crossed the border; but many are still living. I will not now attempt to sketch the characters of any of them. But it is just possible that I may be tempted to do so should I ever describe my experiences in the other branches of the Post Office in which I have had the honour to serve with, I hope, credit to myself and profit to the Department.

Chippenham.

C. F. THOMAS.

A Village Play.

I SUPPOSE that no one has read *Nicholas Nickleby* without being interested and vastly amused by the description of Mr. Crummles and his troupe of strolling players. I had always imagined that they were types of a race as extinct as the Dodo, or the Druid, until quite recently, when it was my good fortune to fall in with a company—a limited company I might call them, for they numbered seven in all, including the doorkeeper, the attendants, and the orchestra—who might have stepped straight out of the pages of Dickens. These itinerant wearers of the sock and buskin were performing at one of the charmingly quaint riverside villages that add so greatly to the picturesque beauty of the Upper Thames (and to the expenses of the unwary oarsman who is beguiled into staying at them) at the time when I and a friend were spending a portion of our annual leave in the delightful occupation known as “camping out.” We reached the village in question about noon on a July day, and, having landed to explore its beauties and to “forage,” by a singular coincidence—“unconscious cerebration” the scientist would probably call it—we turned our steps with one consent to the nearest hotel, and found ourselves in the bar before we could decide the absorbing question of chops *versus* steaks for lunch. There was clearly nothing for it then but to absorb cider, which we forthwith proceeded to do. From a dark corner of the bar the melodramatic voice of a stage villain attracted our attention. Its owner was talking loudly and largely about the “perfection” to a visitor, and, from his manner, and from the barmaid’s striking facial play and judicious asides, we gathered that he was a member of the dramatic company then staying at the hotel, whose presence was announced to the village by flaring red and yellow posters in every other window. In default of a theatre they were giving performances nightly in the coach-house of the hotel. It so happened that a few days later, on our way down the river, a heavy storm, which made our boat too wet to sleep in, compelled us to take

refuge at this same village, and to put up for a night. After dinner it occurred to us that it would be a new experience and an amusing way of spending the evening to drop in for an hour or so at the "Royal Coach-house Theatre," and see what sort of an entertainment Crummles & Co. provided for their patrons. Accordingly, we strolled down to the extemporised theatre and studied the playbills that decorated the exterior. Last night "East Lynne" and sundry farces had been given; to-night would be presented "Aurora Floyd;" to-morrow, "Hamlet." This sounded hopeful, and spoke volumes for the versatility of the company. The prices of the seats varied from 2s. to 3d.

We presented ourselves, pipe in mouth, at the door, where a crowd of children were enjoying a gratis peep under the doorkeeper's arm. "I suppose you don't allow smoking in here?" "Oh dear yes'r, by all means!" was the genial reply from the truculent-looking man in a red moustache and a straw hat (I do not mean to imply that he wore nothing else, but that those were the salient features of his attire which attracted most attention at first sight) who trebled the parts of money-taker, attendant, and "chucker-out." We thereupon said that we would have "threepenn'orth," and were shown into the third row of benches from the proscenium. The scene was so curious, and, I should imagine, so uncommon, that it is perhaps worth while going a little into detail. We were in a barn-like erection, some 40 to 50 feet long by about 25 feet broad, the rafters of which were decorated with dried rushes, and the floor covered with tiles. A small and rather rickety platform had been raised a foot or so at one end of it, and lighted by three oil lamps. The room was then only about a quarter full: eventually it was fairly well filled by a very mixed audience. The barmaid whom I have already mentioned occupied a prominent position in the front row, with her apron on. Then came two well-dressed young ladies, evidently visitors at the hotel, who had no doubt come for the same reasons as those that had actuated, us a decent-looking man or two, ourselves, and a couple more boating-men in blazers and flannels, some villagers, a railway porter, a fisherman, a few hobbledehoyes, who whistled vociferously at intervals, and a number of children who appeared to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. The "house" was fortunately not sensitive either as regards grammar or the "jining" of "flats," and therefore the deficiencies in both these respects passed unnoticed.

When we arrived we found the performance going on. The stage

was ridiculously small, one person practically filled it, and when there were three or four "on" at once they had to move each other out of the way, in order to effect their exits, in a manner that frequently detracted from their dignity. The scene was a room: some painted blue curtains looked suspiciously like waves turned upside down, and the wings would have done duty, and probably did when necessary, for anything, from "My Lady's Boudoir" to a "Blasted Heath," being of a useful neutral tint and pattern. When we came to study the performance it was clear that it was not "Aurora Floyd," but something that was probably meant for a farce. However, we were just in time for the final gathering of the company in line, and the "tag" that brought down the erratically behaved drop scene, which represented, by the way, a kind of Alpine gorge, with Windsor Castle in the background, and a combination of Italian skies and avalanches with a herd of deer and a full-rigged three-master in the middle distance. It was probably painted by an impressionist suffering from nightmare.

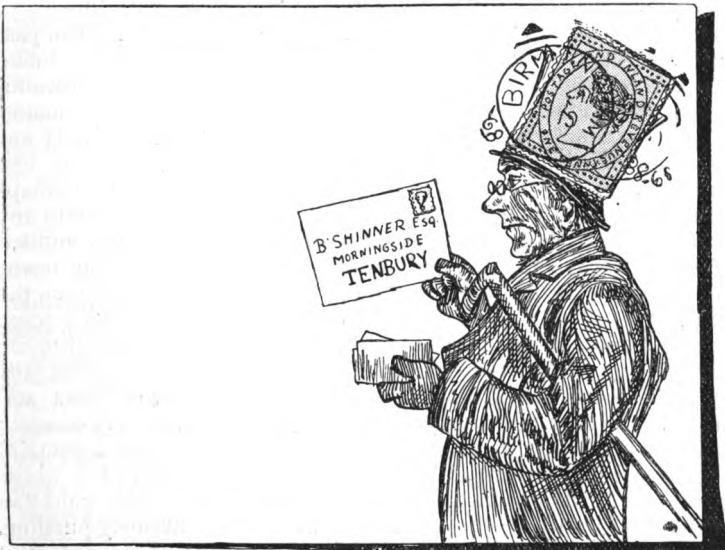
"Tinkle!" went a little bell behind, and the orchestra arrived, in the person of a lad, yclept "Jim," as we learned subsequently, who made his way to a broken-down piano at one side of the room, and commenced a vigorous attack upon it, producing effects, harmonic and otherwise, such as even Wagner never dreamed of. Another authoritative tinkle stopped him short in the middle of a bar. It was the manager, who delivered himself somewhat after this fashion: "Ladies and gem'men. I 'ave to announce that we /ave been obliged to make a slight alteration in our programme for to-night. We find that 'Aurora Floyd' requires one more re'ersal, so we shall substitute the farce 'A Kiss in the Dark,' and Mr. and Miss —— will give their celebrated variety entertainment. I 'ave also much pleasure in announcing that we 'ave arranged to stay 'ere for another week, when I trust that we shall 'ave still larger audiences. Not that I would depreciarrate the kindness of those who *do* come. We are very grateful to you for coming 'ere night after night as you do to support us in our efforts to entertain you. Still I 'ope even more will come next week. To-morrer there will be a matiny at 2.30, for children, at the marvellously low price of 1d., when two farces will be played," and he proceeded to enumerate glibly the various other attractions, before withdrawing, amid cheers and friendly chaff. The orchestra returned to his work, and was soon in serious difficulties as to the tonality of some of the antiquated polkas which he was murdering, or shall I say executing?

On the curtain being suddenly jerked up, a gentleman appeared, in a singular costume, and sang a couple of music-hall songs. He had no voice to speak of, and his ideas of humour did not extend further than a rouged nose and a peculiar series of conventional attitudes which recurred like clock-work. After him came a lady who was distinguished in the same manner, except that instead of colouring her nose she wore a pinafore when she sang "I am so shy!" as being more appropriate. Attitudes were certainly the strong point of the company; they were almost entirely dependent upon such means for expressing sentiments. Both these vocalists (if one may call them so, they had absolutely no idea of singing) were at cross-purposes with the orchestra, who was always a bar or two ahead, and had to be glared at, and winked at, the singer meanwhile smiling sweetly with his or her disengaged eye on the audience. "Jim's" whole attention was absorbed in making out the chords in the next bar; he was impervious to satire, or to ocular demonstrations, so eventually the truculent doorkeeper came up to remonstrate, and tapped him on the head; after that he improved notably for several minutes, taking the dance music *lento maestoso*. But by the time that the clog-dancer arrived—a youth attired in black tights, evidently Hamlet's, a gorgeous shirtfront, and a bargee's belt studded with paste jewels—he was as bad as ever. In vain did the "clogger" perspire and glare; no mortal man could have gone the pace at which Jim was playing. After bearing it mutely for some time his patience gave way; the dancer stopped in exasperation, and remarked with savage emphasis "Yer needn't *race* me, Jim!" Shouts of good-humoured laughter from everybody, and curtain! Then we had a stump orator of the feeblest description, who banged a table and addressed the audience as "fellow crocodiles," said "quinsamquances" for "consequences," and introduced topical allusions, to the great delight of the children who shrieked again at his witty sallies. Topical allusions—like eggs—are no good unless they are fresh; these dated from the Franco-German war and the acquisition of Cleopatra's needle, but they seemed to serve. Last of all came the farce, which differed from "Aurora Floyd" in that it wanted several more "re'ersals." To the jaded London playgoer it was indeed a novel experience. The manager had a kind of idea of broad melodrama and the lowest of low comedy, and did the scowl and the "Once on boarder the lugger and the gyurl is hours" business in the good old "penny plain tu'pence coloured" style. The other *dramatis personæ*

giggled and laughed at the audience, and forgot their parts, and pushed each other about, and gagged, and blundered round in a self-conscious manner that had really the oddest effect. One could not help laughing; it was such absurdly, such unspeakably, bad acting. The "kiss in the dark" took place in the glare of the three oil lamps; the jealous husband brought the house down by sitting on his own hat; and when finally Jim banged out something that was popularly supposed to be the national anthem, we picked our way through the carriages that had been turned out into the yard, and felt that we had had an experience which was well worth threepence.

Whether there are many such troupes perambulating the country, or whether we were fortunate in finding the sole survivor of an all but extinct species, I cannot say. It remains a mystery to me how seven persons can support existence on the proceeds of such entertainments—I don't suppose there was 5s. in the house that evening. The fact of their survival shows that there is yet much to be done in the way of educating the villager's mind, in order that he may be able to appreciate some better substitute for the actor's art than that afforded by such strolling players. HENRY F. SMART.

Secretary's Office, G.P.O.



From an envelope kindly lent by Mr. Bull, of Tenbury.

After Office Hours.

Chelsea.

IN the early mornings of this most beautiful summer when sleep—always a fitful friend to me—has been no longer possible I have frequently risen and taken a walk round my own neighbourhood. The peace of the early morning differs from the calm of evening in many ways. Both may be full of infinite loveliness, but to the brooding temperament the element of anticipation gives more scope to the imagination than that of reflection. At early morning you can dream at your heart's content of the "may be" and the possibilities of life: you are not so burdened with the tragedy of the "might have been" and the littleness of achievement which form the thoughts of the evening. And yet in Chelsea, even in the early morning the past is always with us, and our airiest castles are coloured by the atmosphere of the place. But it is not our own past which comes back upon us: it is a long ago of which we are reminded, and part of the charm of all old places is that the way in which they are charged with memories tends to dwarf the small bundle of recollections, we ourselves carry about with us. The past which Chelsea suggests is elusive, obscure, and with no limits one can clearly define, just the background to form beautiful dreams: it has not the sharp outlines, the intense realism, the matter of factness which the remembrance of a day or even a year of our own lives brings. The one is a recollection from more or less untrustworthy histories and biographies; the other would perhaps require a Froude to give it the smallest modicum of interest to any but ourselves. In a very thoughtful little volume of essays entitled *Limbo* by Vernon Lee the author remarks that before visiting towns and countries in the body we ought to have visited them in the spirit. "I do not mean that we should read about them: some persons I know affect to extract a kind of pleasure from it, but to me it seems dull work. One wants to visit unknown lands in company not with other men's descriptions, but with our own wishes and fancies." I think this is very true, and that the greatest bore on earth is the man who knows a district by heart, all its outward aspects of architecture and scenery, all its history and associations, but whose knowledge is without love. Vernon Lee speaks of a visit paid to a country cottage where she saw a sight which was extremely puzzling. It was "a wonderful erection of brown paper and (apparently) ingeniously arranged shavings, built up in rock-like fashion, covered

with little green toy-box trees, and dotted here and there with bits of mirror glass and cardboard houses. "Do tell me what that is"? rose to my lips. "That," answered my hostess very slowly, "that is a work of my late 'usband, a representation of the Halps as close as 'e could imagine them, for 'e never was abroad." My heart goes out to that poor untravelled man who had thought so long and so lovingly on his mountains, that the craving of the artist got the better of him and he endeavoured to put into form his crude imaginings. "For 'e never was abroad" was in itself in his case a tragedy, but I venture to say he knew the Alps better than thousands of the dull and well-bred people who visit them



SIR THOMAS MORE.

(From the drawing by Holbein.)

annually, and who look upon them with eyes blinded by conventionalism.

Because a place is old and has a history, it is no reason why you should know all the details of that history: it is the sense of age, of venerableness, the feeling of a place warmed with human life which gets holds of you and is for you its charm. We are so limited in our gifts that antiquarian researches and bibliographical studies may choke up all our dreaming capacities, until the charm, the spirit of the place vanishes. It has been well said that the man who only knows the history of England from Shakespeare's plays, knows that history a great deal better than many men who have taken high honours in the subject at Oxford or Cambridge, but who could not

make a single page of that history live in their minds or in anybody else's. Now the charm of Chelsea is that there is a historical background for your dreams, and its situation at a bend of the river having attracted the notice of many interesting men it is full of their memories and the tales of their deeds. Addison came here to write, so did Dean Swift and Tobias Smollett, while the ubiquitous Horace Walpole lived here a portion of his days. But two names stand out above all others in Chelsea's history, and they represent two of the most powerful personalities in the nation's history. Sir Thomas More and Thomas Carlyle have given to the place just the same kind of personal note that Wordsworth has given to the Lake District and Dr. Johnson to Fleet Street and the Strand. Old Chelsea Church is full of the More tradition: he may or not have been buried there: he certainly worshipped there, and his spirit is in the place if his bones are elsewhere. The church is picturesque—this is perhaps all that can be said about it artistically—and it is brimful of associations. I like especially the story of the Hon. William Ashburnham who in 1679 was walking on the bank of the Thames at Chelsea one very dark night in winter, in a very meditative mood, and had strayed into the river when he was suddenly brought back to himself and to a sense of his situation by hearing the clock of the church strike nine. Mr. Ashburnham in a spirit of gratitude very properly left a sum of money to the parish to pay for the ringing of a bell every evening at nine o'clock, but as this custom has been discontinued since 1825, dreamers and visionaries now walk the district at their own risk. All this you will find recorded on a tablet in the church. The site of More's house is close to the church, and if we cannot picture the building, at least, thanks to Erasmus we can picture the life within. "There he converses with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she was a young maid. You would say there was in that place Plato's Academy, but I do his house an injustice in comparing it to Plato's Academy where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures and sometimes of moral virtues. . . . No wrangling, no idle word was heard in that house: no one was idle, everyone did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." When we think of that other house at Chelsea, at No. 5, Upper Cheyne Row, it is neither Plato's Academy that comes to our minds, nor is it a place where "temperate cheerfulness" is a fair description of the life within. Cheyne Walk and Upper Cheyne Row are to the dreamer and the visionary still visited by the careworn and troubled spirit whose northern roughness never seemed quite at home in the peace of Chelsea. Nay, he never found the peace at all, and the piano next door, and the crowing of his neighbours fowls were sufficient to cause him to paint such pictures of the district as to convey to a stranger's mind the impression that hell and Chelsea were convertible terms. Certainly he had little sympathy with the

character of More. Carlyle's stormy temperament lit up, exaggerated and distorted every subject he took up: he concentrated his mind on the matter before him: he saw nothing but it for the time being, and the result is he saw it imperfectly because things must be seen in relation to other things. But the name of More stands in our history for moderation, urbanity, sweet reasonableness and reverence. He distrusted all violent methods, everything that came into his mind passed out of it beautified and placed in its true proportion to other things. The one man was a Protestant who shrieked "Lies" whenever the faith of More was mentioned to him: the other was a Catholic who knew only too well the shortcomings of the professors of his creed, but who saw also in the violence and wild deeds of its opponents no advertisement for the new religion. At his house near the church More was visited by his friends, by Holbein for his portrait and by Henry VIII. It is recorded of the latter that he walked with More for the space of an hour holding "his arm about his neck," "the same neck which he afterwards caused to be divided by the headsman's axe." I do not know in the English language a more beautiful letter than that which Sir Thomas More wrote to his wife on receipt of the news that the greater part of this Chelsea house (with the outhouses and granaries) had been destroyed by fire. With everybody it was affection that he inspired. Erasmus said of him that "his presence was more sweet than anything in life," and More said of Erasmus just before his own death, "Erasmus my darling is my dear darling still." We all know or ought to know the story of his execution, how he told the executioner to pluck up his spirit, "to strike not awry," his neck being very short, and how he brushed aside his beard saying "that that had never committed any treason." "Thus," Addison says, "the innocent mirth which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last. His death was of a piece with his life: there was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance which ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind: and as he died in a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper."

In my early morning walks it is the spirit of More rather than that of Carlyle which asserts its supremacy. The protesting, declamatory, vitriolic temperament is a poor thing when you compare it with the charm of an urbane personality. There is an aggressiveness and a dogmatism about certain types of Scotchmen that rub one up the wrong way and Carlyle had the disease in an aggravated form. It is especially out of keeping with the even flow of a tidal river which no storm or atmospheric change perceptibly alters. The very steadiness and restraint of the Thames must have irritated Carlyle, who demanded earthquakes and special visitations from God to set things right. Least of all is the special characteristic of the tidal river in keeping with the uneven and rugged prose Carlyle made his own.

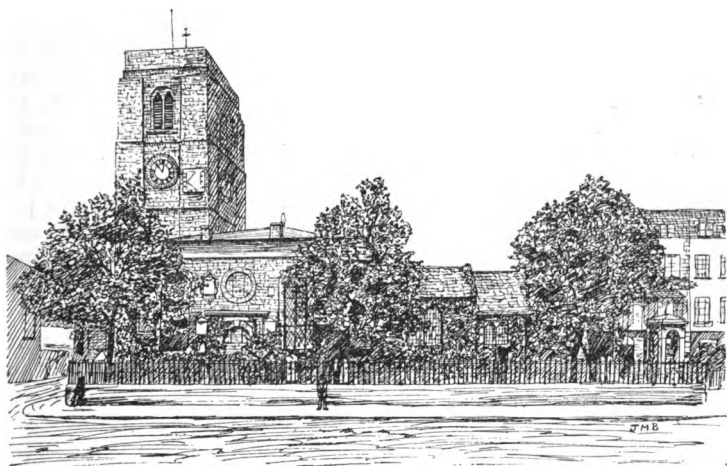
Of Matthew Arnold, Mr. William Watson has written with a pretty fancy—

“And nigh to where his bones abide
The Thames with its unruffled tide
Seems, like his genius typified—
 Its strength, its grace,
Its lucid gleam, its sober pride,
 Its tranquil pace.”

And though at Chelsea the Thames is fuller of vigour than at Laleham, the description holds true in the main of the Lower as well as of the Upper River. Sir Thomas More's faith, his temperament, indeed his whole point of view must have found their best inspiration on the banks of the river. It was in the sixteenth century the very place to dream out a *Utopia* while there seems even in the nineteenth century something incongruous and uncanny about the idea of Chelsea suggesting a *Latter Day Pamphlet* or a *French Revolution*. You see perhaps the spirit of Chelsea in one half of *Past and Present* but the other half must have owed much to the piano next door and the cocks and hens. It was curious that after half a century of life in London Carlyle's stubborn personality never became modified or influenced at all by his English associations. Indeed I have frequently noticed that the Scotch accent is for strangers the hardest to acquire of any other in the British Isles and the hardest to lose for those who speak it. And the same applies to the Scotch character if instead of the word “acquire” we substitute the word “understand.” A friend of mine who is the editor of a big “daily” in the Colonies, came over to this country for the Jubilee festivities after 35 year's exile from Scotland, the land of his birth. He told me that so attached a Colonist had he become that he never thought of himself as a Scotchman at all. But unfortunately he could not disabuse other people of the idea. One night he came across a man in so advanced a stage of intoxication that he could not evidently see anything in front of him, and after one or two ineffectual sprawls the man sank peacefully into a ditch beside the road. The editor went up to him, held out a friendly hand, and said—I give the English spelling—“Give me your hand, man.” And the poor blind drunk man murmured placidly “Thankee, Scottie.” Thirty-four years of naturalisation on a foreign soil, and in spite of it the nationality lay bare even to a man whose faculties to say the least had undergone a temporary eclipse. But let us return to Chelsea, and let us admit that she possesses a charm of her own quite independent of historical associations. There are mornings when the tide is running high, and there is a south-west wind blowing, and at these times the struggle between wind and tide produces a mild conflict which gives animation to the scene. The miniature waves sparkle and gleam in the sunlight, and at certain tides one can detect a greeny hue which cannot be very unlike the colour the river possessed in the sixteenth century. Every year,

owing to the diversion of the drainage, its gleam grows more lucid and its colour less drablike. I would rather live on Cheyne Walk than in any other part of London. Something is always happening on a tidal river, to merely watch the tide ebbing and flowing is of interest to the man who depends much on nature for his moods. The river does not give the oppressive sense of vastness and monotonous life that the sea gives; the river has no "melancholy long withdrawing roar" which chains the human spirit; it has no waves which

"Begin and cease and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in."

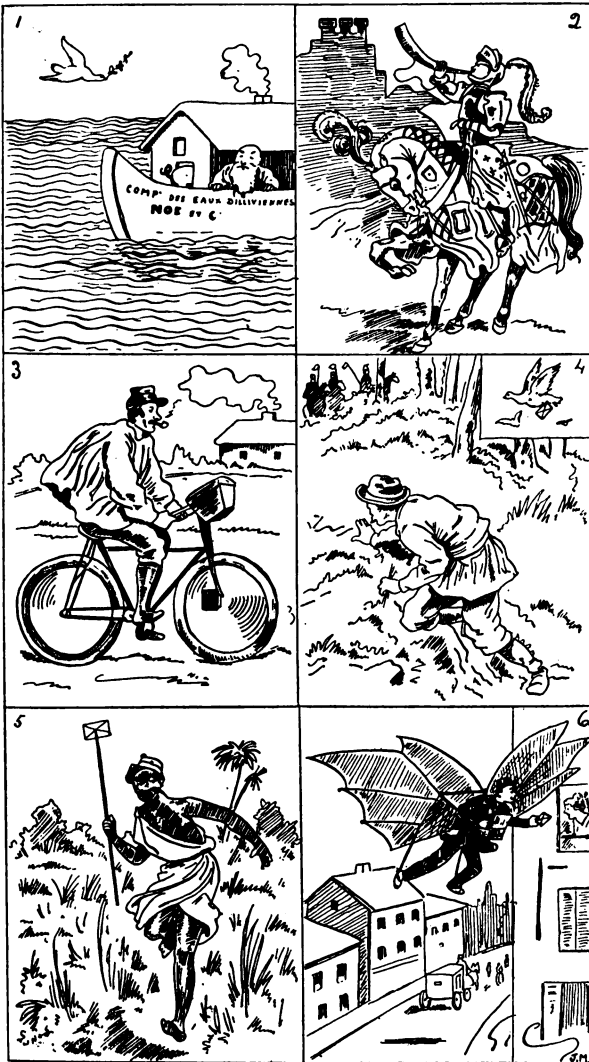


OLD CHELSEA CHURCH.

So few Londoners know their river this side of Putney. Fleet Street was closed the other day for repairs, and a newspaper man who was forced to approach his office by way of the Embankment, said on his arrival that he had never before known that he was so near a river, and he was charmed with his discovery. The story is doubtless apocryphal, but it is too close to the experience of hundreds to be dismissed altogether as extravagant. We probably know the river at Richmond, at Staines, at Marlow or at Oxford, but the poor thing at these places has lost its tide and its influence on the human spirit is enervating rather than inspiring. At Chelsea you cannot forget the tide; sometimes it needs only your nose to convince you of this fact, but then every place has its drawbacks. I have heard of harvest bugs at Marlow, and other pests in artistic looking houseboats. At Chelsea the tide cleanses and washes away all our impurities as well as all our cobwebs.

But I have to get back to Battersea to breakfast. And there is no peace at Battersea in the early morning. The artisans are going to work, and our day begins just as the jaded Londoner's is ending. There is also here very little romance or of stuff that dreams are made of. It is the place to breakfast in, and in which to live cheaply, but it is perhaps prejudicial to high thinking. It is reported of the poet Cowley, who lived in the seventeenth century, that he grew weary of city life and sought rural retirement and quiet at Battersea. But as an illustration of how prejudicial the atmosphere of the place is to the poetic temperament it is sufficient to point out that Cowley in his later days "developed a strong and marked aversion to female society, leaving a room the moment a woman entered it." This is what Battersea did for Cowley; but even in his pre-Battersea days he was not in the first line of English poets. He occupies a very small place in the history of poetry, though he more than marks the high level of Battersea's poetical contributions. Pope it is true wrote the *Essay on Man* on our side, but he faced the other, the Chelsea side, while he wrote it. And this consideration brings me to the one special advantage that Battersea has over Chelsea. We can see Chelsea on the opposite shore with all her picturesqueness, her trees, her quaintly built houses and her memories in their right perspective, and we thank God for the beautiful river which runs between. On the other hand the Chelsea people all day long look over at Battersea, though they too, for different reasons, which are scarcely complimentary to us, thank God for the river which runs between.

E. B.



LES FACTEURS, par GIL BAER.

(From *La Lanterne*.)

1. Le père Noé voit arriver le premier facteur lui annonçant la fin du déluge.
2. Facteur du xvi^e siècle.
3. Le facteur rural moderne.
4. Les facteurs pendant la guerre de 1870.
5. Le facteur à Madagascar.
6. Le facteur de l'avenir.

St. Martin's Letter-Bag.

Postage Rates to the Colonies.

AT the conference of the Premiers of the self-governing Colonies, held during July last at the Colonial Office, the subject of Imperial Penny Postage was discussed.

In his opening speech Mr. Chamberlain said, "I should mention the desire which is widely felt, and which I share, for an improved postal communication with the Colonies. I believe that the matter rests entirely with the Colonies themselves, and that they have revenue difficulties in the matter which have hitherto prevented us coming to any conclusion. But I confess I think that one of the very first things to bind together the sister nations is to have the readiest and the easiest possible communication between their several units; and, so far as this country is concerned, I believe we should be quite ready to make any sacrifice of revenue that may be required in order to secure a universal Penny Post throughout the Empire."

The following clause forms part of the resolution which was passed on the 31st July before the Premiers separated.

"With regard to postal communications within the Empire, it appeared that in the present financial circumstances of the Colonies an Imperial Penny Post was impracticable, although the Prime ministers of the Cape Colony and Natal declared themselves in favour of such a step, and expressed their belief that the Legislatures of their Colonies would be prepared to give effect to it."

The Work of the Washington Congress.

IN two articles, one in our July number, the other in the present issue, we have dealt with the Washington Postal Congress from various points of view, not altogether ignoring certain humorous elements, for which credit must be given to the American press and the American reporter. The main work of the Congress has, in these articles, been described and commented upon; but some important modifications of the Principal Convention have not been referred to and may be conveniently summarised as follows:—

1. Postage stamps serving the purpose of the country of issue only (for instance, Jubilee stamps and cards with limited validity) will no longer be available in the international service.

2. The postage stamps used in the international service shall, as far as possible, be uniform in colour, namely :—

25 centimes, dark blue.

10 „ red.

5 „ green.

3. Engravings and advertisements may appear on the address side of post cards, on condition that they in no wise lessen the legibility of the address and of the date stamp.

4. Private post cards must correspond with official post cards in size, substance of paper, &c., and must bear the printed or written designation “Carte Postale,” or its equivalent in the language of the country of origin.

5. Corrected school exercise books without written remarks on the work may be sent at the reduced rate applicable to Commercial papers.

6. Sample packets not exceeding 350 grammes in weight will be accepted in the service of all Union countries (the present limit is 250 grammes).

7. Objects of natural history, such as dried plants, geological specimens, &c., sent for scientific purposes, will be accepted for transmission at the Sample rate of postage.

8. Congratulations, expressions of sympathy, &c., may be added to printed visiting cards, not only as at present by means of conventional initials, but in words, which however must not exceed five in number.

9. Greetings, congratulations, &c., may be added in manuscript to Christmas and New Year cards.

10. Albums containing photographs may be conveyed at the Printed Papers rate of postage.

11. Cuttings from newspapers and other periodical publications, with manuscript indication of title, date, number and address of the respective newspaper, &c., may also be sent at the Printed Papers rate.

12. Registered letters with trade charges will as a rule be accepted for amounts not exceeding 1,000 frs. Each Administration is, however, at liberty to fix the limit at 500 frs. The exchange of letters with trade charges shall, as formerly, be carried on only between those Administrations which have made special agreements to that effect*.

13. As regards acknowledgments of delivery of registered letters, the former system, under which the acknowledgment was made out by the office of origin and attached to the respective article, will be again adopted.

14. Applications respecting registered articles may be charged a fee not exceeding 25 centimes by the Administration of the country

* The collection of trade charges, generally called here the “Cash on Delivery” service, is not in operation in the United Kingdom. It is known in India as the “Value-Payable Post.”—*Ed.*

of origin, if the sender has not already asked for an acknowledgment of delivery and paid the fee for the same.

None of these alterations will come into force until the 1st of January 1899.

Cape Colony—Post Office Report for 1896.

IN our review of the Cape Report for 1895 (Vol. VI., p. 291) we referred to the efforts which were being made to establish throughout South Africa a uniform rate of letter postage of one penny per half ounce. We learn from the present report that the colony of Natal has consented to the introduction of the penny postage with the Cape Colony, and that at present the only member of the South African Postal Union which has not been able to agree to the uniform rate is the South African Republic. The rates of postage between the Cape Colony and the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Rhodesia continue at the high rates made some years ago, but in view of the early extension of the railway in the direction of Bulawayo, representations have been made by Mr. French to the Governments concerned, suggesting the adoption of a lower tariff. We hope that "South African Penny Postage" will soon be an accomplished fact.

During the year under review, rinderpest made its appearance in the Mafeking, Vryburg, and other districts, and subsequently spread to the Orange Free State and Basutoland. The presence of this terrible disease naturally affected the mail services. In Bechuanaland the employment of oxen for postal purposes was forbidden, and horses had to be procured to carry the mails from Vryburg to Kuruman and Morokwen, the cost of the services being more than doubled. The Free State posts running into the Cape Colony, and the Basutoland posts were stopped at the Border. The men, horses, and vehicles of these services still are not allowed to cross, and the mails are passed over and fumigated before being transmitted to their destinations in the Colony.

The troubles in Rhodesia have, of course, had a bad effect on the postal service of that territory. We learn that "the mail coach service between Mafeking and Bulawayo was considerably disorganised for several months in the early part of the year in consequence of the ravages of rinderpest and the disturbances ensuing on the Matabele revolt. On several occasions it became necessary to utilise the mail coaches for the conveyance of food supplies, medicines, arms and ammunition to Bulawayo, all transport by ox-wagon and other means being entirely suspended; and indeed very large numbers of wagons were at that time abandoned on the road between Mafeking and Bulawayo by the transport riders. During a period of several months the mail service between Bulawayo and Salisbury was entirely suspended in consequence of the native outbreak, and for several weeks mail communication with Salisbury was altogether cut off owing to the East Coast route

between Umtali and Salisbury being also interrupted pending the arrival of troops *via* Beira. The mail coach which left Salisbury for Bulawayo on the 24th March was attacked by Kaffirs near the Shangani River and had to be abandoned, the mails and other contents of the coach being looted by the natives."

In the Colony proper, the report shows that there has been considerable increase of work in every branch of the Post Office. We refrain from quoting figures, and confine ourselves to congratulating Mr. French, the Postmaster General, on the flourishing condition of his department.

A Clever Forgery.

IN the July number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* (writes Mr. J. Spelt, Postmaster of Ryde), reference is made to the Money Order Office having been managed as a private business by some of the Post Office Staff until 1838, when it was taken over by the Postmaster-General.

I remember when appointed as Clerk at Portsmouth (now, alas! forty years ago), that the Chief Clerk there was Mr. Charles Newcombe, who was afterwards Postmaster of Great Yarmouth. Mr. Newcombe's father had been one of the "Proprietors" of the Money Order business, and by that means a curious relic had passed into the son's possession, viz., two forged Money Orders for £1 each.

Two orders for £1 had been sent in the year 1822 (I am not quite sure of the year, but think I am right) to a convict on board one of the hulks in Portsmouth Harbour to help him on the road home when he should be discharged. The convict, having nothing better to do, in some way procured two slips of paper the size and colour of those on which the Money Orders were printed, and proceeded to print two for himself; the only materials he obtained being blood from his own arm and a sharp pointed nail he had contrived to pick up. Yet, with a marvellous patience and skill, he managed to imitate the Money Orders in a manner sufficiently exact to procure the payment of the forgeries. I have a dim recollection that the forged orders were presented at the paying office and accepted, and that the genuine orders were subsequently handed to a publican in settlement for drink, etc.

I have more than once seen these relics. When told that they were forgeries I could observe their shortcomings, but, otherwise, might not have discovered that they were forgeries. This reminiscence may be of sufficient interest to the readers of our Magazine to merit its insertion; and it may help to find the whereabouts of the forged orders, if they are now in existence.

Quarantine.

WE are indebted for the following to Mr. H. J. L. Mahon, of Manley, New South Wales:—

To the voyager the word Quarantine is one of ill-omen, as it always implies detention and delay, and occasionally means absolute

physical discomfort and suffering. How quarantine appeared to one who recently experienced it may, perhaps, prove interesting to the readers of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*.

The embarkation of passengers at Albany, New South Wales, was delayed for an hour while the Medical Officer of that port investigated a case of illness on board the steamer, which, to our relief, he decided to be non-infectious. At Adelaide, much to the astonishment of the passengers, the port Medical Officer declared the case to be one of small-pox. The yellow flag had to be hoisted, all communication with the shore was interdicted, the mails and freight for Adelaide were fumigated, and the passengers for that port with their baggage, as well as the sick man, were conveyed down the bay by the ship's boats to the quarantine station.

Naturally, the decision gave rise to a strong protest from all the passengers, as it was well known to the ship's surgeon that the sick man (a cabin steward) was not suffering from small-pox, or any other infectious disease. Letters embodying the facts were sent to the Premier of South Australia, and to the Board of Health at Adelaide. Immediately afterwards the steamer left for Melbourne, where we quite expected to learn that, upon reconsideration, the Adelaide doctors had altered their views. This, however, was not the case, and 21 days quarantine with re-vaccination was imposed.

The remaining mails were landed at Melbourne, as well as the cargo for that port, all being transferred to lighters, where they were fumigated before leaving the steamer's side. It was amusing to see articles for the ship handed up at the end of a pole, or, as was the case with the letters, drawn up the side in a bucket. The correspondence for the shore was transferred by the same means, and was at once placed in the fumigating chamber. The twenty or thirty men who came on board to assist in the above operations had been all re-vaccinated before leaving the shore, and had to proceed into quarantine afterwards, along with the Melbourne passengers, who were landed by the steamer at the station some twenty miles down Hudson's Bay.

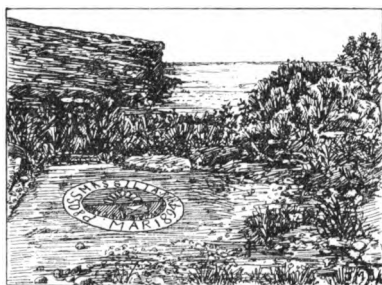
Onwards we went towards Sydney, still hoping against hope that more reasonable views would prevail; but disappointment awaited us. We were still in an infected ship, and must do our 21 days after leaving her, lightened to 14 days if re-vaccination were successful. Vainly protesting against the hardness of our sentence we—passengers, officers, and crew—were all landed at the Sydney quarantine station.

This is in one of the prettiest spots of this beautifully picturesque bay, or rather series of bays, forming Port Jackson (Sydney Harbour). The quarters, which consist of ranges of dormitories (with a central hall for meals), hospitals, and houses for the quarantine officers, are scattered over the Western slopes of what is called the North Head. The dormitories are very comfortable apartments about 14 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 14 feet high, each room containing two single beds.

Adjacent to the pier at which we were landed are fumigating houses, where all baggage, except hand bags or other articles which might be injured by so great a heat, is subjected to a temperature of over 300 degrees. Fortunately, the officers put a very liberal interpretation on this exception. The landing was effected by means of small boats, and it took several days before the removal was completed. Not only were the contents of the Lascars' trunks fumigated, but the chests were scrubbed inside and out, and the Lascars themselves were given hot baths.

Personally, it was a comfort to be once more on *terra firma*, for the passage from Albany had been exceptionally rough. We were in a picturesque and romantic spot, and amid its many beauties the fourteen days passed most pleasantly, and, to me, all too quickly. The pleasure of the stay was enhanced by the action of the Steamship Company in foregoing their claim of 10s. a day subsistence money.

To many of the passengers, however, quarantine meant great



loss and inconvenience. One poor fellow had taken advantage of the holidays to come from Coolgardie to see his sick wife at Adelaide; another one from Perth, to meet his *fiancée* and be married in Melbourne. She, wiser than her would-be mate, feared quarantine, so came from London, per "Aorangi," direct. A lady was bringing the wedding cake, which was eaten on board rather than subject it to the damaging effects of fumigation. One passenger was a candidate for the Legislative Assembly, and feared his absence would entail the loss of the election, which it actually did. These are only a few of many similar cases.

The country rock (a soft sandstone) lends itself readily to mural mementoes, of which the ships' crews who have been denizens of the station have not been slow to take advantage. Every flat rock abutting on the road bears record of the stay of some vessel's crew, one unfortunate steamer having apparently come under infection's ban no fewer than four times. The style of these mementoes is shown in the accompanying illustration. The fresh appearance of the record is owing to loving hands having recently re-painted and re-lettered it.

A Poetical Report.

POETICAL Sub-Postmasters (writes W.E.) are rarer than postmen poets; but one has recently been found in Ireland. This Sub-Postmaster, who is nearly 80 years of age, was requested to furnish an explanation of certain minor irregularities discovered during a recent official visit to his office. He sent in the following reply, which, I am inclined to think, must effectually have turned away official wrath.

REPLIES TO QUERIES.

The numerous charges you have written
 My honest pride have greatly smitten,
 But my reply I'll humbly state
 In hopes the offence to palliate.
 I thought a notice should be sent
 When any change of rule was meant.
 The arrival hour and the despatch
 I commonly with care do watch,
 To have the postmen sent away
 Not to be charged with vain delay.
 The letter box is locked indeed
 At all times when I think there's need.
 The sign-board's brightness is subdued,
 But that shall quickly be renewed.
 All the old papers kept by me
 Shall be returned immediately!
 The pencil blue I fear is lost,
 But I'll supply one at my cost,
 And walk so for the time to come
 As to such charges leave no room.

Mr. G. W. Steevens in Germany.

IN his "Impressions of Germany and the Germans," now appearing in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. G. W. Steevens occasionally blossoms out into a second Mark Twain. The following, clipped from the issue of the 24th of September, might almost be a page out of *A Tramp Abroad*; and, like that work, it appeals to those who know their Germany.

"You want, perhaps, to send a packet of manuscript to England. You do it up in brown paper and string, with the ends open, and take it to the post-office. There is one way in and another way out, and a policeman stands by to see that you take the right one. In the vestibule there is a plan of the post-office; it is a prodigiously big building. In Cologne for example, or Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the post-office shames St. Martin's-le-Grand. In every tiniest hamlet the post-office is as big as the rest of the place put together, till you wonder where the Government gets all the officials to fill it, and what it finds for them to do. You must study the plan of the post-office till you find the right door and counter for what you want. You find it, and take up your packet. 'Can this go by letter-post?' 'No; it

is too big.' 'Can it go by book-post?' 'No; it is not printed matter.' 'Can it go by parcel-post?' 'No; it is not well enough fastened up.' 'Then how can it go?' The uniformed official contemplates the cowering packet and then looks in the book of regulations. 'It must be wrapped up in oil-skin, sealed, and provided with a blue wrapper.' 'But, in England—' The official relaxes to a smile. 'Yes, in England; but here we are more precise. Oil-skinned, sealed, and blue-wrapped must it unconditionally be.'

"You slink dejectedly out to look for an oil-skin shop, a sealing-wax shop, and a blue-label shop. Perhaps, after all, though, it will be cheaper in the long run to give it to the hotel porter to look after. A life of constant storm and stress has accustomed the hotel porter to grappling with regulations. But what the German does in such cases I would rather not imagine. Happily, he is blessed with a good head for details, and takes an unending pleasure in learning them. He will dispute for hours over a figure in a time-table or a phrase in a police regulation with never-flagging enjoyment. So that I suppose a German who wants to send a parcel to England first buys a book of rules, then gives the matter a week of looking up and thinking out and talking over, then reconnoitres the post-office, then solemnly buys oil-skin and sealing-wax and blue-label, calls his wife and children to bear a hand in the preparation of the sacred packet, and finally leads them in triumphant procession, with a note of the weight in his pocket and the exact fee wrapped up in paper, to the right door, the right counter, and the right pigeon-hole, and then triumphantly posts it. Then he goes out to meet his friends over a glass of beer, and fights his post-parcel o'er again."

A Lay of the G.P.O.

WE live in a whimsical age,
 'Twixt you and myself and the *Post*;
 'Tis the ways of the latter supply me with matter
 For marvel—they have me on toast!
 It constantly has me on toast
 (Of course, it is only in play!)
 Though its tricks are so num'rous, not the least hum'rous,
 Is surely the theme of my lay.
 The particular theme of my lay
 Is what recently moved me to mirth,
 In a place where they traffic in things telegraphic,
 And wire to the ends of the earth.
 'Twas not to the ends of the earth
 That I wired, but to towns near at hand—
 The rule of addresses, each one will confess is
 The joke of St. Martin's-le-Grand!
 I wired from St. Martin's-le-Grand
 To New-Cross and Newcastle-on-Tyne;
 Each address had a hyphen or two to enliven
 Its look—'tis a habit of mine!

I laughed (an old habit of mine)
 At the Postmaster-General's fun ;—
 While New-Cross amounted to *two* words, he counted
 Newcastle-on-Tyne as but *one* !

This simple example's but one
 Of the freaks of the Post-Office sage,
 Whose fancy created this system belated,
 That lasts in our whimsical age !

Punch.

In choosing the subject of his Lay, our friend *Punch* has hardly shown his usual acumen. For, apart from the wisdom or unwisdom of the particular rule which provides that the name of a Head Office shall count as one word only—a privilege not extended to the names of districts or streets in a town—would not *Punch*, if he had but referred to the Gazetteers, have found the authorities unanimous in favour of regarding New Cross (*no hyphen*) as two words and Newcastle-on-Tyne as one.

“The Cornhill” Diarist on the Post Office.

THE CORNHILL, after a long season of depression, is now among the most readable of the magazines, and perhaps its most interesting feature is the monthly chapter entitled “Pages from a Private Diary.” There have been many conjectures as to who this witty and cultured country gentleman who is the *Cornhill* Diarist may be, and the effort to localise him has been made by several wiseacres without success. Occasionally he has a fling at the Post Office. In the July number he writes thus under date of May 1st.

I come to her and cry “mum,” she cries “budget,” and by that we know one another. A good many of us accost the Exchequer in the simple and hopeful temper of Master Slender, but not unfrequently that lady’s “budget” does us as little good as sweet Anne Page’s did him. This year, however, the Chancellor has really thought it worth while to pay us poor country folks a little attention. It is at last admitted on behalf of Government that we have as much right to letters and telegrams as people in town, and Jubilee Day is to inaugurate our new citizenship. People who are accustomed to the business-like promptitude of the young men and maidens in town offices have little idea of the casual way in which things are managed with us. A month or two since, having to register a letter containing a small present for the golden wedding of an old friend, which had reached me too late for our own despatch, I drove to a village on the railway where the mails leave a few hours later. The following dialogue ensued. Postmaster: “Do you know how old I am?” I: “No, are you seventy-five?” P.: “Seventy-five! I’m as old as Mr. Gladstone. Don’t look it, don’t I? No, I mayn’t look it but I am. I’ve been postmaster



J. KIRBY.
(Preston.)



C. NEWBY.
(Blackburn.)



J. EVANS.
(Shrewsbury.)



R. JAMES.
(Liverpool.)



F. R. TURNER.
(Sheffield.)



J. OGDÉN.
(Accrington.)



J. H. MORLEY.
(Watford.)

SOME CHIEF CLERKS.

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here for fifty year and more. Yes, I aint so young as I have a-been. Good-day, sir." I: "But I want a letter registered." P.: "Registered! Well, I hardly know. You see I'm an old man now. Oh yes, I've registered 'em in my day, but I don't somehow like the responsibility. No, I don't feel as if at my age I ought to take the responsibility. You see, I've been postmaster here, man and boy for —— &c. &c." One sympathised with the old man's sense of irresponsibility, which certainly suited with his age and Mr. Gladstone's—but what was to be done with the letter? In the end I had to take it home again.

The promised reduction in portorage on telegrams will be welcome. Thoughtless friends make this a considerable item in the year's finance. Just lately I asked a man down to take pot-luck for the week end. "Don't trouble to answer," I said, "but come if you can." But his manners would not consent to this. Back came a telegram: "delighted to come" (portorage, two shillings). In another hour came a second: "So sorry, detained by important business" (portorage two shillings). In another hour a third: "Can come after all" (portorage two shillings).

"It's an ill wind, &c."

I WIRED from London at 10 a.m.,
To Mudbury, asking my brother Jem
To have his man, with a trap, in wait
At Pudville Station at ten past eight.

Five miles distant is Mudbury Vale
From Pudville Station; and "Pudville Rail"
Is the right address for a Mudbury wire,
Since Norfolk's Duke has no "tick-tick" nigher.

The train from London was somewhat late;
It puffed into Pudville at half-past eight:
But vainly I peered past the platform gate
For a sign of old Jonathan there in wait.

"I must learn from the station-master when
That message of mine——" But, egad, just then
I heard a porter instructions giving
To a carrier loon in Mudbury living.

"A wire for Winkyn of Mudbury Vale.
Deliver to-night—don't fail! don't fail!
You will have to collect——." Did I curse and swear?
Did I beat my bosom or tear my hair?

Nay, I first made sure that the telegram
Was mine of that morn; then, with never a "d——,"
Calm as old Newton when Fido's play
Had ruined his labour of many a day,
I murmured, "Hand over that wire to me!
I will . . . *save my brother the portorage fee!*"

Westminster Gazette.

Irish Hotel Accommodation.

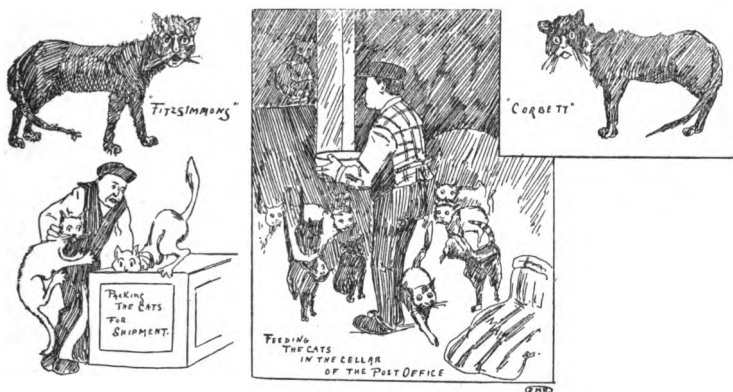
A POST Office Correspondent, now in the south of Ireland, writes somewhat severely of the hotel accommodation in that part of the country. We are afraid from our own sad experience that much of what he says is true, but we are also conscious that the causes of this state of things are largely economic, and are in no way peculiar to the Irish character. In the countries of Europe, where we have travelled, and where the same economic and political condition prevail we have come across the same characteristics, and in Ireland itself where the economic conditions are favourable, one can obtain as good hotel accommodation as any in Europe.

"Nothing is ever replaced or renovated, and most things are put to uses for which they were never intended. Glance round the dining-room of the hotel in which I am now writing, and it will be seen that the clock, though fairly good, ticks no longer. During my sojourn of four weeks it has ever mutely pointed to three. Mute too is one of the bells, the pull of which is broken and hangs limply, like a dead rabbit. Approach the French window giving on the street, and it will be found propped open by means of a small stake, obviously plucked from the nearest hedge, the original metal rod having long since been broken and cast aside. Lean on the dining table with incautious elbow and lo! the three leaves thereof spring suddenly on high to fall again with much clatter, like a trick table at a Christmas pantomime. Endeavour to open the door of the chiffonnier and it is discovered to be minus both handle and key, requiring to be opened oysterwise by the judicious application of a knife-blade. The chandelier it is true is fitted with an up-to-date incandescent burner, but alas it is once more a case of the 'Light that Failed' or 'The Burner who Would'nt.' The patent light is hopelessly out of order, and there remains but one supplementary burner which, on being lighted, bursts into a feeble flicker and sounds a windy whistle.

"One more addition to the catalogue. The morning after my arrival I was accommodated with a large can of water for my bath by a dishevelled girl. Unfortunately I did not rise immediately, thereby giving the wretched can, which was practically without a bottom, the opportunity of flooding my bedroom. Hastily clutching at a *pair of boot-laces*, which in this instance eked out the somewhat short bell-cord, I summoned assistance, and on my mildly pointing out the defective condition of the tin water-can, I was informed that it was due to the prevailing hot weather. Such are the amusing makeshifts of a country town hotel in Ireland.

"I often think that if the island required repairing, from time to time, to keep it above water, the Irish Question would have been settled long ere now, by the place itself gently going to the bottom, for not a soul would have stirred a finger in the matter of mending."

The Cats of the New York Post Office.



THE above illustration and the accompanying characteristic account of the difficulties of the New York Post Office with the official cats are taken from a recent number of the *New York World*.

"And Pasht, the cat, made music in the crypt."
—Rubaiyat of the Postmaster.

The Post Office cat must go. There are too many of him, and her. Postmaster Dayton and Supt. Clark and Custodian Flaherty, and all the other authorities of the big grey building in Mail Street, held a consultation on Thursday and passed the sentence of banishment of the great colony of Post Office cats. Emissaries of the S.P.C.A. carried out the decree yesterday. A few mousers are left, but the cat colony itself is a mere bit of history.

The first family of cats to settle in the basement of the Post Office building went there a dozen years ago, when facilities for handling the mail were not so plentiful as now, and great mounds of newspapers and merchandise in sacks used to accumulate in the vast room beneath the sidewalks of Broadway and Park Row.

These cats wandered in from the City Hall Park, where they had earned a precarious living for years by grabbing sparrows and dodging sparrow cops. They were welcome at first, for their appetites were fierce and they reduced the swarms of rats and mice every day.

But first families of cats are like other first families. The pioneers, having grown fat, began to consider the Post Office cellar their ancestral estates. They moderated the ardour of their rat-hunting and settled down and began to raise families. Huidekoper, in his excellent monograph on cats, says that they increase at the rate of from four or six to one three or four times a year. Imagine, then, how that cellar began to swarm with cats.

With the kind permission of the Postmaster General, of the First, Second, Third and Fourth Assistant Postmasters General, of Post-

master Dayton, Supt. Clark and Custodian Flaherty, Fred Cook was empowered to buy meat for the cats. This was found necessary, because, having exterminated the rats and mice, and having forgotten how to go out in the City Hall Park and chase sparrows, the cats began to eat leather mail bags.

Yet the cats' meat proved only a palliative, not a cure for the evil. The cats, growing craftier with each succeeding generation, began to make Raines-law meals of the Post Office clerks' luncheons. Forthwith arose such a clamour that something had to be done.

A wagon rumbled down from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a few days ago and two men made off with ten of the cats. These were taken away and disposed of according to a merciful formula. Among those who went was "Tim McCarthy," a big grey fellow who was a noted lady-killer, and "Fitzsimmons," a long-legged, long-bodied animal, who could stand on his hind legs and hit a cat two feet away.

The big wagon was again halted before the Post Office yesterday. Fred Cook stood in the middle of the cellar and blew his whistle, the usual signal for feeding time. The cats came leaping and plunging from every side. Fast as they gathered 'round him, Cook pushed them into boxes one by one, sparing only "Jim Corbett," a big black and white fellow, "Nellie," a champion mouser, and "Nigger," a black cat with a semicircular segment knocked out of his back abaft the shoulder blades, and who can whip any cat of his weight below Canal Street. All the rest, some twenty-two, as nearly as could be counted, were sent away to be humanely destroyed.

An Electrical Mystery.

ONE day in the middle of last December (writes Mr. C. J. Youngs, of the Hull Post Office) a service message was received from the Head Postmaster of ———, informing us that "a man at ——— had been struck down by electricity which had escaped from the telegraph wires." We were asked to "give the matter immediate attention," and were told that the Vicar of the village had reported the case. The local Lineman was ordered to go and see the Vicar at once and to hear all about the case. We confess we were deeply interested, and that the Postmaster's wish for us to give the case immediate attention was quite superfluous.

The Lineman, a fairly sharp man, and quite equal to ordinary emergencies and electrical difficulties, saw the Vicar and the afflicted man, or rather I should say men—for four people altogether confessed to have been the recipients of the strange and subtle influence. Their story is suitably summed up in the words of a local newspaper thus:—

"On Tuesday, about eight o'clock at night, Mr. ——— was suppering his horse. He had just put hay into the rack and was turning round when he was struck on the forehead by something which sent him several yards right out of the stable door, which was open, on to his back. The following night, about the same time, his

apprentice, ———, was grooming the horse. He noticed the animal shiver and immediately afterwards received a shock which sent him against the side wall. The following morning, Thursday, Mr. ———'s son, who was cleaning the horse, noticed it flinch, and he himself was lifted off his feet, spun round, and thrown against the wall. About two hours later a villager named ——— went into Mr. ———'s yard and was told what had happened. Out of curiosity, although warned, he went into the stable and up to the crib. He was sent reeling against the stable door."

After these experiences the horse had been removed from the stable and an alarm raised. It was the general opinion that the occurrences had been caused by the erection of the new telegraph wire to the village, which had just been completed. The nearest spot was nine yards away, and the stable in question was twenty yards from the telegraph office. The Vicar thought it was perhaps an escape from one of the wires which go past the stable, but Mr. ———, who had been knocked down, did not agree with this suggestion, because the main line of wires had been there for over twenty years, and no such thing had happened before. The Vicar still thought that there might be a leakage, which would be attracted to the galvanized iron of the stable crib, and so pass through the horse to the men.

The Lineman did his level best to prove by experiment and argument that the accidents, whatever they might be, were not due to any "escape," nor had they any connection with the department's plant. Still the persons affected were not satisfied, and the village gossiped of nothing but these strange things. Eventually we were requested to see the Vicar personally, and also to do all in our power to put things right. The Vicar was soon satisfied, and readily understood when we explained to him that the crib itself, being made of wood, and having but a small strip of iron in front to keep the horse from biting away the wood, would not *easily* conduct the electricity if any did happen to escape. Now, having satisfied the Vicar, we had to do our best with the man who had suffered most, and to make all things clear to him we did some confirming and convincing experiments, shewing eventually that there was no escape of electricity about the place, and that we were, moreover, so assured of it that we dare sit on the horse crib if need be to prove our own faith in the assertion. At last we left our friend who had received the "shock" in a better frame of mind, and a little more willing to put back his horse into the stable, and go in and out himself without fear.

But it remained for our astonishment to be more and more heightened. When we were leaving the place, thinking we had satisfied all parties, and feeling more at rest mentally than we had done for some days, we received another complaint—this time from a lady who resides next door to the village post office. She very strongly objected, she said, to the *strong smell* of electricity there was in her house "at nets," so strong since the telegraphs had been put into the local post office that "she could'na sleap fo't." We could

stand almost any indignity from our youth up, but we could not be told that the electricity we supply to the beautiful hamlets of our land vitiates the pure country air, and we suggested other causes for the nauseous effluvia. But it was no good. As we left the village we were told more emphatically than before that "it was nowt but 'lectricity from talagraf orfis." The Treasury should not sanction telegraph extensions so readily after this.

A Misunderstanding.

A poet imagined himself in love,
 An eloquent rhymester was he,
 And in verse he conveyed his suit to the maid,
 But alas! scarcely heeded she.

"Shall I sing thee loves of the winds of heaven,
 To picture my passion for thee,
 Of wild-hearted waves that woo the sea-caves?"

"What care I for these," said she.

"Shall I sing of the rainbow that clasps the blue air,
 Of sunbeams that smile at the sea,
 Of pale mists that rest on the mountain's breast?"

"I lose my poor head," said she.

Then he sang of the birds and the bees and the flowers,
 But no better prospered he,
 "If you needs must sing on so simple a thing,
 Let it be of myself," said she.

But the poet's passion was all for his rhymes,
 And wounded and angry was he,
 So he rose in his pain, and came not again,
 And the happier lass was she.

Mr. Andrew Gray.*

THIS gentleman retired from the Controllershship of the Edinburgh Telegraph Office last July. He just missed being a Scotsman, hailing, I think, from Alnwick in Northumberland. He entered the service of the late Electric Telegraph Company at York so long ago as 1853, and had completed forty-four years' service when he retired. At that time York was the transmitting station for messages between London and the north of England and Scotland, and Mr. Gray must recall many striking cases of delay and breakdown in those days of bad wires and primitive apparatus. It was a regular thing for the circuits to be "bunged up," as it was then called, for days together, and the sending of messages by train was a very common occurrence. In 1856 Mr. Gray was transferred to Edinburgh, where, with the exception of a brief period spent in charge of the Dundee Office, he put in the great bulk of his long service. He and I were "boys together" in Edinburgh

* A portrait of Mr. Gray appeared in Vol. III. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, p. 225.

more than forty years ago, and when I left the Telegraph Service to join that of the Post Office in 1861, we were joint assistant clerks in charge of the Edinburgh Office. Mr. Gray lost his right arm when a boy, but it was no great detriment to him, for he could write capitally with his left hand, and he would get the handles of the old double needle instrument between his fingers and signal away with the best of them. He had a curious habit of carrying piles of messages under the stump of his right arm, and was generally both his own collector and distributor, so eager was he to get the messages off with the least possible delay. In his retirement he must often think how the eighteen or twenty telegraphists of forty years ago have swollen to *twenty times* the number, and how some couple of hundred messages a-day, which was all the Edinburgh office could boast at that time, have swollen to many thousands. Mr. Gray is one of the few of the "Old Brigade" who are left to tell the tale of telegraphic progress during the past half century, or so, and I doubt if a more faithful and conscientious officer ever occupied a position of control. He will carry with him into his retirement the respect of all who knew him, and the regard of those comrades who served with him in the early fifties, growing fewer, alas! every day.

R. W. J.

Dr. Von Stephan's Successor.

LEUTENANT-GENERAL VICTOR VON PODBIELSKI, whose appointment as Postmaster-General of Germany in place of the late Dr. von Stephan has caused considerable comment, was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder in 1844, and is the only son of the General von Podbielski who wrote a well-known account of the Siege of Paris. The new Postmaster-General entered an Uhlan regiment in 1862, served during the war on the staff of General Caprivi in the Tenth Army Corps, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1891. Von Podbielski has enjoyed no previous training whatever in the field where he now becomes the leader. The *Strassburg Post*, in an article which is said to have been inspired, states that Prince Hohenlohe proposed Dr. Fischer for the position. The Kaiser, however, feared that Dr. Fischer was not popular with the officials of the Postal Department; and, not discovering among these officers any one with the necessary talent for organization and reform, he chose a man in whom he thought this talent was to be found. We are reminded that the appointment of the general's father to the post of Inspector of Artillery, although he had never served with that arm, turned out to be a great piece of good fortune for Germany, and thus justified the choice of the old Emperor William.

Presentation to Mr. H. C. Fischer, C.M.G.

WE have pleasure in announcing that Her Majesty the Queen, through the medium of Lieut.-Col. the Right Hon. Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B., has been graciously pleased to present

the Jubilee commemoration medal and clasp to Mr. H. C. Fischer, Controller of the Central Telegraph Office, as a recognition of the services which he rendered in connection with the transmission on Diamond Jubilee Day of Her Majesty's gracious message to her people throughout the world. It will be remembered that Mr. Fischer was entrusted with the special arrangements in connection with the transmission of this important despatch. On the morning of Jubilee Day he had the honour of personally explaining to the Queen the method by which the message would be signalled, and of handing to her, just before she entered her carriage at Buckingham Palace for the procession, the pear-shaped "push," upon the pressing of which Her Majesty initiated the transmission of the message throughout the Empire.

Mr. J. P. Lambert.

WE have to record the retirement, under the age limit, on the 7th of August last, of Mr. J. P. Lambert, Surveyor of the South Wales district. Mr. Lambert entered the service in 1847, and in 1851 was appointed Assistant Surveyor in the West Indies. After nine years there, he returned to England, to hold a similar position; and in August, 1885, he succeeded Mr. Freeling in the charge of the district extending from Wantage to Pembroke, for the administration of which Cheltenham had been chosen as a convenient centre. On his retirement, Mr. Lambert has received from the members of his staff and from the Postmasters in the district gratifying evidences of the respect in which he is held by them. A portrait of Mr. Lambert appeared in Vol. V. of *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, page 129.

Bravery.

ON the 31st of July last, while at Ramsgate, Mr. W. W. Berriff, a telegraphist at the Western Central District Office, rescued from drowning a boy named Bush. The boy, while walking along the harbour quay, fell into deep water. Mr. Berriff, who saw the accident, at once took a plunge from the quay, the depth of water being quite twelve feet, and, handicapped as he was by his clothing, swam a long distance and brought the boy to the quay-wall, where they were both hauled up by means of boat-hooks. The boy was then apparently dead, but recovered after proper treatment. We are glad to see Mr. Berriff's name in the list of awards issued by the Royal Humane Society.

* * *

THE two-year-old daughter of Mr. Edward Collier, of Egham, fell down a well in Rusham Road, Egham, on the 9th of August last. Mr. W. G. Searle, an Egham postman, hearing the child's cries, with great difficulty lowered himself into the well, which was about eighteen feet deep, and succeeded in rescuing her. The water in the well was about four feet deep, and but for the prompt action of Mr. Searle the child must have been drowned.

An Australian Postal Pioneer.

THE following account of the adventures of an Australian postman is reprinted from the *Echo* of the 14th of September. Some of our Melbourne readers can perhaps say whether the narrative is or is not a plain statement of fact. We shall be glad to know more of Mr. John Bourke and of other postal pioneers in various parts of the Empire. Our Colonial friends could no doubt enable us to put on record many interesting accounts of adventures and trials in early postal days. Will they bear the request in mind?

"Melbourne and Sydney, the leading cities of Australia, have for many years been connected by rail, and the five hundred miles that separate them are now pleasantly travelled in fifteen hours in Pullman cars. The man who conveyed the first mail-bag from Melbourne to Sydney in January, 1838, is still alive, and his recollections have been revived by an interviewer. He is an old Irishman, of 85, named John Bourke, and he dwells with his family in Flemington, the sporting suburb of Melbourne. He carried his mail-bag, provisions, bedding, and weapons of defence all on one horse. There was no defined route at that early period, and no houses of accommodation *en route*. He had to camp by himself and cook his meals, and when night came he lay down in the wild bush with the mail-bag for his pillow. On his fifth day out a spear thrown by a concealed black fellow very nearly ended his career, and he was twice accosted by escaped convicts or bush-rangers, but managed to elude their undesirable acquaintance. On crossing what is now known as the River Murray, his horse sank into a mud-bank, and could not be extricated without assistance. Taking off his clothes, and tying the mail-bag round his neck, Bourke swam ashore and found a pack of 50 hungry wild dogs awaiting his arrival. This was a trying situation. As the veteran observes: 'There was not much time to think, and no use appealing to a flock of hungry and savage dogs to respect the sacredness of the carrier of Her Majesty's mails.' Bourke wisely made for the nearest tree, and succeeded in reaching it and climbing into the branches before his canine foes could catch and devour him. The dogs laid siege to the tree, and their howling brought a pioneer settler to the spot, who dispersed the brutes with his gun, and then pointed it at the refugee in the tree. He jumped to the conclusion that the mailman was an escaped convict, and sternly ordered him to come down and surrender. Explanations ensued, the mailman was hospitably entertained, and facilities were afforded him for resuming his journey, which was completed without further adventure. After this pioneer trip, Bourke carried the mails between Melbourne and Sydney for a year."

Post Office Chess Club.

THE season just commencing promises to be a busy one for the club. In addition to competing in the A division of the London Chess League, a number of matches have been arranged

with clubs not in the League, including Rochester and Hastings. A championship tournament will be held for a trophy, towards the institution of which Messrs. E. H. Poole and E. G. Richardson have generously contributed. There will also be held a handicap tournament. As the club have secured a very convenient and commodious room for their matches at the Red Cross Hotel, Paternoster Square, E.C., the members have every inducement to do their best to make the season a very successful one.

The list of fixtures arranged are as follows:—(The matches in the London Chess League are denoted by A.)

1897		1898	
Oct. 1	Bow and Bromley.	Feb. 4	Polytechnic.
„ 8	Ibis.	„ 11	Bohemians.
„ 14	North London—A.	Mch. 4	Ibis—A.
„ 21	Ludgate Circus—A.	„ 10	Metropolitan—A.
„ 29	Sydenham—A.	„ 18	Bow and Bromley.
Nov. 5	West London—A.	„ 25	Civil Service (combined clubs).
„ 12	Hampstead—A.	Apl. 2	Rochester.
„ 19	Brixton—A.	June 4	Hastings.
„ 26	„ (second team).		
Dec. 3	Athenæum—A.		
„ 9	Spread Eagle—A.		

Communications respecting membership, matches, etc., should be made to either of the Hon. Secs., Mr. A. W. Cross, Accountant-General's Department, or Mr. F. G. Bloomfield, Savings Bank Department.

The London Philatelic Exhibition.

SEVEN years ago a Philatelic Exhibition was held in London under the auspices of the Philatelic Society of London, and the immense increase in the ranks of philatelists since that date, and the remarkable progress which has been made in the scientific aspect of the pursuit, combined to bring about in the minds of enthusiasts a determination to hold an International Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in the fortnight following and including July 22nd last. The Duke of York, who is himself a keen collector, opened the Exhibition, and he was accompanied by the Duchess. The official catalogue was in size of the proportions of a volume, and minute details of the various exhibits were given, so that the most uneducated amateur could not fail to be interested. Among the Government and official exhibits, we noticed the following:—

HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND REVENUE.—Twenty-six frames containing a series of impressions from all the plates, from which the postage stamps of Great Britain have been printed, as registered and preserved at Somerset House, inclusive of the fiscal stamps available for postage. This exhibit formed a practically complete historic review of the postage stamps of this country.

HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER GENERAL.—Fifteen frames of stamps, chiefly of the British colonies.

A proof sheet of the 1d. (black) stamp without letters.

A framed painting of a London postman, 1830.

The London directory, 1836.

The first postal guide.

Printed notice of 25th April, 1840, sent to postmasters as to obliteration of stamps.

Similar notice of 29th April, 1840, sending specimens of stamps to postmasters.

Another notice of 7th May, 1840, sending specimen of the V.R. stamp.

A notice of the same date in reference to the placing of stamps on covers.

Notice dated June, 1840, in reference to the Mulready covers and envelopes, stating that the covers only are to be sold, the envelopes not being supplied by the Post Office.

Notice of rewards for mail robberies.

A mail bag, stolen from the Selby and York post boy in 1798 and found in the roof of an old house on its demolition in 1876.

Obliterating machine in use at Manchester prior to the introduction of the Pearson Hill machine in 1867.

Books of curious addresses on letters sent through the post and deciphered by Post Office officials.

We were pleased to notice that Mr. W. Matthews, of the London Postal Service, was awarded a bronze medal for an exhibition of Telegraph Stamps of Great Britain, comprising both private Company and Government issues. The arrangements for the Exhibition elicited praise from all quarters, and, both in the number of visitors and in the magnificence of the collections, the estimated value of which amounted to some £500,000, the result was highly satisfactory. To those who are specially interested in the subject we would recommend a perusal of *The London Philatelist* for July, 1897, in which a full account of the proceedings will be found.

White of Selborne.*

WE are all sadly in want of a livelier interest in the common objects of the country. The interest is worth cultivating for its own sake, while one of its indirect consequences is an increased reverence for life in all its forms. A nonconformist minister of our acquaintance, who was much opposed to the advanced ritualism which characterised the services at his village church, ventured to refer to the vicar's manner of conducting worship in a way which was distinctly rude to the vicar, and which showed gross ignorance of both the Bible and nature. For the minister prayed as follows:—"Some people pray like old rooks cawing, but we lift up our hearts to Thee, O God." The vicar, however, was a humourist, a close

* *A Bibliography of Gilbert White of Selborne*, by Edward A. Martin, F.G.S. Roxburgh Press, Victoria Street, Westminster. Price 3s. 6d.

Nature Chat, by Edward A. Martin, F.G.S. Robert Edmund Taylor & Son, 19, Old Street, E.C. Price 1s. No. 1 of the Rambler's Library.

observer of nature, and no mean student of the Bible and of Gilbert White, and he answered his christian brother the following Sunday by selecting as his text "He feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him." Gilbert White has also pleaded for the poor rooks, and in his own delightful manner has pointed out how "just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round in the air and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding: or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike



MR. E. A. MARTIN.

the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore." How impossible the Nonconformist's prayer after such a description; how much truer to nature is the poet of the Psalms than is the dweller in country villages who observes but does not reverence. Few men in the history of English literature have done such a great and special work as Gilbert White, and with our increasing love of nature, and our increasing anxiety to fathom the secrets of animal life, his fame will increase rather than diminish. Probably a great deal of what he observed is already out of date, but the method and the spirit of the man live, and his one book rarely fails to charm those who are kindred spirits. And now Mr. Martin has produced for the admirers of "Selborne" a very daintily got up volume entitled *A Bibliography of Gilbert White of*

Selborne. The book is published under the auspices of the Selborne Society, and in addition to an interesting biography of Gilbert White, it deals fully with the various editions of "Selborne." It is a book only for the lovers of nature who are of course also the lovers of "Selborne." To others it will seem a great deal made out of a very little, while to the lovers of "Selborne" the book is only too short, and we would have gladly heard more about our author if only Mr. Martin had been able to obtain more material. As it is the book must be the inevitable companion of "Selborne" on every self-respecting student's shelves. Mr. Martin's own share in the work is very modestly spoken of, but, if we may except a slight tendency here and there to platitude and to repetitions of phrases expressive of the superlativeness of his hero's work, we can honestly say that he deserves our warmest thanks and our best attention.

The other book before us, which is also from Mr. Martin's indefatigable pen, aims at nothing higher than what is implied in the title. It is not to our mind an advantage that it invites and almost challenges comparison with the *Natural History of Selborne*. The Rev. Gilbert White's book is in the form of letters to his friends; so also is Mr. Martin's; Mr. White's book is the natural history of his own district; so also is Mr. Martin's, and there is in the style of the pupil a most evident modelling on the style of the master. Now the peculiarity of White's charm is that it depends so little on style, and almost entirely on a certain exquisite directness and simplicity which awaken your interest at once. You feel that you are in the company of a man who is telling you exactly what he wants to convey, and he is doing it without a superfluous word. But in his efforts to be easy, simple and colloquial, Mr. Martin frequently degenerates into looseness and redundancy of expression, and occasionally he is what his master never was, viz., rhetorical. His *simplicité* is not infrequently *simplese*. Having said so much, and we should not have said it, had not Mr. Martin himself invited the comparison, let us hasten to say that the book has merits of its own which far outweigh its occasional blemishes. Here is a gem from *Nature Chat*, and it also concerns our friends the rooks. "At the Crystal Palace a short time since I saw two birds in large cages—a magpie and a rook. A child gave them each a piece of biscuit. The latter took his piece and, dropping it on the floor of the cage, commenced to smash it up by continued blows aimed vertically at it by means of his powerful head and beak. On the other hand, the magpie deliberately and quietly took his piece of the hard biscuit to the corner where there was a saucer of water and dropped it there, eating it with ease after it had become softened." There are many such gems, but we can only now recommend the book to our readers' notice, adding at the same time that Mr. Martin is "one of us," viz., a Post Office man. His book, *The Story of a Piece of Coal*, we reviewed in July, 1896.

Verba Prohibita.

ABOUT three years ago Mr. Lewin Hill, who has evidently suffered, issued a type-written document to his friends, containing some very excellent suggestions as to their use of the English language. We think the document deserved a wider audience, and so we venture to reprint it.

ROOM NO. 40, G.P.O., WEST.

Visitors to this room are respectfully requested not to say

<i>Infinite</i>	in relation to a <i>finite</i> object.
<i>Patronize</i>	when it is not a matter of patronage, e.g., "I usually patronize the 5.30 p.m. train."
<i>Reliable</i>	instead of <i>trustworthy</i> .
<i>Allude</i>	instead of <i>refer</i> or <i>mention</i> .
<i>Eventually</i>	meaning <i>hereafter</i> .
<i>Cultured</i>	instead of <i>cultivated</i> .
<i>Inception</i>	instead of <i>beginning</i> .
<i>Very pleased, interested, &c.</i>	instead of <i>much pleased</i> .
<i>Transpire</i>	when <i>to occur</i> or <i>happen</i> is meant.
<i>Less</i>	where <i>fewer</i> is meant.
<i>Males</i>	where <i>men</i> are meant.
<i>Females</i>	where <i>women</i> are meant.
<i>Stop</i>	where <i>stay</i> is meant.
<i>To replace</i>	instead of " <i>in place of</i> ."
<i>As to whether</i>	where simply <i>whether</i> will suffice.
<i>To inaugurate</i>	instead of <i>to carry out</i> or <i>establish</i> .
<i>To commence</i>	instead of <i>to begin</i> .
<i>Limited</i>	instead of <i>small</i> .
<i>The finish</i>	instead of <i>the end</i> .
<i>To cease</i>	as an Active Verb.
<i>Tariff</i>	instead of <i>rates</i> .
<i>Depôt</i>	instead of <i>office</i> or <i>forward office</i> .
<i>Like</i>	instead of <i>as</i> .
<i>Paraphernalia</i>	unless speaking of the Trousseau.
<i>And which</i>	where no relative precedes.
<i>Frequent interval</i>	when <i>short interval</i> is meant.
<i>Would appear to be</i>	where <i>is</i> would do.
<i>Centre</i>	instead of <i>middle</i> of a room.
<i>Have got</i>	for <i>have</i> .
<i>Those sort of things</i> }	followed by a Noun in the plural
<i>The whole of</i> }	number.
<i>It remains to</i>	followed by a Verb in the Infinitive.
<i>Long words</i>	where short words will do equally well.
<i>Latinised words</i>	where Saxon words will do equally well.

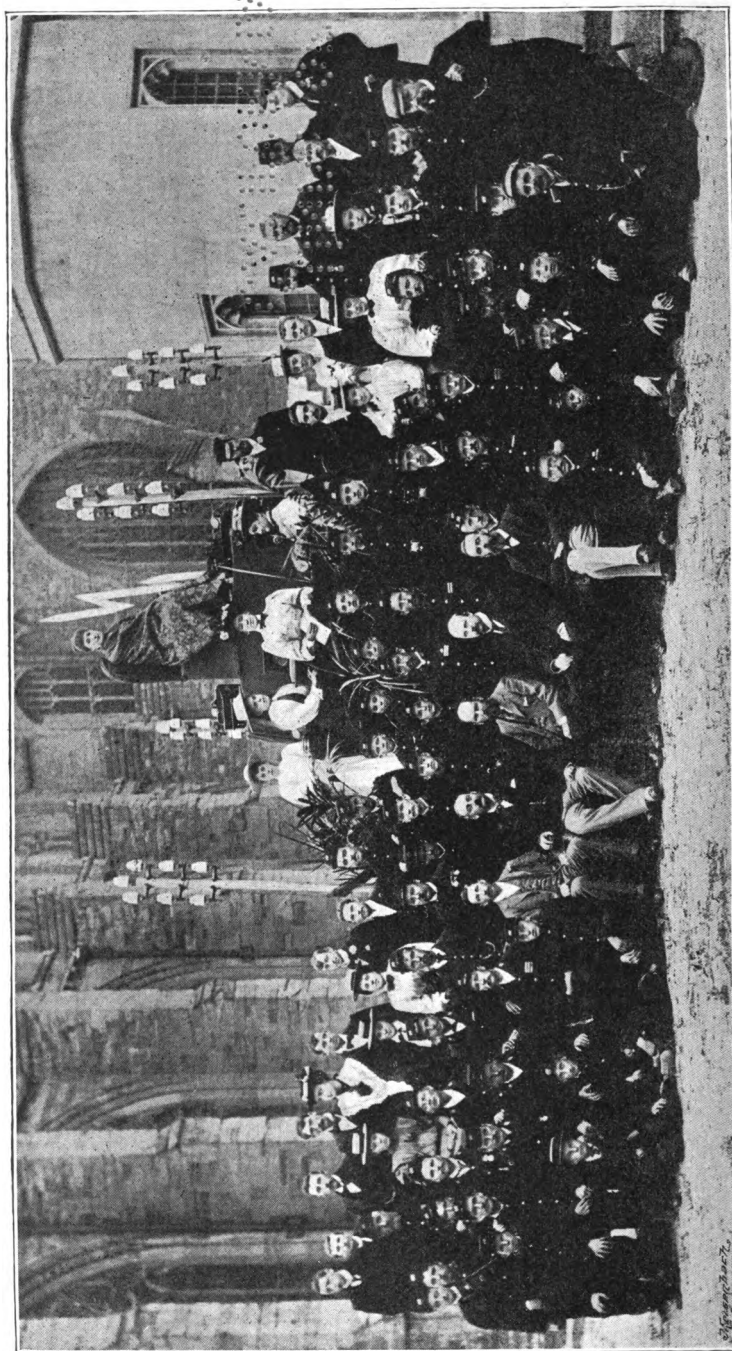
LEWIN HILL.

Jan., 1894.

We are afraid Mr. Hill's lesson has still to be learnt in many parts of the Post Office. Just before going to press the writer of



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HEREFORD POST OFFICE STAFF.

With tableau representing Electricity, June 22, 1897.

this note signed a document informing him that his annual leave "commenced" on such and such a date and "terminated" at another date. His first impulse was to alter the word "read" which he was asked to sign to the more suitable "perused." Not very long ago he was informed that his chief objected to the word "wish" and preferred "desire," and he has spent half a life-time in endeavouring to follow the personal preferences of other chiefs for awkward phrases and high-sounding words. He once worked under a chief, who after striking out an entry in a ledger would sententiously remark in his own inimitable manner that "the cancellation is now consummated." And when asking you to change your section and take up work on another, he would put it in this way: "Will you, sir, associate yourself with section so and so." He would pass along the present writer's section and remark with probable truth, that "your ledgers, sir, are not in strict sequential occurrence," and it was said of him that he referred to the "New Cut" as the "Recent incision in Lambeth." The old man had genius, and he has left behind him imitators, but not inheritors of his powers. In *his* case the style was the man, in many modern instances there is no excuse of this sort to be pleaded.

A Post Office Jubilee Car.

ON Diamond Jubilee day, the Hereford Post Office staff produced a "tableaux car" representing Electricity. The car was designed by a local tradesman, and the instruments (two sounders, two needles, two telephones, and two A.B.C.'s, together with the wires and insulators) were kindly lent by Mr. Partridge. The local linesman fitted it up, and, with the young ladies standing on it, as shown in the illustration, it went the round of the city in the Jubilee procession, amid the admiring plaudits of the sightseeing Herefordians. Some difficulty was experienced in persuading the Telegraph ladies to brave the ordeal, but they finally consented, and afterwards confessed that the experience was a really pleasant one.

Hereford.

W. WATTS.

Mr. Herbert Joyce, C.B.

THE death, on the 3rd of July last, of Mr. Herbert Joyce, C.B., late Third Secretary to the Post Office, has removed from our midst a notable Post Office man. Mr. Joyce entered the Secretary's Office in 1855, and became an Assistant Secretary in 1880. It would be superfluous here to speak of the ability, judgment and knowledge displayed by him during his official career. Moreover, Mr. Joyce was so much more than an able official that those who regard him merely from this point of view must be few indeed. To those who had the privilege of knowing him, he will be remembered as one who inspired esteem and

affection in an especial degree. To outsiders, his name will ever be associated with his work on the history of the Post Office.

We refer our readers to an account of Mr. Joyce, written by one who knew him intimately, which appeared in our July number last year, on the occasion of his retirement from active service. Portraits of Mr. Joyce have been given in volume IV. (page 49), and in volume VI. (page 254), where he is shown at his table in the Muniment Room.

Odds and Ends.

MAJOR O'GORMAN was returned for the City of Waterford in the Irish Nationalist interest in 1874, defeating, in his first effort to enter the House of Commons, the present Lord Ashbourne, then Mr. Edward Gibson. He quickly secured the affections of the House as an unrivalled joker. To give one instance of his ready wit. A constituent wrote to him asking to be appointed by the Government to a local Post office. "One line from you will get it for me," wrote the applicant, whereupon Major O'Gorman, who refused to apply to the Government for anything, replied, "Dear Sir,—I write the line, and hereby appoint you postmaster."

* * *

IN an article on "Post Office Politics" in *Black and White* for the 21st August, which calls itself "an indictment," some very bitter things are said about the Department. We do not intend to say anything about the article except to admit that the writer scores a point when he says that "the replies of the Department to the charges which are from time to time brought against it are its annually triumphant reports, in which the steady increase in the number of letters, &c., is put to the credit of the Post Office. It would be about as reasonable to credit the Registrar General's department with the annual increase in the population of Great Britain." We are very clever people, no doubt, but we sometimes forget in our after-dinner speeches that an increase in business naturally follows an increase in population, and regarded in this light our frequent jubilations may be just a trifle ridiculous.

* * *

MR. JOHN NEWLANDS, of the Edinburgh Telegraph Department, who has been promoted to be Controller of Telegraphs in room of Mr. A. Gray, entered the Government service in 1870, two months after the transfer of the Telegraphs to the State, and for twenty-one years has acted as clerk and assistant to the late Controller.

* * *

THE honorary secretaries of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund have received the intimation that in response to the appeal of the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of his Royal Highness the

president and the general council of the fund, the sum of £162 15s. 3d. in annual subscriptions and £279 12s. in donations have been raised by the members of the Post Office staff in London.

* * *

CAPE TOWN GENERAL POST OFFICE, CIRCULATION BRANCH.—The Editor thanks the Controller and Officers of the Circulation Branch for their kind invitation to the Eighth Annual Ball given on Friday the 23rd July last. He was unable to accept it as the invitation only arrived on the 21st July, and after enquiries made at the various steamship companies, he found that none of them were prepared to undertake to get him to the Cape of Good Hope in the time required. None the less he appreciates the kind thought, and he hopes the ball was a success.

* * *

THE following is an extract from a letter addressed to the Savings Bank Department by a man who was asked on what ground he applied for the deposits of his brother, who had been described as "deceased," although no evidence was forthcoming of his death.

"I have my brother's children to keep. I wrote to him six weeks ago, he has never answered. He keeps writing to say he is dead or getting some one to do it."

* * *

WE have been asked by several correspondents what are the arrangements we are making for the dinner which we spoke about in our last number. One or two have suggested that instead of a dinner we should hold a conversazione, where opportunities for friendly meetings and intercourse are naturally more frequent, and before coming to a decision we should like to obtain opinions from our subscribers on the question. Whether it be a dinner or something else which is agreed upon, the date will probably be fixed for some evening in February or March.

* * *

MR. HERBERT BRADY, son of Sir T. F. Brady, who has recently been promoted Consul of the new treaty port of Samshin, on the West River, which was thrown open to trade two months ago by China, held an appointment in the General Post Office, Dublin, before he entered the Consular service.

* * *

MARRIAGE.—LANG—ARBER.—On the 16th September at St. Mary's Church, West Kensington, by the Rev. James Hy. Lang, Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, uncle of the bridegroom, Rev. M. M. Finch, Rev. Dr. Oliver, and Rev. C. Bradshaw Foy, Charles Dowson Lang, Controller, Post Office Savings Bank, second son of the late Charles E. Lang, of the Admiralty, to Catherine Jane, widow of

the late George Arber, Deputy Commissary, Control Department, War Office, and daughter of the late Rev. John R. Chisholm. *St. Martin's-le-Grand* offers hearty congratulations and good wishes to both Mr. and Mrs. Lang.

* * *

WE see from the literary papers that Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the author of *Many Cargoes*, has just published his first long story, entitled *The Skipper's Wooing*. The publishers are C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.

* * *

DIAMOND JUBILEE HONOURS.—In the list of new Irish knights appeared the name of Reginald Guinness, who will be remembered as formerly the Post Office Surveyor of the Southern District of Ireland, a position which he resigned to enter on his connection with the Irish brewery founded by his grandfather, Arthur Guinness, and then the property of Sir Cecil Guinness, the present Lord Iveagh. Sir Reginald Guinness is now the Chairman of the great Company into which that firm has expanded.

* * *

AN amusing story was told to the *Daily Mail* by the Hon. John Gavan Duffy, Postmaster-General for Victoria. He said: "Our female operators do their work fairly well, for which they receive on an average £102 per annum. The chief fault I find with them is the way they go about getting an increase of pay. Some little time back I was applied to by them in a body to raise their salaries, which I could not see my way to do. They straightway appointed the best-looking and most persuasive among them to interview members of Parliament, whom they flattered and smiled on to such an extent that, when the subject came up for discussions in the House, the girls got the vote in their favour and the increase."

Erratum.

R. W. J. points out a grievous misquotation in "After Office Hours" for July last. According to E. B.—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that.

According to Robert Burns—

The rank is but the guinea stamp :
The man's the gowd for a' that.

The error is inexcusable as it is understood that E. B. is Scotch by marriage.



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Promotions.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sec.'s O., C.E.B.	Mann, F. W. ...	1st Cl. Trvg. Clk.	L.P.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70; Clk., N.D.O., '85; Trvg. Clk., C.E.B., '86
„ Supple- mentary Est. Sur.'s Dept. ...	Toothill, W. F.	3rd Cl. Clk. ...	Tel., C.T.O., '89
„ ...	Harkness, D. W. O.	Sur. ...	Acct's O., Edin., '70; R. and A.G.O., '72; Sur. Clk., '74; Asst. Sur., '91
„ ...	Pullen, F.	Asst. Sur. ...	M.O.O., '74; Sur. Clk., '85
„ ...	Rhodes, F. W....	Sur's. Clk. ...	1882; Clk., C.O., L.P. S.D., '93
„ ...	Bradford, R. F.	„ ...	1891; Clk., C.E.B., '94; Sec.'s. O., '94
„ ...	Smith, A. F. ...	Sur. Sta. Clk....	S.C., Dundee, '90
„ ...	Forsyth, A. M....	„ ...	S.C. & T., Forres, '91; S.C., Aberdeen, '94
A.G.D., P.O.B.	Miss E.J. Church- hill	Princ. Clk. ...	Clk., '81; 1st Cl., '90
„ „	„ N. K. West- brook	1st Cl. Clk. ...	1883
„ „	„ L. A. Bengier	„ ...	1884
M.O.O. ...	Stewart, J. ...	Hd. Pr.-Kr. & Sr....	Messr., '68; 2nd Cl. Pr.-kr. & Sr., '78; 1st Cl., '88
R.L.O. ...	Levick, F....	Senr. Asst. ...	1870; Retr., R.L.O., '72; 3rd Cl. Asst., '77; 2nd Cl., '81; 1st Cl., '87
P.S.D. ...	Headland, R. V.	Jr. Clk. ...	Boy Clk., R. & A.G.O., '91; Sec's. Off., '95; 2nd Div. Clk., A.G.D., '96
„ ...	Guy, H. G. ...	„ ...	Boy Clk., M.O.O., '90; 2nd Div. Clk., '93
„ ...	Turner, F. W. ...	„ ...	Boy Clk., S.B., '92; 2nd Div. Clk., '95
E. in C.O. ...	Bourdeaux, J. ...	1st Cl. Engr....	Late Submarine T. Co.; G.P.O., '89
„ ...	Peck, G. A. ...	2nd Cl. Engr. ...	Tel., Grimsby, '85; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91; 1st Cl., '92
„ ...	Sirett, A. W. ...	„ ...	Tel., Manch'r., '85; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91; 1st Cl., '93

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
E. in C.O.	Taylor, J. D.	2nd Cl. Engr.	S.C., Leeds, '89; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '91; 1st Cl., '94
"	Conneli, L. S.	"	Tel., Dundee, '83; Edin., '83; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '85; Sub. Engr., '90
"	Brown, J. S.	1st Cl. Jr. Clk.	Tel., Leeds, '82; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., '95
"	Campbell, H. M.	"	Tel., Inverness, '82; Glasgow, '89; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95
"	Richardson, G.	"	Tel., Hull, '85; 2nd Cl. Jr. Clk., E. in C.O., '95
C.T.O.	Jelf, J. F.	Princ. Clk.	E.T.Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; Super., '81; 1st Cl. Clk., '94
"	Binsted, R. D.	1st Cl. Clk.	1871; Asst. Supr., '93; 2nd Cl. Clk., '94
"	Goodheart, F.	2nd Cl. Clk.	1873; Senr. Tel., '93; 3rd Cl. Clk., '94
"	Ford, H. J.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super.	1872
"	Taylor, F. T.	"	1870
"	Oakman, H.	Senr. Tel.	2nd Cl. Tel., '75; 1st Cl., '86
"	Hubbard, F. J.	"	2nd Cl. Tel., '76; 1st Cl., '86
"	Bond, W. J.	"	2nd Cl. Tel., '75; 1st Cl., '86
"	Mantell, W. G.	"	2nd Cl. Tel., '75; 1st Cl., '86
L.P.S.D. (Circ. Off.)	Turner, J. G.	2nd Cl. Clk.	1873; Clk., Cir. O., '91; 1st Cl. Clk., Stg. O., '91
"	Hale, P.	"	M.O.O., '82; 2nd Div. Clk., '82; Clk., Cir. Off., '91; 1st Cl. Clk., Stg. O., '96
"	Jones, H. L.	1st Cl. Clk., Stg. Off.	Tel. W., '83; Clk., C. of S.O., '89; Cir. O., '91
"	Scott, D.	"	S.C. & T., Dunfermline, '84; Clk., Cir. O., '91
"	Ellis, F. W. St. A.	3rd Cl. Clk.	S.C., Cambridge, '92
E.C.D.O.	Allin, J. T.	Insp. & Sec.	M.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Super., '88
E.D.O.	Wynne, H.	Clk.	2nd Div. Clk., S.B., '95; A.O., Dub., '96
"	Wright, G. W.	"	S.C. & T., Barnsley, '90; Clk., 2nd Div., S.B., '94
N.D.O.	McDonald, E. T.	Insp.	1873; 2nd Cl. Over., '81; 1st Cl., '89
S.W.D.O.	Strickland, J.	Insp.	1870; 2nd Cl. Over., '84; 1st Cl., '91

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
S.W.D.O. ...	Hawkins, J. R....	1st Cl. Over. ...	1879; Lobby Off., '85; 2nd Cl. Sr., '88; 1st Cl., '90; 2nd Cl. Over., '92
Wandsworth ...	Arman, C....	1st Cl. Over. ...	1877; Hd. Postn., '86; 2nd Cl. Over., '93
W. ...	Willis, G.	Insp. ...	1865; Sr., '66; 2nd Cl. Over., '73; 1st Cl., '81

PROVINCES—ENGLAND and WALES.

Bath ...	Davis, E. J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1868; 1st Cl. S.C. & T., '73; Clk. (P.), '84
„ ...	Cass, O. F. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	S.C. & T., '70; 1st Cl. S.C., '87
Brighton ...	Bishop, E. J. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	Lewes, '81; Brighton, '84; 1st Cl. S.C., '87; Clk., '95
„ ...	Bristow, A. J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1881; 1st Cl. S.C., '86
„ ...	Bruman, A. T....	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1881; 2nd Cl. S.C., '87
Bristol ...	Righton, W. ...	Insp. in charge ...	S.C., '78; Asst. Insp. of Postn., '80; Insp., '88
„ ...	Sincock, A. E. ...	Insp. of Postn. ...	S.C. & T., '81; Asst. Insp. of Postn., '84
Carlisle ...	Maguire, M. ...	Super. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '64; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; Asst. Super., '91
„ ...	Proudfoot, W. J.	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	M.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70
Gloucester ...	Davis, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1885
Grimsby ...	Tilbrook, E. M.	Ch. Clk. ...	Tel., '74; S.C., '76; Clk., '87
„ ...	Smith, W. J. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '80; 1st Cl., '95
Holyhead ...	Slater, T. ...	Clk. ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70
Leeds ...	Metcalf, P. ...	Super. (P.) ...	S.C., '75; Clk., '90; Hd. Sta. Clk., '93; 1st Cl. Asst. Super., '95
Liverpool ...	Ingram, J. E. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1st Cl. S.C., '73; Clk., '89
„ ...	Hall, I. W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '76; 1st Cl., '85
„ ...	Grave, W. ...	„ ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '76; 1st Cl., '85
Manchester ...	Halton, W. E. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '87; 1st Cl., '90
„ ...	Stockall, J. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '82; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
„ ...	Garnett, H. ...	„ „	M.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '84; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Manchester	Stuart, M....	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '60; G.P.O., '70; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '90
"	Taylor, J. F. ...	2nd Cl. "	M.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Rickwood, H. D. L.	" "	E.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Baguley, J. ...	" "	M.T. Co., '63; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Cochrane, J. ...	" "	M.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Bown, W. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1872
"	Warren, A. ..	" ...	1871
"	Stevens, A. ...	" ...	1871
"	Falconer, J. F....	" ...	1872; 1st Cl. Tel., '87
"	Carmichael, F. A.	" ...	2nd Cl. Tel., '77; 1st Cl. Tel., '87
"	Jones, F. W. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1883
"	McNiven, D. H.	" ...	1883
"	Roberts, R. ...	" ...	1883
"	Wilson, C. E. ...	" ...	1883
"	Kelly, H. C. ...	" ...	1883
"	Creech, E. ...	" ...	1883
"	Wood, F.	" ...	1883
"	Miss J. S. Kane	Asst. Super. ...	1877; 1st Cl., '86
Newc-on-Tyne.	Atkinson, W. C.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	Clk., '73
"	Moscrop, W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '82; 1st Cl., '90
"	Shadforth, J. T.	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '87; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '89
"	Nicholson, A. J.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '67; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Clarkson, J. H.	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	U.K.T. Co., '65; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '90
"	Winkworth, W. A.	Clk. (T.) ...	1874; 1st Cl. Tel., '89
"	Bainbridge, J. A.	" ...	2nd Cl. Tel., '76; 1st Cl., '90
Oxford	Packford, H. A. T.	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	2nd Cl. S.C., '84; 1st Cl., '94; Clk., '96
Plymouth	Bond, W. H. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '66; G.P.O., '70
"	Caple, T. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	S.C. & T., Chippenham, '81; 2nd Cl. Tel., Plymouth, '82
Portsmouth	Old, W. L. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	1876; S.C. & T., '79; 1st Cl., '84; Clk., '91
"	Smith, R. W. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1881; S.C., '82; 1st Cl., '92
Sheffield	Dowd, M. J. ...	Super. (T.) ...	E.T. Co., '69; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '83; Asst. Super., '91
"	Morton, C. R. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1874
"	Oates, J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1878
South'nd-on-Sea	Harding, H. H.	Ch. Clk....	1883; Clk., '94

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
South'nd-on-Sea	Rolfe, H. F. ...	Clk.	S.C. & T., Bury St. Edmunds, '90; South-end-on-Sea, '96
Taunton	Cross, J. T. ...	Super.	S.C., Exeter, '74; Taunton, '75; Clk., '78; Asst. Super., '91
Teignmouth ...	Berry, F.	Clk.	1884
Trowbridge ...	Stowe, H. A. ...	„	1884
Wakefield ...	Thomas, J. ...	Ch. Clk....	S.C. & T., '79; Clk., '96

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh ...	Mackay, D. ...	Super. (P.) ...	1870; 1st Cl. Sr., '85; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91; 1st Cl., '93
„ ...	Ross, D. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1866; Over., '88; 2nd Cl. Asst. Super., '91
„ ...	Ross, D. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1878; Jr. Sr., '79; 2nd Cl. Sr., '82; 1st Cl. S.C., '92
„ ...	Proudfoot, J. ...	„ ...	1880; Jr. Sr., '81; 2nd Cl. Sr., '82; 1st Cl. S.C., '93
„ ...	Gall, G. ...	„ ...	Sr., '84; 1st Cl. S.C., '97
„ ...	Haworth, R. ...	Super. (T.) ...	M.T.Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Asst. Super., '87; 1st Cl., '91
„ ...	Newlands, J. ...	„ ...	1871; Asst. Super., '91; 1st Cl., '96
Glasgow ...	Low, D. P. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.)	Dundee, '70; Glasgow, '73; Clk. (T.), '92
„ ...	Brown, R. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1874
Greenock ...	McKenzie, W. ...	Clk. ...	S.C., '79; 1st Cl., '90
Lerwick ...	Laurenson, D. ...	„ ...	1880
Perth ...	Matthews, J. ...	Ch. Clk....	1874; S.C., '78; S.C. & T., Liverpool, '82; Perth, '82; Clk., '88; Asst. Super., '95

IRELAND.

Belfast ...	Miss A. T. Reid	Super. ...	2nd Cl. Tel., '82; 1st Cl., '94
Cork ...	McAuley, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1878; 2nd Cl. S.C., '90
„ ...	Dodds, G. ...	Asst. Super. (T.) ...	1870; Clk., '96
„ ...	Keogh, R. W. ...	„ ...	1870; 1st Cl. Tel., '85; Clk., '96
„ ...	Cassidy, R. J. ...	Clk. (T.) ...	1870; 1st Cl. Tel., '87
„ ...	Cassilly, E. ...	„ ...	1871; 1st Cl. Tel., '87
„ ...	Leahy, F. J. ...	1st Cl. Tel. ...	1884
„ ...	Morgan, F. C. ...	„ ...	1885

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Dublin (Sec's. Off.)	Reid, W. J. ...	1st Cl. Pr.-Kr. ...	1887; 2nd Cl. Tr., '91; 2nd Cl. Pr.-Kr., '95
„ (Stg. Off.)	Behan, P. J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super.	1876; 2nd Cl. Sr., '78; 1st Cl., '85; Over., '90; Clk., '91
„ „	Elmes, W. J. ...	Clk. ...	1877; 2nd Cl. Sr., '79; 1st Cl., '89
„ „	McLoughlin, J. „	„ ...	1875; 2nd Cl. Sr., '86; 1st Cl., '90
„ „	Behan, T....	„ ...	1879; 2nd Cl. Sr., '80; 1st Cl. S.C., '93
„ „	Thornton, M. J. „	„ ...	2nd Cl. Sr., '82; 1st Cl. S.C., '96
„ „	O'Gorman, P. ...	„ ...	2nd Cl. Sr., '83; 1st Cl. S.C., '96
„ „	Coyne, J. V. ...	„ ...	2nd Cl. Sr., '83; 1st Cl. S.C., '96
„ „	Whelan, T. ...	„ ...	2nd Cl. Sr., '85; 1st Cl. S.C., '96
„ „	Hadden, S. ...	„ ...	2nd Cl. Sr., '85; 1st Cl. S.C., '96
„ „	Broadway, J. ...	1st Cl. S.C. ...	1878
„ „	Maxwell, W. G. „	„ ...	1881
„ „	Farrell, W. J. ...	„ ...	1881
„ „	Nutty, R....	„ ...	1881
„ „	Cole, L. ...	„ ...	1881
„ „	Montgomery, W. J. „	„ ...	1882
„ „	Dunne, M. J. ...	„ ...	1874; 2nd Cl. Sr., '83
„ „	Aylward, B. H. „	„ ...	1883
„ „	Murphy, J. ...	„ ...	1883
„ „	Dowdall, G. ...	„ ...	1883; 2nd Cl. Sr., '84
„ „	Duggan, J. H....	„ ...	1884
„ „	Hughes, L. J. F. „	„ ...	1884
„ „	Fitzpatrick, B....	„ ...	1885

Retirements.

LONDON.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Surveyors' Dept.	Lambert, J. P....	Sur.	Clk. S.O., '47; Sur. Clk., '51; 1st Cl., '66; Asst. Sur., '83; Sur., '85
A. G. D.	Bovey, W. G. ...	2nd Div. Clk. ...	Boy Clk. M.O.O., '74; Est., '79; R.A.G.O., May, '85
"	Norman, F. H. F.	"	Boy Clk. S.B., '74; 3rd Cl. Clk., '75; R.A.G.O., '75; 2nd Div. Clk., '90
"	*Jeffries, J....	"	1890
"	*Miss C. Drinkwater ...	Fem. Sr.	1891
M.O.O.	Wright, J....	Hd. Pr.-Kr.	1855; Pr.-Kr. and Sr., '88; Hd. Pr.-Kr., '93
R.L.O.	Wooderson, G....	Senr. Asst.	1857; Sr. Cir. Off., '58; Retr. R.L.O., '67; Asst., '73; Senr. Asst., '89
S.B.D.	Adcock, C. H....	2nd Div. Clk. ...	1870; S.B.D., '71; Hr. Gr. 2nd Div., '90
"	Miss A. Atkins...	2nd Cl. Clk. ...	1885
"	" M.A. McGhie	"	1886
"	* " B. Nicholls	"	1889
"	* " A. J. Hammond	"	Cwn. & Tel., '87; Clk. S.B., '91
"	* " D. Murray	"	1891
"	* " R. Westwood	Fem. Sr.	1895
E. in C.O. ...	Albrow, H. ...	1st Cl. Engr. ...	E.T. Co., '57; G.P.O., '70; Insp. E. in C.O., '81; 1st Cl. Engr., '90
"	Slater, H. L. ...	Senr. Clk.	1870; Clk. Upper Se. G.P.O., '72
C.T.O.	Duncombe, E. ...	Senr. Tel.	E.T. Co., '59; G.P.O., '70; Senr. Tel., '80
"	*Elliott, I. J. ...	Tel.	1890
"	*Hume, H. D. ...	"	1896
"	Miss E. J. Wood	"	1877; 1st Cl., '88
"	" G. A. Samways	"	1883; 1st Cl., '95
"	" E. E. Woolston	"	1871; 2nd Cl. Tel., '76; 1st Cl., '83
L.P.S.D. (Cir. Off.)	Vincent, C. R....	2nd Cl. Clk.	S.B.D., '75; 3rd Cl. Clk., '77; Cir. Off., '88; 2nd Cl., '94
"	Martin, R....	Insp.	1854; Over., '66; Insp., '78
"	Holland, E. R....	Over.	1875; Sr., '79; Over., '93

* Awarded a Gratuity.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
L.P.S.D. (Cir. Off.)	Stoyle, G....	Over.	1856; Sr., '65; Over., '77
"	Brand, W.	Sr.	1862; Sr., '74
"	Brice, J. W.	"	1860; Sr., '66
"	Mark, J.	"	1871; Sr., '73
"	Mills, W.	"	1857; Sr., '74
"	Smith, W. P.	"	1861; Sr., '74
"	Miss A. T. Wall-bridge	1st Cl. Super. ...	E.T. Co., '58; G.P.O., '70; Super., '81; 1st Cl., '93
Norwood...	Clark, A.	Super.	1855; Sr., '65; Asst. Over., '74; Over., '75; Asst. Super., '79; Super., '91
S.W.D.O. ...	Johnson, C.	Insp.	1857; 2nd Cl. Over., '73; 1st Cl., '76; Insp., '91
"	Elliott, A. E.	Over.	1871; 2nd Cl. Over., '85; 1st Cl., '88
W.D.O. ...	Cranies, P.	Insp.	1854; Sr., '58; Over., '70; Insp., '86
"	Garner, J....	"	1855; Sr., '58; Over., '73; Insp., '91
"	*Williams, W. E.	Sr.	1890
Paddn. ...	Jebb, J. T.	Insp.	1857; Sr., '61; Cn., '67; Over., '71; Insp., '85

ENGLAND and WALES.

Banbury ...	*Stowe, J. E.	S.C. & T.	1893
Barnstaple ...	Field, T.	Pmr.	Clk. Stratford-on-Avon, '53; Oxford, '54; 1st Clk., '67; Pmr. Barnstaple, '83
Bath ...	Blakeney, E.	"	Clk. S.O., '48; Super. T. P. O., '68; Pmr. Jersey, '69; Pmr., Bath, '91
Bishops Stortford	Mrs. E. Millard	Pms.	1873
Ilkley ...	Stanley, W. R....	Pmr.	S.C. & T., Bletchley Stn., '78; Clk., '85; Ch. Clk., '91; Pmr., Ilkley, '95
Leeds ...	Fawcett, G.	Super. (P.)	1857; 1st Cl. Clk., '72; Super., '81
Liverpool ...	*May, E.	Tel.	1894
Manchester ...	*Miss K. L. Jepson	Tel.	Tel. Leeds, 91; Manchr., '92
Newcastle, Staff.	Comber, W. C. A.	Pmr.	Sr. Bath, '59; S.C. L'pool, '68; Pmr. Bromsgrove, '80; Newcastle, Staff., '92
Portsmouth ...	Hall, J.	Super. (T.)	E.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70; Clk., '86; Asst. Super., '91; Super., '95

* Awarded a Gratuity.

RETIREMENTS.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
Sheffield ...	Allport, C. H. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	1872 ; Clk., '91
Southport ...	Morton, W. ...	Super. (T.) ...	B.&I.T. Co., '53; G.P.O., '70 ; Clk., Leeds, '71 ; Southport, '76 ; Super., '91
Welshpool ...	*Harper, A. ...	Pmr. ...	1877
Wigan ...	Dannett, W. ...	„ ...	Clk., Warrington, '53 ; Pmr., Widnes, '80 ; St. Helens, '85 ; Wigan, '90
„ ...	*Miss M. Cheetham	S.C. & T. ...	1890
Worcester ...	Grimby, F. J. ...	„ ...	1887
Worksop ...	Parkinson, T. ...	Pmr. ...	1867

SCOTLAND.

Drem ...	Mrs. A. Hunter	Pms. ...	1857
Dundee ...	Moncur, W. ...	Clk. ...	1858 ; Sr., '68 ; Clk., '78
Edinburgh ...	Wood, R. ...	1st Cl. Asst. Super. (P.)	1866 ; Sr., '71 ; Over., '87 ; Asst. Super., '91 ; 1st Cl., '92
„ ...	Nisbet, W. ...	S.C. ...	1862
„ ...	Gray, A. ...	Cont. (T.) ...	E. & I.T. Co., '53 ; G.P.O., '70 ; Super., '71 ; Cont., '91
Glasgow ...	Law, W. ...	Super. ...	1855 ; 1st Cl. S.C., '58 ; Clk., '75 ; Asst. Super., 2nd Cl., '81 ; 1st Cl., '86 ; Super., '92

IRELAND.

Dublin ...	Fagan, M. ...	S.C. ...	1855
„ ...	Farrell, E. ...	Clk. (P.) ...	Sr., '55 ; 1st Cl. Sr., '71 ; Clk., '91
Kingstown ...	Bell, J. ...	Clk. ...	1863 ; S.C. & T., '72 ; Clk., '96

* Awarded a Gratuity.

Deaths.

OFFICE.	NAME.	APPOINTMENT.	PREVIOUS SERVICE.
A.G.D. ...	Ellis, J. ...	2nd Div. Clk. ...	E.T.Co., '62; G.P.O., '70; Hr. Gr. 2nd Div., '90
M.O.O. ...	Griffith, J. R. ...	Boy Clk. ...	1896
S.B.D. ...	Bain, W. S. ...	2nd Div. Clk. ...	Boy Clk., '90; 2nd Div., '92
C.T.O. ...	Bellingham, W. H. ...	Tel. ...	2nd Cl. Tel., '81; 1st Cl., '91
" ...	Chubb, H. F. ...	" ...	1891
" ...	Cleverly, F. W. ...	" ...	1885
" ...	Fowler, A. ...	" ...	1892
" ...	Harrison, J. E. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Doncaster, '87; Tel. C.T.O., '91
Cir. Off. ...	Windsor, W. R. ...	Insp. of Stg. ...	1862; Over., '70; Insp., '74
" ...	Chater, W. ...	Sr. ...	1885
" ...	Quixley, C. F. ...	" ...	Boy Sr., '73; 2nd Cl. Sr., '76; 1st Cl., '81
S.E.D.O. ...	Ottaway, A. B. S. ...	Asst. Insp. of Tel. Messrs. ...	1886; W.C., '90; Asst. Over. of Tel. Messrs., '92; Asst. Insp. of Tel. Messrs., '95
Ascot ...	Geddes, F. P. U. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1891
Bath... ..	Maskell, C. T. ...	Asst. Super. (P.) ...	Clk., '69; Asst. Super., '91
Cardiff ...	Stacombe, G. F. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1893
Carlisle ...	Scott, R. ...	Super. (T.) ...	M.T.Co., '55; G.P.O., '70
Llangollen ...	Davies, W. H. ...	Pmr. ...	1867
Manchester ...	Drury, C. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1864
" ...	Miss E. Walker ...	Cwn. & Rtr. ...	1893
Oldham ...	Warbrick, H. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1896
Rothbury ...	Farrage, R. ...	Pmr. ...	1847
Sheffield ...	Crofts, A. ...	S.C. & T. ...	2nd Cl. Tel., '74; 1st Cl., '86
Swaffham ...	Banner, J. L. ...	" ...	1897
Edinburgh ...	Ovens, J. ...	" ...	Boy Sr., '75; 2nd Cl. Sr., '79; 1st Cl., '89
Glasgow ...	McFadyen, J. ...	2nd Cl. Asst. Super. (T.) ...	1872; Clk. (T.), '90; Asst. Super., '91
" ...	Blaw, R. T. ...	S.C. & T. ...	1890
Kirkwall ...	Campbell, J. C. ...	" ...	1895
Ballina ...	McManus, M. F. ...	" ...	1887
Cork ...	O'Grady, E. J. ...	" ...	S.C. & T., Clonmel, '90; Cork, '94
Dublin ...	Lynch, J. L. ...	S.C. ...	Boy Sr., '78; 2nd Cl. Sr., '81; 1st Cl., '90
Fermoy ...	Buckley, M. (Mrs.) ...	Postmistress ...	1893

Postmasters Appointed.

OFFICE.	NAME.	PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.
Barnstaple	Woodley, A. ...	Clk., Rochdale; S.C. & T., Workington; Ch. Clk., Bolton; Pmr., Luton
Bath	Kerans, L. C. ...	Clk., T.P.O.; 3rd Cl. Clk., L.P.S.; 2nd Cl.; 1st Cl.; Pmr., Birkenhead
Biggleswade	Thomas, R. E. ...	S.C. & T., Merthyr Tydfil; 2nd Cl. S.C., Cardiff; Clk.; Clk. C.O., L.P.S.D.
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ABBREVIATIONS.

Asst., Assistant; Ch., Chief; Cl., Class; Clk., Clerk; Cont., Controller; Cn., Counterman; Cr., Counter; Cwn., Counterwoman; Div., Division; Engr., Engineer; Fem., Female; Hd., Head; Insp., Inspector; Jr., Junior; Lr., Lower; Over., Overseer; P., Postal; Pmr., Postmaster; Pms., Postmistress; Pr.-Kr., Paper-Keeper; Princ., Principal; Retr., Returner; Sec., Section; Sec's., Secretary's; Senr., Senior; S.C., Sorting Clerk; S.C. & T., Sorting Clerk and Telegraphist; Sr., Sorter; Stg., Sorting; Sta., Stationary; Sur., Surveyor; Super., Superintendent or Supervisor; T., Telegraphs; Tel., Telegraphist; Tr., Tracer.

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